# Liberty

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**Book: THE CHALLENGE OF MARRIAGE**
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. 15, 1947
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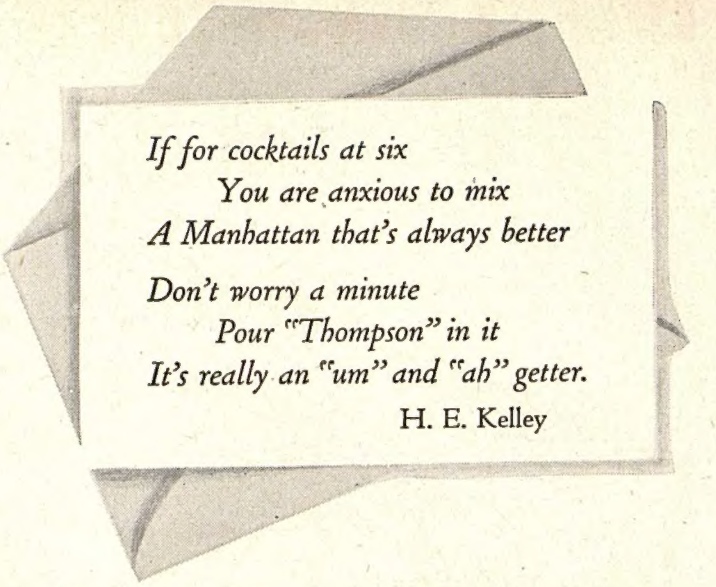

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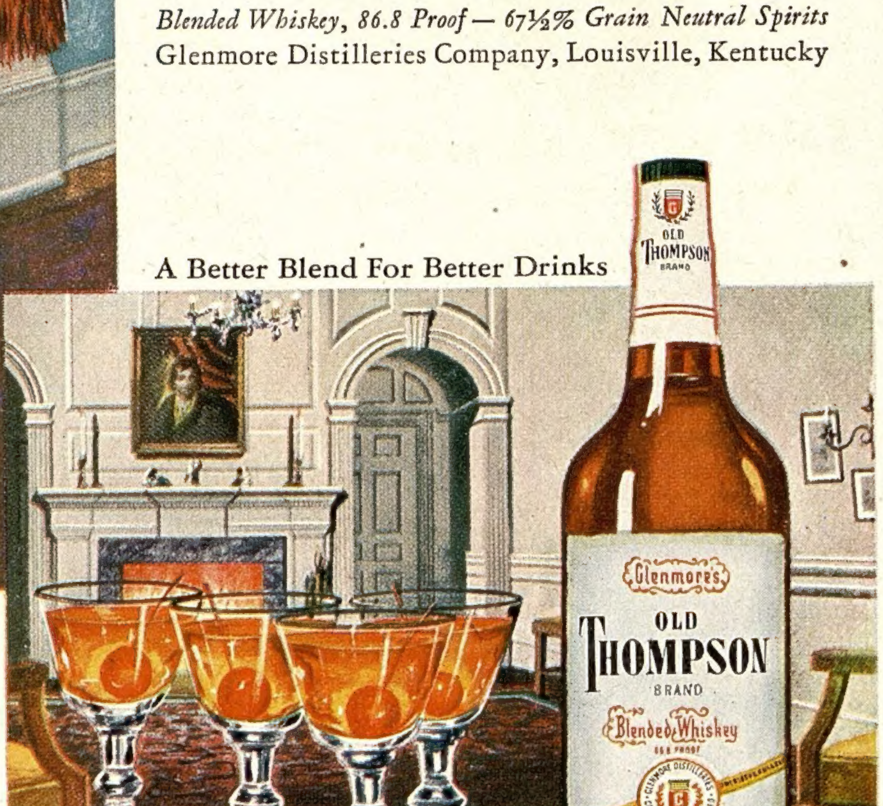

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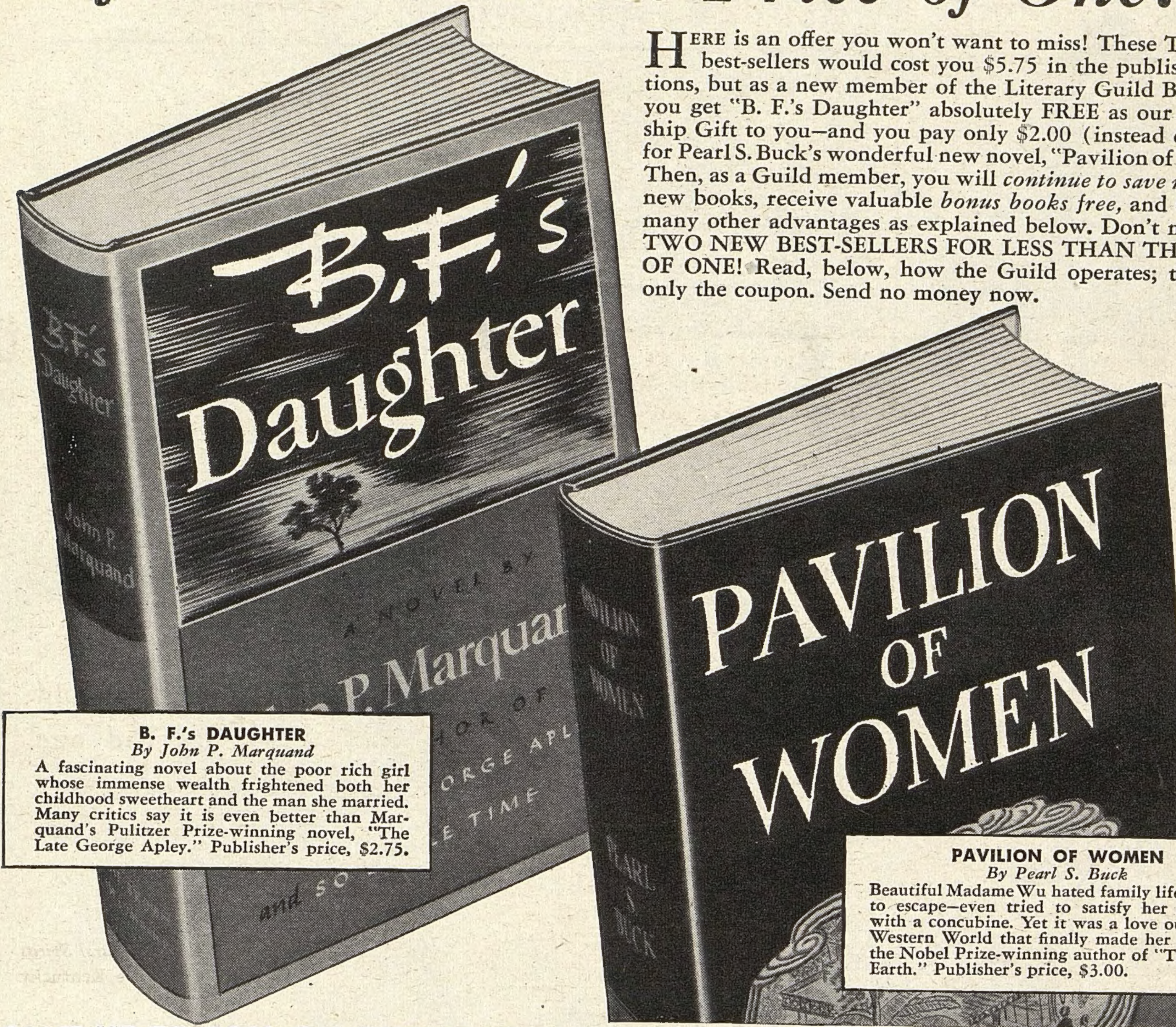

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KODACHROME BY EMIL HERMAN

*The next issue will appear Friday, February 14, 1947*

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Liberty, February 15, 1947. Vol. 24, No. 5. Published bi-weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $2.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $3.00 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $3.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1947, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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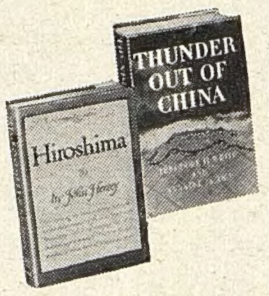

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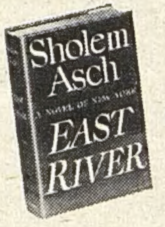

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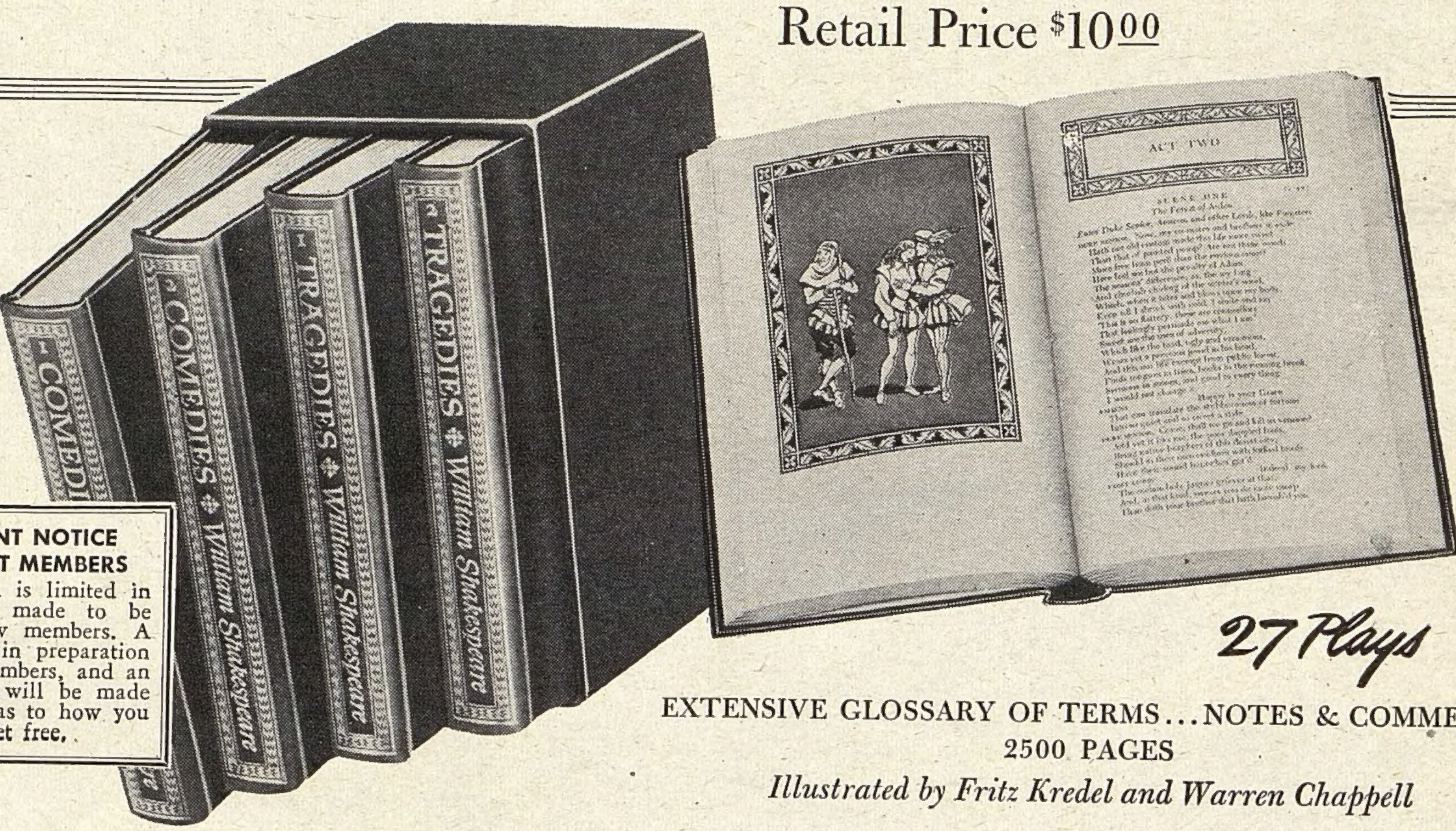
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# ★ VOX POP ★

## "The Voice of the People"

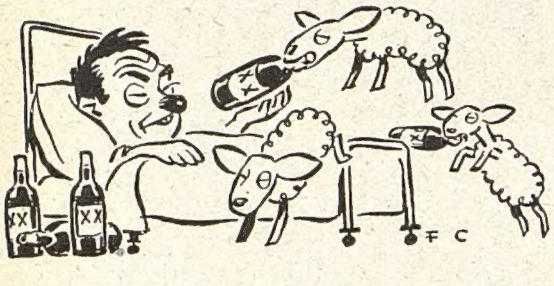
### NO MORE RAISES

Sheridan, Wyo.—Labor must forgo any further wage increases for an indefinite period, cut out slowdowns and feather-bedding, and allow industry and the farmer to step up production. Then, and then only, may we have a reduction in prices for the benefit of the masses. Then, and then only, may we have full employment and prosperity. If we permit the present cycle of inflation to run its course, there can be but one outcome. Russia and Communism are expecting such results and a democratic America simply cannot afford it. Labor and the producer have been running this show, but even a three-ring circus cannot survive without patronage. The ringmasters and performers must be paid from the tickets sold at the main entrance. It is about time they gave some consideration to the crowd on the outside looking in.—*R. W. Haynes*

See Production Is the Answer, by William Green in our next issue.—Vox Pop Editor.

### SLEEP POTION

Los Angeles, Calif.—In regard to methods of inducing sleep (Albert Q. Maisel, November 2), my experience has been that if I am not asleep in fifteen minutes after going to bed, the best thing to do is to take a good big drink of whisky.



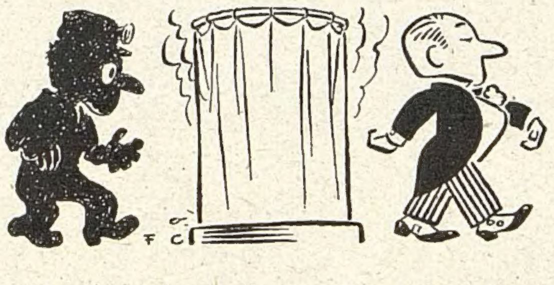
One should wait fifteen minutes more, and then, if not asleep, take another good big drink. After another fifteen minutes take another good big drink, and then if you don't go to sleep, you don't care whether you do or not.—*R. A. Gibbs.*

### SMEARING THE MINER

Elk Mountain, Wyo.—I am quite sure Harrison Gallaher, author of Culture Hounds (December 21), has his characters confused with the Brooklyn underground gangsters. For, having been born and raised in a coal camp and now married to a miner, I have yet to see any behave as Mr. Gallaher's fictitious characters did.

As for any having to chase or fight over such a dame as Iris Stromberg, all coal-mining communities have plenty of beautiful girls with culture born in them.

Ask any cleaner or laundry establishment near a coal-mining town and you will soon learn how they have their best duds pressed.



After each shift the miners bathe and dress, and it would be mighty hard for an outsider to detect a miner from the store clerk, banker, or doctor in your town.—*Mrs. Irwin Strayer.*

### CALLING THE TURN

Terre Haute, Ind.—In Vox Pop, December 14, John J. Gilmore of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, said that in school he was taught 180 degrees was a straight line. I wonder if he also learned in school that a circle contained 360 degrees.

All racing tracks, both fifth mile for midgets and half mile for dirt-track cars, consist of two straightaways with a circular turn at each end. Since a half-circle perimeter consists of 180 degrees, a driver would have covered that many degrees in negotiating the turn.

Mr. Gilmore also might inquire of an airplane pilot how many degrees he turns through in changing from a north to a south direction, or from east to west. All the pilots I know call it a 180-degree turn.—*C. A. Whittelsey.*

### C.U.A. IN DETROIT

Pontiac, Mich.—Am much impressed by Morris Markey's Something New in Labor (December 21).

Are there any C.U.A. unions located in the Detroit area, and where could literature covering such organizations be found?—*Fred R. Kissling.*

Why not write C.U.A. boss Wynn (see his letter below) at 809 Eye Street N. W., Washington?—Vox Pop Editor.

Washington, D. C.—I would like to express in behalf of all the members of the Confederated Unions of America, its officers and members of the executive board, our appreciation of the splendid article in the December 21 issue of your magazine. Mr. Morris Markey is to be congratulated for this splendid presentation to the public of our organization, its aims and purposes. It is a true, clear-cut picture of our organization, and yours is the first national magazine to have the courage to print for all Americans the true picture of the plight we, in Independent Unions, have been in for these many years under the so-called "New Deal Government."

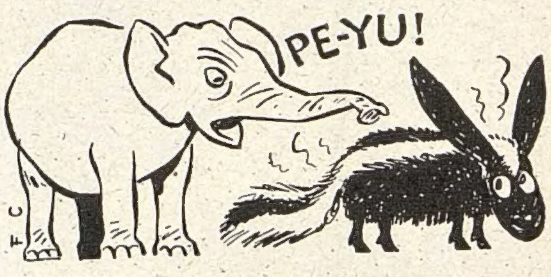
All that we in Independent Unions ask of the U. S. Labor Department is equal treatment in their disposition of cases, appointments, etc., which is what we should receive without asking, insofar as there are approximately 26,000,000 men and women in affiliated or non-affiliated Independent Unions in the United States. The paradox of all this is that the Labor Department was originally set up by the U. S. government to administer labor laws fairly for all laboring people.—*Atwood R. Wynn, President, Confederated Unions of America.*

### FALL HOUSECLEANING

Washington, D. C.—If you can use the enclosed, you are welcome. I believe it presents a fairly accurate picture of Washington today.

The Capitol's corridors echo today
  To the thud of the Elephant's feet,
The woebegone Donkey is backing away
  As his harness is thrown in the street.

The Elephant probes, with a quivering trunk,
  Every corner and cranny and nook,



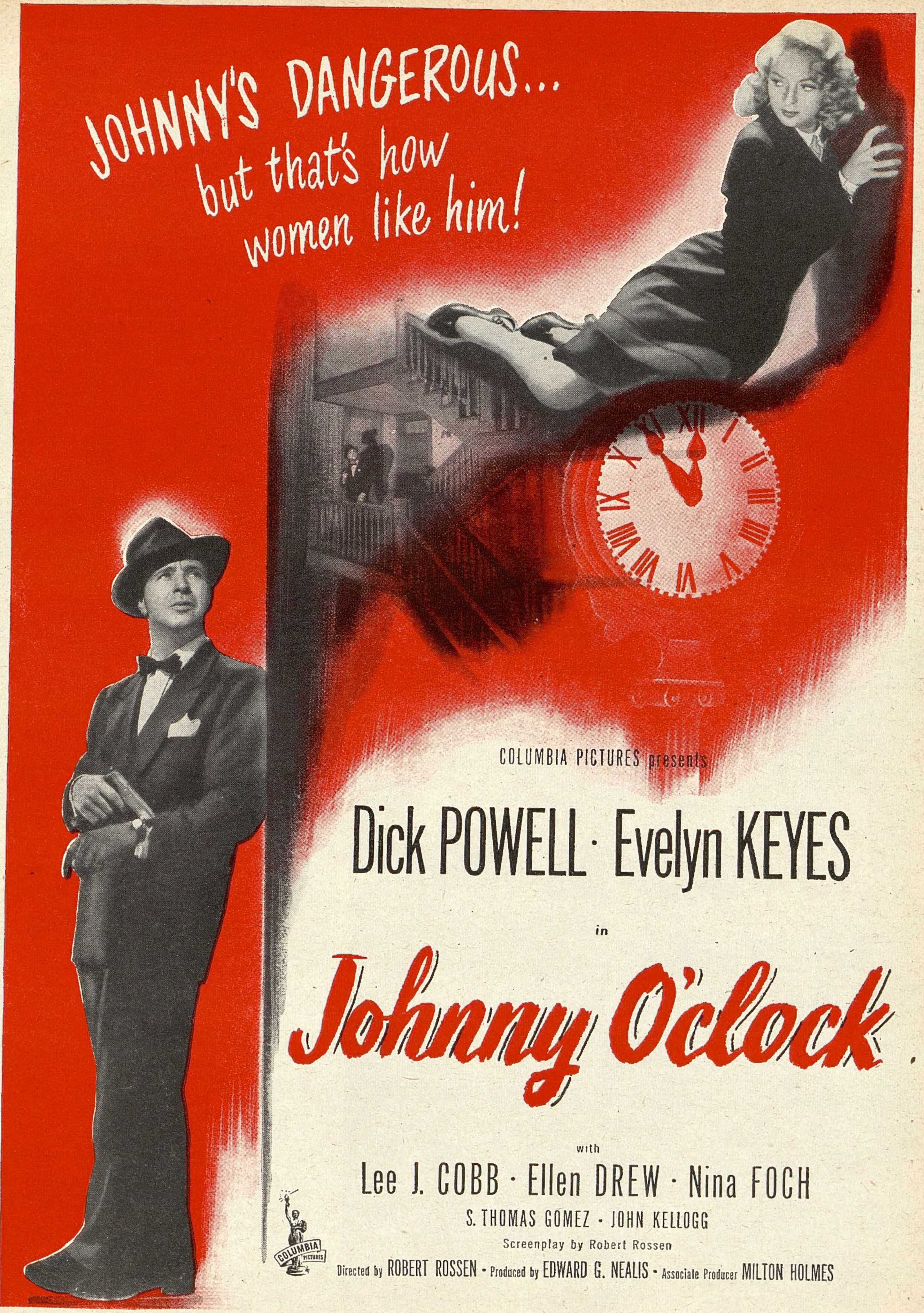
Proclaiming in public the odor of skunk,
  But hell-bent for a sniff and a look.

The Donkey declares it has nothing to hide:
  "If some dust was swept under the rugs,
That means that the workers their pledges belied—
  And the Elephant brought all the bugs."

While Donkey and Elephant argue and curse
  Over details of cleaning the House,
My plight, as the Owner, grows steadily worse:
  I'm the white-collar, taxpaying Mouse.

Don't tell me it ain't poetry. I know it.—*Clark Kincaid.*

(*Continued on page 8*)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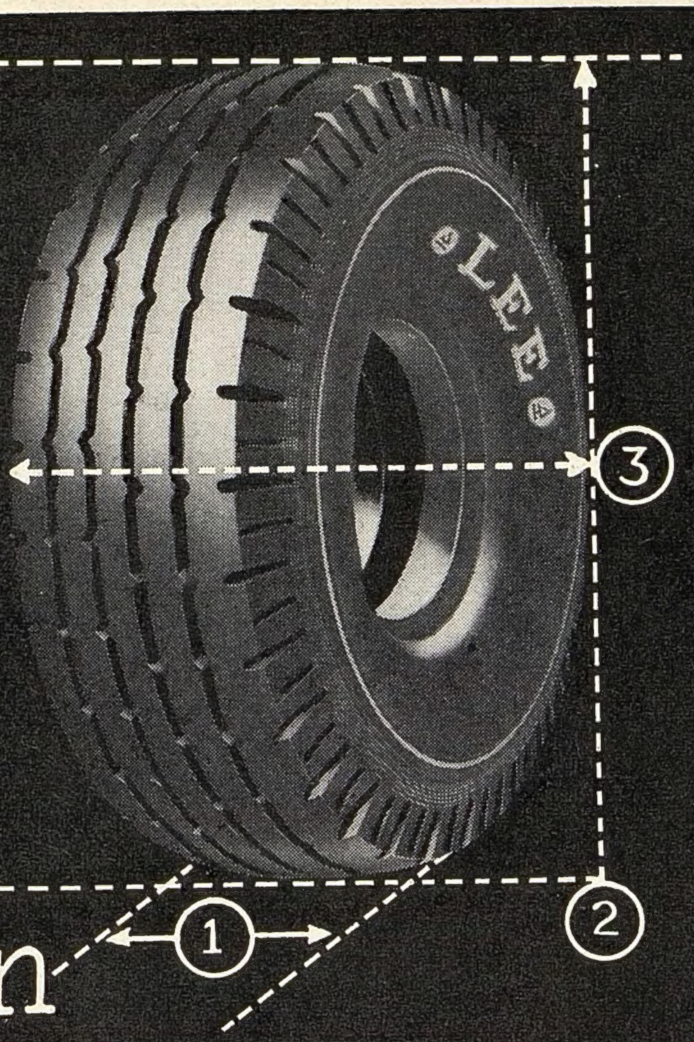

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*(Continued from page 6)*

## RUSSIA AS IT IS

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Many thanks for your article, What Russian Children Are Taught, by William van Narvig (December 21). It is the only article I have seen that describes the Russians as they really are. I spent eight months in north Russia during 1943 as a member of the forgotten convoy.—*P. F. Perrotta.*

## IN DEFENSE OF PECK

BATON ROUGE, LA.—In reference to Theodore Roger's remark (Vox Pop, December 21) about Gregory Peck's picture on the cover, November 16: Saying he looks as though he needs a bath and shave indeed! I'd wager that a picture of Gregory Peck with a week's growth of beard would still make a far, far better cover than one of *clean-shaven Theodore Roger.—Alice Mayers.*

## NOT-SO-AWESOME ORSON

NEW LONDON, CONN.—I picked up the November 2 Liberty and found an article entitled Awesome Orson, by Ted Shane. Since Orson Welles is a former "Odd from Todd" (Todd School, Woodstock, Illinois) and I too am one of those distinctive characters, I thought I would set you straight on one count.

At the end of the article the author mentioned that "Aside from Shorty Cherillo, no one apparently dares to say 'No!' to Welles."

That's where you're wrong. Roger Hill, better known as "Skipper," the headmaster of the Todd School, can and does say no to Orson.

"Skipper" Hill helped Welles in some of his Mercury Theater writing, evidenced by booklets containing script of several Mercury productions. These booklets have not only Orson's illustrious (?) name on them but also that of Roger Hill, Sr.

Anyway, I liked the article and also your magazine, which is always good.—*An ex-Odd from Todd.*

## HOLE OF THE DOUGHNUT

PULLMAN, WASH.—Colonel Hanlon's In the Hole of the Doughnut (December 21) may be good reading for the general public, but I can't quite understand his last paragraph. I was among the boys who took part in that little deal. I did not have it as rough as many of them, as I was in one of the company headquarters platoons. However, I was near enough to the front to see how the other half lived. I am certain that none of the boys in the line platoon, who managed to cheat the law of averages feel they should worry about who should be watching them when and if they were offered a free beer.—*Henry Baur.*

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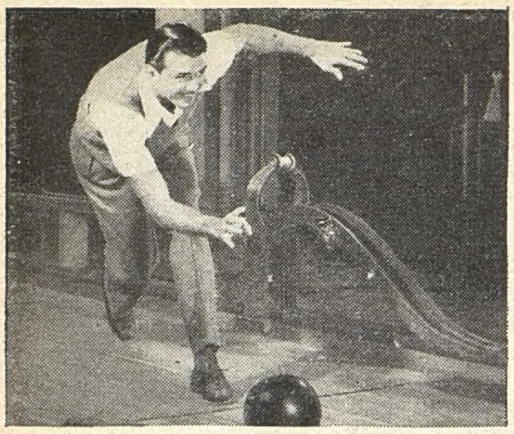

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# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

## OPERATION LIBERTY

QUITE a number of folks have from time to time asked just how we get Liberty out. Sometimes we wonder ourselves, but when we get to thinking about it, it seems not unlike a highly complex and co-ordinated military operation.

The supply lines begin in the Connecticut studios, California patios, Greenwich Village basements, and wherever else writers of fiction and articles turn out their product. Judging by the quantity of manuscripts we receive, there is hardly a time of day or night when somebody isn't working on a story for Liberty.

Once in the office, stories receive scrupulously equal treatment. Our readers pore over them hopefully (hope dies hard in a manuscript reader) and write brisk, ofttimes cruel, but always honest opinions of them on a sheet of plain yellow paper which is sent with the manuscript to either Miss Bourne, our fiction editor, or Mr. Rae, our article editor. Here they are read again, still hopefully, and, if worthy, forwarded with a recommendation to Mr. Maher, Liberty's editor in chief, where the final decision is made.

Once a story or article is bought, it becomes part of the inventory from which future issues of Liberty are fashioned. Every two weeks the fiction and the nonfiction editors, with Mr. Maher, make up a schedule of stories and articles for a forthcoming issue.

Almost immediately, Liberty manuscript editors begin work on the scheduled material. Titles and subtitles are written to convey at a glance the gist of a story or article. The edited manuscripts go to the copy desk for final check of each comma, word and phrase.

By this time Liberty's departments—Bob Allen's Washington lowdown, Vox Pop, Mr. Shane's temper-provoking puzzles, and this scholarly pillar—have either begun to flow through the copy desk or the persons concerned have gone into action.

Copies of each story and article have long gone forward to the art director and picture editor. Artists and editors huddle over the choice of a provocative situation for illustration. A staff photographer is dispatched at a moment's notice to any part of the country.

Slowly the issue takes shape. Proofs come through, are checked and returned to the printer. Layouts are made and remade. The checking, rechecking, remaking and trepidation never end, it seems, until printed copies of the magazine are received in the office from the Cuneo presses in Chicago, at which time, of course, they are already on their way to you.

Thomas A Edison

This month, the world observes the 100th anniversary of the birth of Thomas A. Edison—February 11th, 1847.

Dr. Charles F. Kettering said, at a recent meeting of the Edison Foundation, "As truly as though each of us had been named in his last will and testament, every industry, business, profession and home using electricity is a beneficiary of the labors of this great man."

Without his inventive genius and accomplishments, we would all be the poorer today—not only in material things but in scientific knowledge, in world progress and in each person's "pursuit of happiness".

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

# WASHINGTON

## UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

**LABOR insiders are predicting John L. Lewis will disappear from the national scene as a labor mogul before 1947 is out.**

**They are passing out the word behind the scenes that he is all washed up, both as boss of the United Mine Workers and as potential head of the American Federation of Labor, an ambition Lewis has nursed for a quarter century.**

**Last November's coal-strike fiasco, which was Lewis' "shoot the works" gamble to enthrone himself ruler of all U. S. labor, is the reason.**

**Lewis didn't figure on the government's contempt counterattack. That caught him completely by surprise. Both the A.F.L. and C.I.O. rallied to him because of the injunction issue, but, the laborites say, Lewis wrote finis on his career when he backed down cold on the strike and sent his miners back to the pits without a single gain. That washed him up both in the U.M.W. and the A.F.L.**

**In the former, labor insiders declare, the fiasco greatly strengthened the hand of local miner leaders who have been quietly gunning for Lewis' scalp for some time. Outwardly he is all supreme in the U.M.W., but in many districts there has long been strong feeling against him. This "grass roots" hostility, it is claimed, will blaze into active revolt soon after the Supreme Court's decision.**

**The A.F.L. has played ball with Lewis because of fear, not love. He knows that, and he also knew his only chance to succeed William Green as A.F.L. president this year was to make himself so powerful he had to be elected. But Lewis lost his gamble.**

**So, according to the laborites, regardless of whether Lewis wins or loses in the Supreme Court, he has lost in the A.F.L.**

***"Stassen Volunteers"*** • Harold Stassen, Minnesota's aspirant for the White House, is taking no chances. He is carrying his Presidential candidacy "over the heads of the party bosses" directly to the people. But, behind the scenes, he also is outfitting himself with a well-heeled campaign chest and some skilled managers.

A "Stassen Volunteers" organization has been set up in St. Paul by State Republican Chairman Bernhard W. LeVander and Chairwoman Rose Spencer. Purpose: to raise a $500,000 campaign fund. Seventy-six thousand contributors will be sought: 50,000 at $1; 10,000 at $5; 10,000 at $10; 4,000 at $25; and 2,000 at $100. Anyone who wants to give more will not be rebuffed. In fact, large contributions are eagerly welcomed.

To head his crucial Washington office, Stassen has quietly lined up one of the smartest politicos in the Midwest. He is Earl Hart, former campaign manager of Supreme Court Justice Harold Burton.

Hart master-minded all Burton's campaigns, from Mayor of Cleveland to the U. S. Senate, and the Ohioan never lost a race. Hart also managed Tom Herbert's race last year for the Ohio governorship. At the start, Herbert was given little chance against popular Democratic Governor Lausche. But Herbert won by a wide margin.

Hart's teaming up with Stassen is very significant because of what that means to Senator John Bricker. Only a few insiders know it, but Bricker took a licking on Herbert's candidacy.

Bricker wanted Major General Robert Beightler, close friend and former commander of the 37th Infantry Division, to be governor. That would have given Bricker control of the Ohio G.O.P. organization. Bricker gave out a statement endorsing Beightler. Whereupon the Herbert camp privately served notice on Bricker they would fight him in 1948. Bricker dropped Beightler like a hot potato. So he quit the race and went back to the Army.

Hart played an important role in this undercover axing. There is no love lost between him and Bricker.

Note: Hart's former secretary, Ruth Brial, is now working for Bricker in his senatorial office.

***Washington Chips*** • **White House newsmen are tittering at Press Secretary Charles Ross's latest measure to stop "leaks." Ross put up a heavy red sash cord across his door to keep reporters from wandering in and out. . . . The War Department's Legislative and Liaison Division, which handles all Army legislation, has two major and three brigadier generals on its staff, plus a platoon of colonels and other field-grade officers. . . . Congressional liberals tried to persuade Ben Cohen, of the once famed Corcoran and Cohen brain-truster team, to master-mind for a bloc they want to organize. But Cohen, with his hands full as legal adviser to Secretary of State Byrnes, declined. . . . To a friend who inquired why he had quit as Housing Administrator, Wilson Wyatt replied, "Truman told me not to make any little plans, and George Allen told me not to make any big loans." . . . Shortly after President Villarroel, Bolivian dictator, was hanged from a lamppost, signs were found on lampposts outside the official mansion of Argentine President Perón reading, "We are waiting for you." . . . Recently promoted Rear Admiral John H. Hoskins is the first amputee to attain that rank in the U. S. Navy. He lost a leg in the Pacific. . . . Arthur J. Altmeyer, Wisconsinite Chairman of the Social Security Board, is the behind-the-scenes godfather of the growing labor demand for industry-financed welfare funds. Altmeyer advocates the plan on the ground it spreads the benefits of social security, which he considers inadequate at present.**

***Out on a Limb*** • General Eisenhower will retire this summer, after Congress has acted on the major military legislations pending before it.

Admiral Nimitz will retire as Chief of Naval Operations this summer, also after Congress adjourns.

General Omar Bradley will succeed Eisenhower. (Major General Harry Vaughan, Truman's Military Aide, will NOT replace Bradley as Veterans Administrator.)

The Republicans will revive the anti-lynching and anti-poll-tax bills and force a vote on them.

The Presidential war powers will not be repealed. They will be retained for at least another year.

Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson will be "kicked upstairs."

President Truman will make no statement this year on whether he will or will not run for reelection in 1948.

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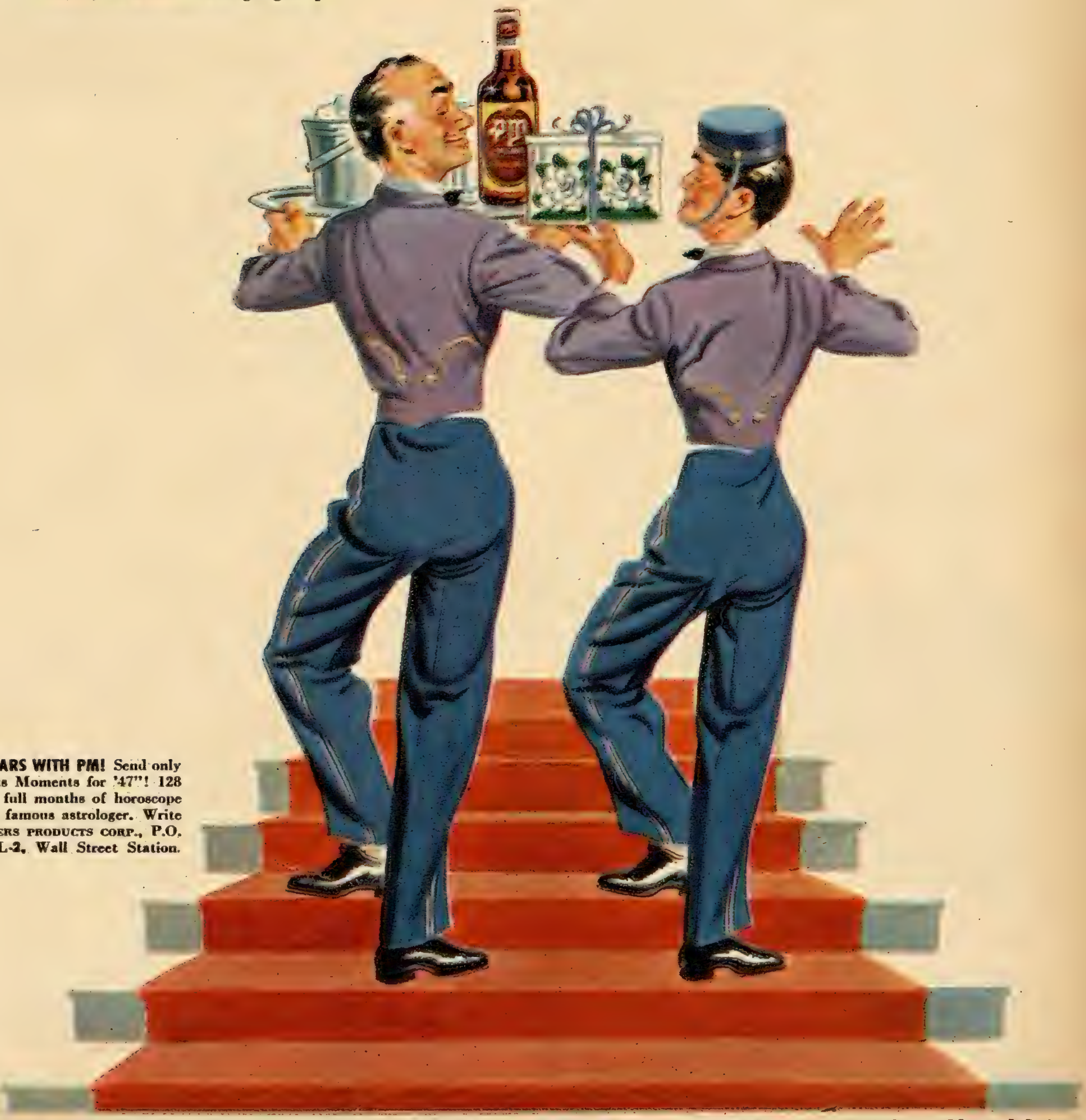

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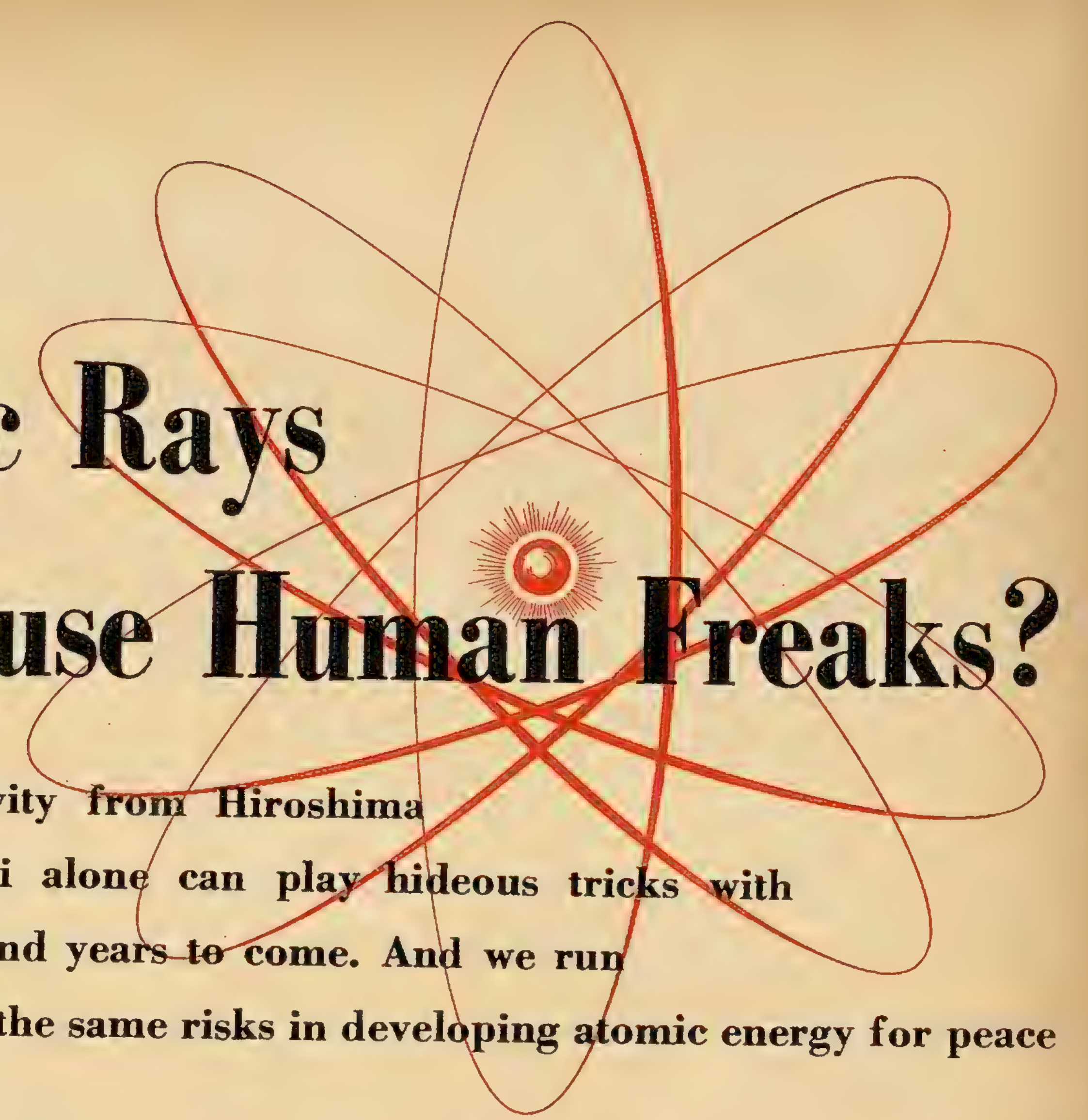
# Will Atomic Rays Cause Human Freaks?



**Yes, say scientists — radioactivity from Hiroshima and Nagasaki alone can play hideous tricks with heredity for a thousand years to come. And we run the same risks in developing atomic energy for peace**

### BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

*"HUMAN freaks in alarming numbers, many of a kind never seen before, are being reported increasingly in the United States and throughout the world. Babies with extra limbs or without any limbs at all, babies with peculiar head shapes—many of them idiots—babies with strange new coloring and odd features, babies who are blind, hairless, dwarfed. . . ."*

You yourself may be alive to read this in your newspaper. It is more than merely possible that your descendants will read it. For in the cold, sober opinion of scientists, we are faced with a real threat of drastic alteration in the heredity of human beings. There is evidence that this may already have happened to a certain extent. That it will happen on a vastly greater scale is inevitable—unless we take immediate steps to prevent it. ("Whatever you write about this, you can't make it strong enough," an eminent scientist friend said to me.)

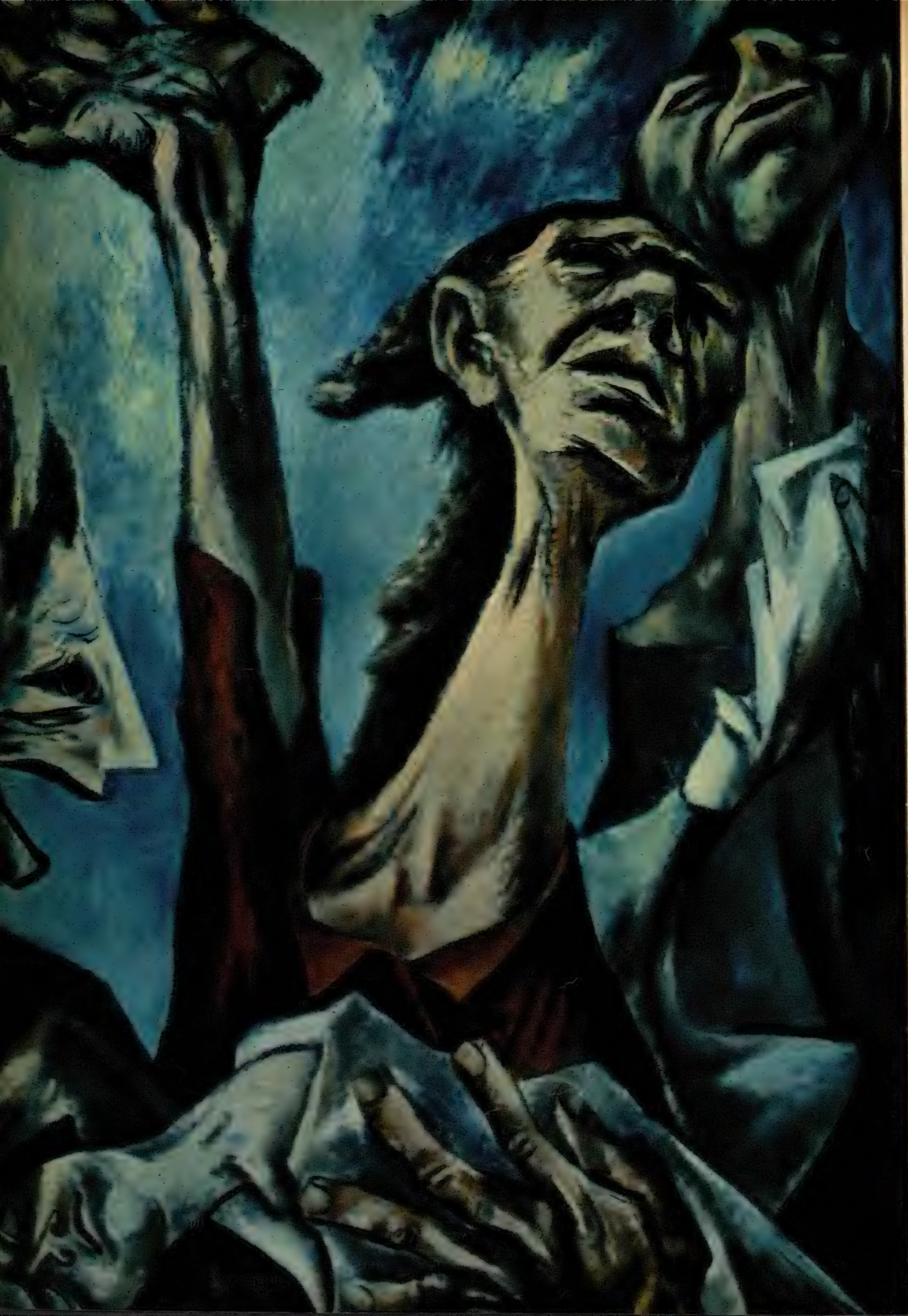
The knowledge of what atomic bombs can do to cause wholesale death and injury is too widespread to require retelling. What we shall deal with here are mainly those facts that are *not* generally known—of how human reproduction can be affected by radioactivity, not only through atomic warfare, but *through any wide-scale peacetime use of atomic energy without stringent safeguards.*

Recently there was the announcement that the Nobel Prize had been awarded to an American geneticist, Professor Hermann J. Muller. You may have wondered what for? Well, back in 1927, working in his laboratory at the University of Texas, Professor Muller proved that by bombarding fruit flies with X rays, the heredity of many of their offspring could be radically changed. Over the succeeding years it was established that by the same process hereditary changes, or mutations, could be produced in other living things. But not until the atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki did the full significance of this discovery become apparent.

*For whatever Professor Muller had done with flies had now been done and could be done on a staggering scale with human beings.* To quote Dr. Muller: "The atomic-bomb rays are the kind that cause changes in hereditary characteristics, and at Nagasaki and Hiroshima it is likely these changes will be manifest for 1,000 years. The effects pile up with generations."

What sort of changes? To go back a little, scientists had long been aware that every so often spontaneous mutations occurred in the hereditary factors of all living things, and that over tremendous stretches of time the combination and accumulation of such changes had probably been the basis for the whole evolutionary process—the development of many varieties in each species, and also of new species. What caused these mutations was not known. Various internal or external influences, sufficient to "shake up" the hereditary factors (the genes), could have been responsible, though evidence pointed to "cosmic rays," or some other form of radiation, as possibly the main cause. So, speculating on the possibility of inducing mutations artificially, Professor Muller tried X rays on his laboratory flies. To his amazement, he found a tremendous speed-up in the rate of hereditary change. For every new type of fly that had heretofore appeared under natural conditions, the X rays now caused the bringing forth of 150!

And what flies! As the experiments proceeded, freaks of every conceivable kind popped up all over the place: flies with stub wings or almost no wings at all; flies with new shades of eye color—green, yellow, purple, white; partially blind or wholly eyeless flies; bald flies and flies with every kind of hair form; dwarf flies, lopsided flies—and, when some of them were bred together, flies that no longer even looked like flies! Most of the changes, it should be stressed, resulted in defectives; only rarely was there an advantageous change.



In the meantime, geneticists had established that the basic mechanism of heredity in human beings was exactly the same as in flies. They had little doubt, then, that almost every type of abnormality produced in flies by radiation could be produced in some similar form in human beings. Instead of undeveloped wings, there could be children with undeveloped arms or legs; instead of partial development of the eye facets, as in some mutated flies, there could be children partially or wholly blind; and, likewise, the fly mutations producing changes in coloring, or extra limbs, or dwarfism and innumerable freak formations, could be paralleled in mutated human offspring.

But who ever dreamed that any such experiment would ever be performed—that large batches of human beings would be bombarded like laboratory flies with powerful rays? It remained, with startling suddenness, for the dropping of atomic bombs on Japanese cities to fulfill this horror fantasy.

IF we do not as yet have much knowledge of the results, it is for this reason: The mutations do not affect the appearance of the ray-bombarded individuals themselves; they affect the reproductive cells (the sperm-producing cells of men and the ova of women). Hence, any recognizable body changes could appear only in the offspring, or more likely the future descendants, of radiated individuals, because the most noticeable freak changes generally require a combination of mutated hereditary factors which come as the descendants interbreed.

To understand clearly what has happened and what may happen, we must know something about the genes—the infinitesimally tiny units which determine the hereditary traits in all living things. When you were conceived, you got from your parents, in the union of sperm and ovum, some thousands of these hereditary units. They, in turn, went on to reproduce themselves again and again, until by the time you were born there were exact duplicate sets of all your original genes in every one of the billions of cells in your body. They are still there, those in your reproductive cells contributing the genes passed on to your children.

Now, precisely, what is a gene? Scientists would call it a "protein molecule" — an ultra-microscopic bead of living substance made up of atoms of different kinds clustered in a given pattern. The kind of atoms and the way they are arranged account for the differences between one gene and another in the way it works and what it does. Essentially, each gene acts like a tiny chemical factory. Thus, if you received "brown-eye" genes, they acted to produce the type of pigmentation in your eyes which made them brown. Had you received "blue-eye" genes, the pigment production would have taken a more moderate form, resulting in blue eyes. Similarly, with respect to the other genes, how they act to produce specific chemicals and to form the body cells determines all the hereditary variations among human beings.

Under ordinary conditions genes are remarkably stable. Passed along from one generation to another, a gene may go on for thousands of years doing exactly the same thing in the same way. (If this weren't so, human beings today would hardly be so remarkably like those of ancient times.) But here's where the X rays, or the atomic rays, come in: If a gene is hit by a ray with sufficient force, its atom pattern may be rearranged, or one or more of its atoms "knocked out." Changed in its structure and character, the gene will no longer work as it formerly did. A "brown-eye" gene might be turned into a "blue-eye" or "green-eye" gene, or even into a "blank"—an "albino" gene. A gene that ordinarily would have built a normal hand, or a normal brain, or a normal gland, might be changed into one that would do its job imperfectly or in some new way. Very occasionally, mutation introduces an improvement; but in the vast majority of cases gene-change is synonymous with defect. Also, any pronounced deviation from the normal in human appearance is not likely to be regarded as desirable. A third hand might be useful, for instance—but would you want it?

NOW we come to the rays. In considering the effects of atomic radiation, three types of rays as known so far must be dealt with: The *gamma*, the *alpha*, and the *beta* rays. The direct radiation comes mainly from the gamma rays (identical with ordinary X rays), which are the most penetrating: it was the gamma rays which immediately hit the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The alpha and the beta rays travel much more slowly. Arising from particles which generally have to be swallowed or inhaled to be harmful, they produce their effects only gradually. Nevertheless, they may be even more dangerous than the gamma rays in the long run, because these radio-active substances can be carried far distances in clouds, then precipitated by rain into rivers and streams, and ultimately can find their way into human beings through drinking water, fish, edible animals, or plants.

How widely the alpha and beta rays can be diffused was proved when, after the Bikini tests, radioactive clouds were found hovering over various parts of the United States and Europe. And previously, after the first atomic-bomb test in New Mexico, scientists for a large film company found beta rays given off in straw, used for packing films, which had come from areas in the Midwest, many hundreds of miles from the testing grounds. While in these instances it is probable that not enough of the particles got into people to warrant undue alarm, this fact cannot be stated too strongly:

*Radioactivity from an atomic-bomb explosion, wherever it occurs, can spread around the globe and affect people everywhere on earth. And no nation could drop atomic bombs in sufficient force to knock out another nation, no matter where, without the gravest danger of a kick-back to its own people.*

BUT there is more to this. Once the alpha and beta ray-producing particles enter a body, *they remain permanently*. They cannot be excreted, because they lodge in the bones. And in effect, the irradiated bones from then on act as miniature X-ray machines, bombarding the individual with rays from within.

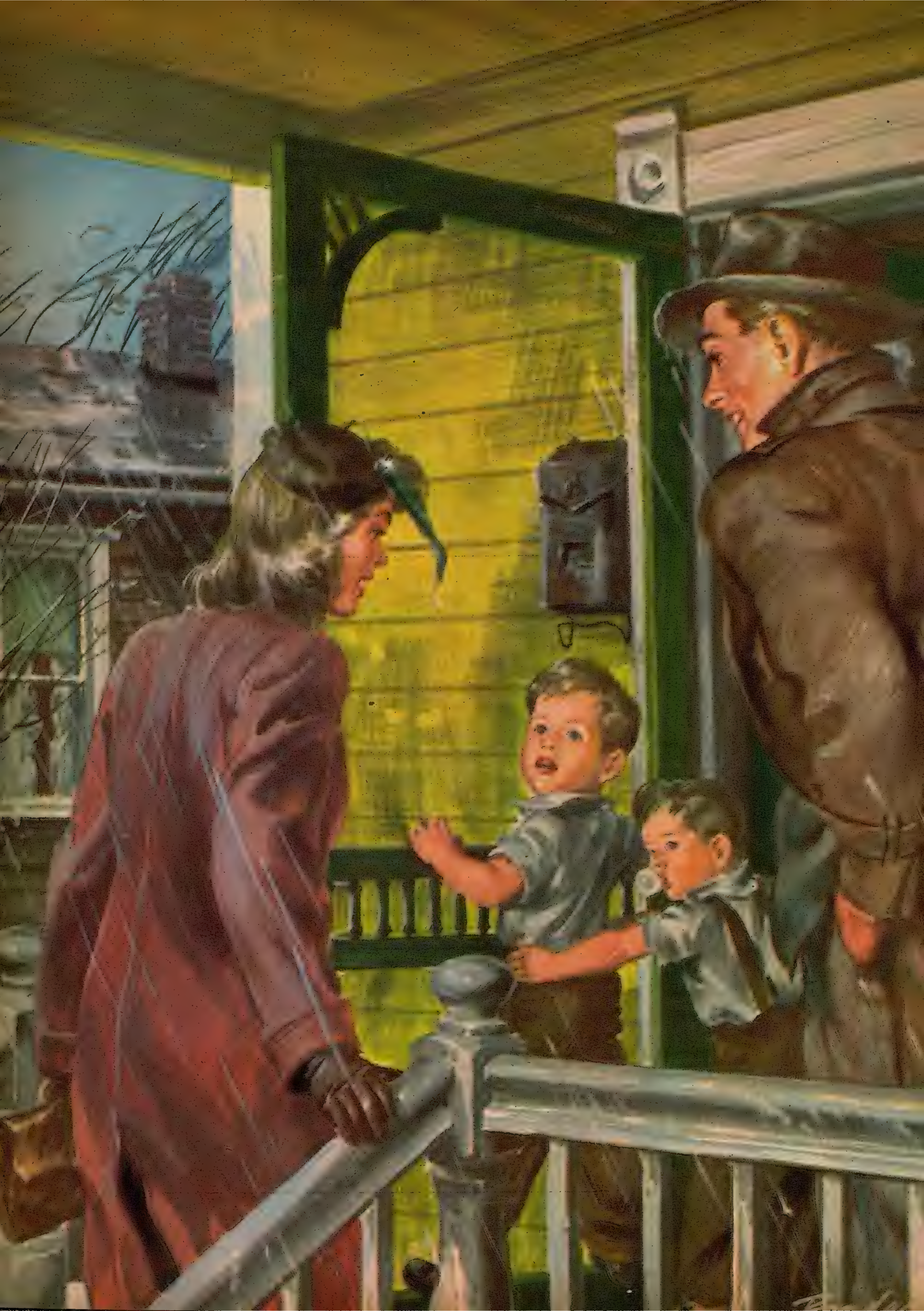
"It is well worth noting," Dr. Edwin J. Grace warned recently in the Journal of the American Medical Association, "that in spite of the great advances in medicine, nothing can be done to remove radioactive substances from body tissues. The magnitude of the responsibility of the statesmen entrusted with the problems surrounding the atomic bomb demands very serious consideration of these clearly proven facts."

Thus, once an individual has been made "radioactive," the internal ray bombardment going on year after year may cause, in its cumulative effects, not only such conditions as bone cancer, liver degeneration, and blood-cell destruction, but serious damage to the reproductive cells and reproductive activities. Many of the dangers of severe radiation to human reproduction were clearly established long before the atomic bomb was ever thought of. The most immediate effect occurs if a woman is carrying a child when the rays strike, particularly if the pregnancy is at an early stage. Here there is grave danger that the child will be born with some severe abnormality of the central nervous system, the eyes, or the limbs. (In one group of such cases studied, more than 20 per cent of the babies whose mothers were irradiated during early pregnancy were microcephalics, or "pin-head" idiots.)

A second serious consequence of radiation may be sterility. To quote from another recent report, by Dr. Charles E. Dunlap in Occupational Medicine: "The ovaries and testicles are highly sensitive to damage by Roentgen rays or radium, and steril-

(*Continued on page 93*)

◀What Atomic War Will Do to You, by Boris Deutsch, first prize winner of Pepsi-Cola's 1946 painting competition.



Fred was starting to knock when the door was almost yanked off its hinges by two little boys who shouted, "Come on in!"

# Port in a Storm

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RANDALL

### Here at last was a room for a G.I. student and his wife—complete with running ruffians

### By Lenora Mattingly Weber

READING TIME•21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

MIGGS and Fred stood in the doorway of a sheet-metal shop watching the rain, a final outburst from a putty-colored sky that had drizzled all day. Those miles and miles of blocks with sidewalks, and blocks without sidewalks! Her knees were like cold blancmange under the navy-blue crepe she had bought in the "Anticipation" department back in Lincoln. She wished the boxy coat were longer. Her heartburn was like scalding acid.

She smiled stiffly at Fred, but Fred's eyes stared past her out of a face that was all hurt bleakness. He looked somehow younger and more vulnerable than he had looked waiting for her at the foot of the altar—so all-conquering and square-shouldered in his officer's uniform. . . . Well, Lord knows she wasn't even a reasonable facsimile of the girl in white satin who had walked up the aisle to him.

The rain slanted gustily at them and Fred said gruffly, "Let's go inside. Maybe we can get inside a tin shop."

They stepped into the dry smell of hot metal and solder and acid. A stooped balding man was squirming into a scabby leather jacket and pushing drawers shut with his knees. He came and stood beside them at the front door. "Guess I'll have to wait till this downpour lets up a little. Though the wife don't like it when I hold up supper."

She thought with detached weariness, *We're* not holding up supper. We are the homeless, mister. We walk up front steps and the door opens and Fred says, "We got your address from the university as having a room to rent to a student and his wife." And whoever opens the door says, "I'm sorry, but our room is taken now."

Fred said, craving mantalk, "We've been trying to find a little place to stay while I go to school."

THAT'S it—a little place to stay. The joke is on us, thinking we could be choosy about wanting a room with sun, a room where we could put out the book ends, and Aunt Clara's afghan, and the fluorescent study lamp the Engineer Corps gave Fred for a wedding present. Now we'd take any place where they opened the door wide enough for us to scuttle in. All our luggage is sitting over in the hotel lobby. Of course they told us when we went there we could stay only five days, and Fred had said, "We'll only be here a day or two, till we get a room."

"It's pretty tough," Fred said with masculine understatement.

"Don't I know it!" the tin-shop owner said fervently. "I worked on this last survey to get rooms for you G.I. students. We needed around twelve hundred rooms, and you know how many we got? A hundred and eighty-three. Yeh—a hundred and eighty-three."

"Guess we're about the end of our rope," Fred said.

That's good. *About* the end of our rope? We *are* at the frayed and frazzled end. There isn't a street left for us to walk up and down. We bought a one-way ticket here. There isn't even a day bed to go back to. Mother and dad in a three-room apartment—

THE man was emptying some penciled papers from his pocket. "Say, there's a place down this way—it's on down this street. I guess I didn't put the number down. Anyway, it's a yellow frame house—the second one going north—right after you cross the tracks. The woman was kind of hesitating about whether to crowd anybody else in or not. I know her—nice little woman, young, got two little boys. Her husband's dead. She's already got a couple upstairs." He looked at Miggs, looked away again. "Well, wouldn't do any harm to try."

"Sure," Fred said. "It's on down this street, huh?"

"That's right. Wish I had my car. I'd take you."

"We can make it all right. The rain is slacking up some."

They walked silently through the

(*Continued on page 85*)

# Joan of Hollywood

### Crawford, hotter than ever, is the shining exception to the rule that a star can't last more than seven years

### BY ELIZABETH WILSON

READING TIME•6 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A FEW months ago a speeding new Cadillac with green-satin upholstery and a wooden bumper was stopped by a cop in downtown Los Angeles. Its driver—a girl in dark glasses—was crying.

"What's the big rush, lady? Going to a fire?" the cop inquired conventionally.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, officer," gulped the girl. "I guess I was going too fast. But I just left the psychiatric ward. It was horrible." And she burst into fresh sobs.

The policeman paled around the gills. The dame is an escaped nut and what the devil am I supposed to do about it, he was thinking, when another car drove up hurriedly. The driver introduced himself as Jerry Wald, movie producer. "Miss Crawford has been studying mental cases over at General Hospital," he explained. "In her next picture, Possessed, she plays a schizophrenic."

"I kill a man," Joan contributed, sniffling.

The cop said he was mighty pleased to meet Miss Crawford, she was his favorite star, and it sure was a good joke on him that he had thought she might be crazy.

Whatever else may be said about Joan Crawford in Hollywood, a place not exactly famous for its good will, she can never be called crazy. Not unless you quickly add "like a fox." Behind those oversize freckles, prominent blue-gray eyes, and red hair is a collection of gray cells which Joan works overtime. Columnist E. V. Durling recently listed her as the third shrewdest business woman in the film capital. (Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor drew win and place.) The theatrical profession will never be called upon to sing some tired songs at a Benefit for Crawford. She's well stacked, in more ways than one.

Joan Crawford has flouted traditions, exhibitors, Noel Coward, and M-G-M during her long film career.

Joan has been pretty sharp in handling her screen career, too. There used to be a Hollywood legend that a star has only seven years on the gravy train. Or, as Noel Coward once put it, "In seven years you get sick to death of a movie star's pan." But Joan has flouted traditions, exhibitors, Noel Coward, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Today, after twenty years in pictures (two of them off for smart behavior), she is generally acknowledged the hottest star in Hollywood. Ever since the release of Mildred Pierce, which has already grossed over $5,000,000, the eager producers have been crowding around, their best jobs in hand. Mildred Pierce won Joan her first Academy Award last March. And the current talk in the local bistros is that she's a cinch for a second Oscar when the industry gets a gander at Humoresque. As a cynical, thrice-married dipso she gives an exciting performance worthy of a Jeanne Eagles. In September she signed a new seven-year contract with Warner Brothers at $200,000 a picture, which makes her one of the highest paid of the Hollywood actresses. This handsome deal leaves her free to make outside films, form her own producing company if she likes, or take a fling at the New York stage. "Crawford's back and Metro hasn't got her," says Joan with a large dash of malice.

After seventeen years at Metro, Joan finally decided to call it quits. "I went there as a kid and grew up with the place. They took me for granted. I was one of the family, so why go to any trouble for me!" Crawford pictures, even the stinkers, have always been big grossers at the box office. So when she would plead for a role with a little guts and excitement to it, please, and not a clotheshorse, for a change, they'd hand her another Crawford formula. First Norma Shearer, and then Greer Garson, always got the coveted roles. The last straw was when it was announced that she would do a remake of Dancing Daughters. Joan blew her top, picked up her knitting and went home.

It took a lot of courage to ask for a release on a heavy sugar contract that still had three years to run. It also took a lot of courage to stare Hollywood down. Joan knew they'd say she was through, washed up. To hell with them, she said.

Some months after she quit Metro she made herself a sweet deal with Warners', only to discover to her horror that history was repeating itself with the same lousy stories. Joan said that rather than play another milk-and-water part she'd go off salary. Which she did. For a solid year and a half she knitted, did her own housework, chewed her weight in gum, and turned down thirteen pictures. And then—along came Mildred Pierce.

There had been a complete lack of enthusiasm on the Warner lot about both Joan Crawford and Mildred Pierce. The James Cain novel was said to be too realistic and censorable. Bette Davis had turned it down. Director Mike Curtiz wanted Barbara Stanwyck, who had done a brilliant job in Cain's Double Indemnity. Told that Crawford would be his star, he shouted, "She and her damn shoulder pads!" At the end of the

Joan and cinematographer Joseph Valentine chat while a scene is being set up. Facing the camera is Elsa Walker, the star's stand-in.

production Jack Warner gave a luncheon for Joan and Curtiz made a speech. "When I started directing Mildred Pierce I was told my star would be very deefeecolt. So I say, O.K., Crawford, Curtiz will be more deefeecolt. Every time she opened her mouth I shut her up. Every time she make a suggestion I say no. She took it. Like a trouper. She is one swell actress. I luff her." Joan demurely presented him with a box of Adrian's super-size shoulder pads.

Joan's role in Humoresque is revolutionary, to say the least. When Jerry Wald told her she didn't even come on until page 55 (enough to drive a star screaming to her agent), she merely shrugged. When he told her she'd play a dame who had had three husbands, she quipped, "This isn't the story of my life, I hope!" When he told her she'd have to wear glasses throughout the picture, and wouldn't draw praise from fashion editors, she said fine. Only once did she whimper—when he told her she would have to drink brandy constantly. "And me who hates tea," sighed Joan. Tea is always used for brandy on studio sets. Joan is strictly a milk girl. On special occasions she'll sip a little sherry, provided she can do so standing up.

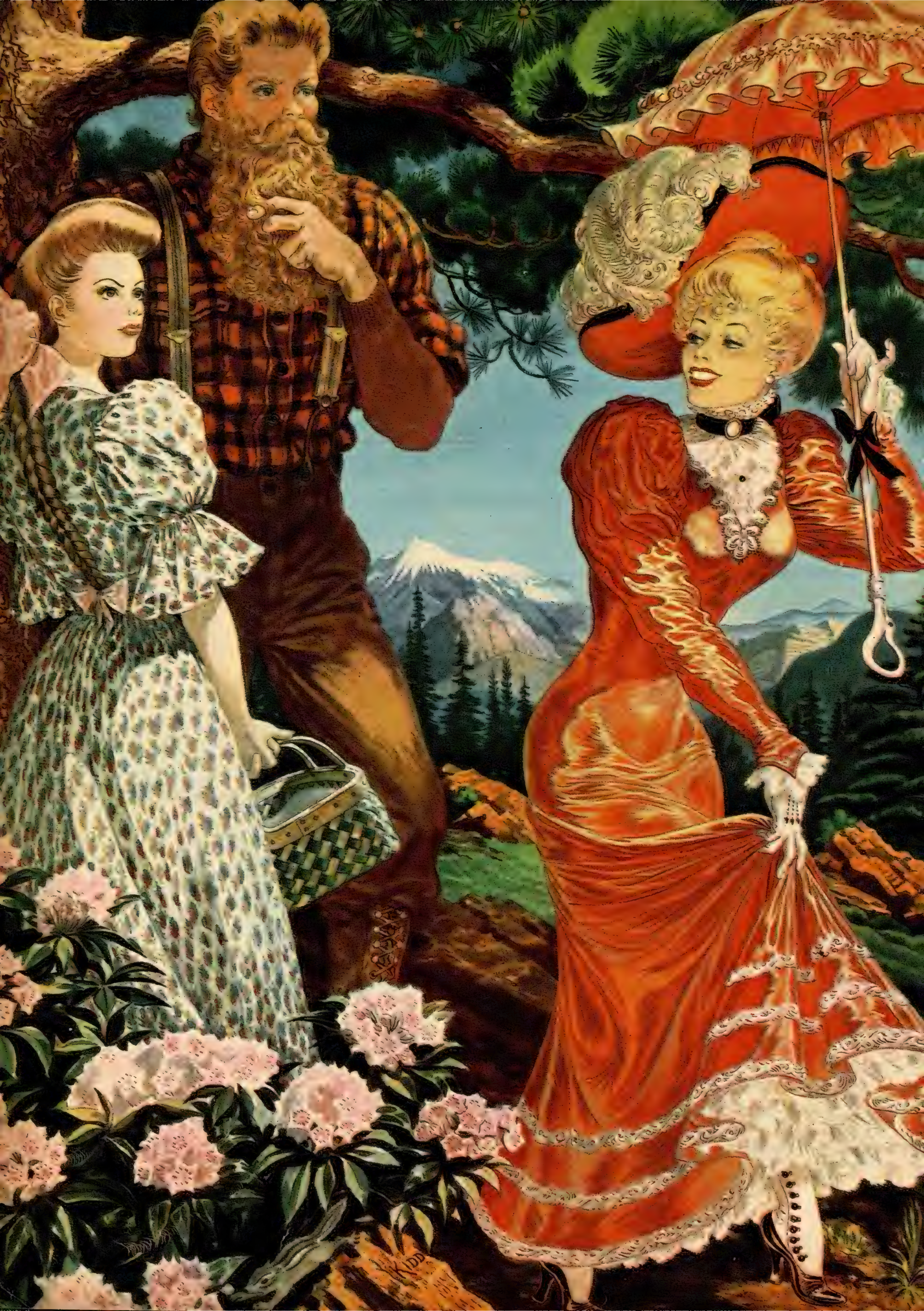
One day on the Humoresque set, director Jean Negulesco and the crew ganged up on Joan. They dumped the tea out of her brandy glass and poured in cognac. The action called for Joan to gulp half of it down at one swallow. This she did, and nearly choked. "This damn stuff is brandy!" she cried, coughing and spitting in a most undignified manner. This has become one of the studio's choice "blow-ups" and will be shown at the next Warner Brothers Employees Party.

Joan and her two adopted children, Christina and Christopher, live in Brentwood, in a most attractive Colonial house. Joan moved there as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and has lived there ever since. During her marriage to Franchot Tone she added elaborate bathhouses and a theater with every modern gadget known to stage or screen.

There is never any confusion in the Crawford household; everything is spick and span. "I'm a terrific Craig's Wife," says Joan, "I even run my fingers along the piano." If she finds any dust, she has only herself to blame, as she does most of her housework herself these days—her staff being cut down to a nurse and a cook. Joan manages to accomplish all she does by working out a schedule weeks in advance. She claims there is no place on her present schedule for a fourth husband. But she is being seen dancing and dining pretty frequently of late with handsome lawyer Greg Bautzer.

When Joan won an Oscar at the Academy Awards last spring, the press on both sides of the continent went on a sentimental binge. Looks like they're due for another. "I figure it this way," says Jerry Wald. "Luise Rainer did a four-minute telephone scene that made movie history and won her an award. So we give Joan a twenty-minute monologue. How can she miss?"

THE END


KIDD

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KIDD

# The Courtship of

# HERCULES BARR

Hercules was, like Samson, a man of towering strength. And, like Samson, he had his Delilah

**By Thomas W. Duncan**

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

YOU will now hear of Hercules Barr who resided in the mountains of Colorado back when I was in Fifth Reader, and uppity folks were starting to speak of horseless carriages as automobiles. And you will hear of the two girls who loved him.

I do not remember who first called him Hercules. His christening name was Gilbert Barr, but the only person who ever called him Gilbert was Athena Irwin. You could have expected that from her, for she was fashionable as a fringed surrey. She had worked three years as a hired girl in Denver, in a home with gas lamps, where they ate dinner at night.

"Athena's come back just to show off," my mother used to say. "And she's staying because she's set her cap for Hercules."

The other girl who loved him was my sister Emmy.

He was big, Hercules was, towering around six feet three or four; and I reckon he was the strongest man who ever lived, if you leave out Samson in Holy Writ. He had a fine big head of yellow hair and, although he was only twenty-five, a yellow beard.

Now you might figure a fellow that sizable would go bullying around our village of Gold Run, shouldering folks off the board sidewalks, but that was not his way. For all I know, if some fellow had shoved him, he would have shoved back, and the fellow would have discovered himself flying through the air toward the continental divide. But nobody shoved Hercules. Maybe because everybody liked him, even if he was a hermit, living alone in his cabin two miles out of town.

The fact is that Hercules was a gentle sort. He had eyes as blue and tender as spring sky, and his mouth was wide and friendly and gentle too. His hands were big but they were tender hands, as the animals around his cabin knew.

"Athena's not only set her cap for him," my mother said, "she's fixing to change him."

"Women are always fixing to change a man," my father said.

My mother snorted. "Usual thing, any changes made are for the better. But Hercules is good enough as he stands. His claim is full of gold, and once Athena weds him she'll want him to sell. Then she'll move him off to Denver and live in style."

"Denver!" my father yelped. "Why, woman, Hercules would no more go to Denver than to the far side of the moon!"

"You wait, Bill Crosswell. Wait and see. That's what she's got in her head."

My father grinned. "You couldn't get Hercules to no Denver. He ain't even been to Chicago Springs since he was eight, and Chicago Springs ain't got more than three thousand population of folks."

"You wait," my mother said, and then she told me I might go along with Emmy when she took the apple pie to Hercules.

EMMY was the prettiest girl in Gold Run, although that's not saying much, because our population that spring was on the sparse side of fifty. So even though she was my sister, and you might think me bragging, I'll say she was the prettiest girl in Colorado. She had soft brown hair and eyes as brown and kindly as a doe deer's. And she was full of fun and laughter too; leastwise she had been till Athena Irwin swished back from Denver.

West from Gold Run, through the spruce and the cedar—that was the path to Hercules Barr's cabin. It was June that afternoon, with the sun silver bright on the snowy peaks, and the mountain meadows full of anemones. The sharp air had that dark clean smell of pines. Magpies were flashing through the sunlight, and once I saw the tracks of a bear.

(*Continued on page 71*)

"We'll expect you at six," Athena said. "Fried chicken. I must run now and prepare it." "If she can cook a cup of water," Emmy said, "I'll kiss a cow."

# Faster, Faster!

**BY MASTER SERGEANT JAY KEYS**

**If the pilot of the army's new 1,500-mile-per-hour plane survives, man will be on the last lap of his age-old race against time**

READING TIME•8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

EVER since man's ancestor, *Pithecanthropos erectus,* first stood up on his misshapen legs and took an awkward step, his descendants have behaved as though driven by an inescapable compulsion to race against time.

When using his own legs proved too slow and tiring, man trained animals to pull and carry him. He invented the wheel, he learned to use the currents of swift rivers, and he harnessed the winds to propel his ships. Still unsatisfied, he created machines to carry him ever faster over land and sea; and, finally, he took to the air.

It is in this medium, using his new jet and rocket engines, that man hopes at last to sip the heady wine of supersonic speed—a potion which may well prove fatal. Deadly or not, he is determined to taste it.

Perhaps before you read this, the army's XS-1, a supersonic plane built by Bell Aircraft, will have flashed through the stratosphere at twice the speed of sound (760 mph). Built to fly above 60,000 feet, this plane is expected to reach 1,500 mph, or 25 miles per minute.

Since its test pilot will face dangers not completely known to aviation medicine, he will reputedly be paid $50,000 for pitting the physiological limitations of the human body against the hazards of ballistic velocities. Only a year ago airmen pooh-poohed these dangers, but last summer lessons were learned.

Jack Woolams, ace Bell tester who was slated to fly the XS-1, was himself a victim of the constant search for more speed when the special P-63 he planned to fly in the Cleveland Air Races crashed during trials. The pilot chosen to replace Woolams will be protected by every device currently known, and if he survives, man will have torn aside the next-to-last curtain before the altar of his great and monstrous god, Speed. Only the velocity of light will remain, the outer limit to man's ambitions.

While awaiting the report, let's look into the record books and review the results of man's past striving for swifter locomotion.

Early man's clumsy use of his legs probably achieved two miles per hour. Today even a stroller covers three miles in that time, and the movement of large bodies of marching men is computed on a basis of 4 mph. But the best man has done in a walk is Michael Pecora's 1932 record of 9.3 mph. Long-distance runners can do only a trifle better than that, though 100-yard-dash men can tear along at over 22 mph. Kitei Son's record marathon time for the 26-miles-385-yards distance figures out to only 10.5 mph. Gunder Haegg's unofficial world's speediest mile is 14.93. This seems to be the limit that man can attain with his legs alone, using none of his devices to augment leg power.

With ice skates he can skim over a frozen surface at 22.75 mph. Down a steep slope or an especially constructed run, skiers and bobsledders can reach 70 to 80 mph. Still depending on his leg muscles, man does even better when he mounts a racing bicycle. Cyclists have reached really phenomenal speeds through using autos, motorcycles, or even trains as windbreakers; but just short of 35 mph is the top for pure leg power.

Getting onto the back of a horse, man manages to move over the ground at just over 39 mph. Record for the straight-course mile is held by the English race horse Mopsus, whose time of 1 minute 32 seconds is only two fifths of a second faster than the time of Equipoise for the same distance on an oval track. Seated in a racing sulky, a man can roll along behind a trotter like Greyhound or a pacer like Billy Direct at 31 mph.

Man's experiments with water travel provide extremes. He finds swimming his slowest method of locomotion. For all his flutter kicks and crawl strokes, the time for the mile is just short of 3 mph.

In a clean-lined sliver of a boat, man can scull along at 9.35 mph. With seven oars and the power of fourteen pairs of husky arms, man, as represented by California's 1939 crew, can cover four miles at a little over 13 mph.

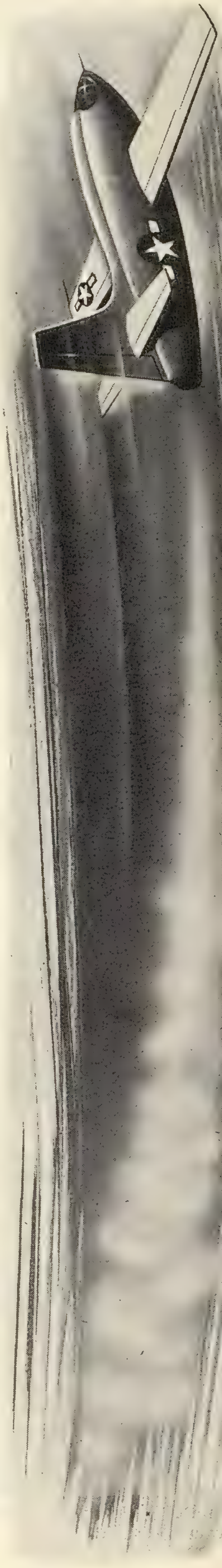
With motorboats and iceboats, we enter really fast company. Sir Malcolm Campbell's multi-engined Bluebird II skipped along at 141.74 mph. Newsmen report that Sir Malcolm is equipping the old hull with a brand-new jet engine and will attempt to surpass his own record. Campbell's pride in his achievement must be somewhat modified by the knowledge that other men have done better over water. By waiting for the water to freeze and using only the power of the wind, man has flashed over frozen lakes at 143 mph!

We have dozens of regularly scheduled trains which top a mile a minute for great distances. An impressive example is the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy's Chicago-Denver run of 1,017 miles at 83.3 mph. Today's railroaders accent *safety,* so the world's record train run has stood since 1905, when a Pennsylvania Railroad steam locomotive rocketed over three miles of track near Crestline, Ohio, at 127.1 mph.

As for the racing automobile, John R. Cobb's 1939 record is still good, though doubtless due to fall to the first man who installs a jet engine in a racing car. His Railton Red Lion roared across the salt flats at Bonneville, Utah, at 368.9 mph for the measured mile and 369.7 mph for the kilometer distance.

Taking off into the wild blue yonder, man adds another 100 mph to his past speed records. Wartime developments in conventional engines and planes produced surprisingly few fighters

(*Continued on page 89*)



# Doctor, Spare That Tree

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

Davey men can transplant your tree from Maine to Texas, make it blossom in the snow, or cure it with surgery

**By Mort Weisinger and Henry F. Unger**

RECENTLY a sentimental widow whose late husband had proposed to her, years ago, beneath a fine California eucalyptus, yearned to have this particular tree transplanted to her Florida estate. The task of carting it clear across the country looked formidable. For it was essential that the tree, almost three stories high, be carried erect in order to preserve its branches. How to get it past numerous trolley and telephone wires seemed to pose quite a problem.

Not, however, to the crew of professional timber toters sent out by the Davey Tree Expert Company of Kent, Ohio. They simply arranged in advance with the local traction companies to cut overhead trolley lines at the points where the truck would pass. In cities where service could not be interrupted, they leased buses to transport passengers over the route where the power had been shut off. Twenty-one days later the tree was gracing the widow's Palm Beach acreage. And because only the Davey boys can move a tree across country, she cheerfully paid the $20,000 fee.

Americans pay an average of $3,000,000 annually for operations of this sort. An eccentric banker, for instance, paid $5,000 to have a pine tree hauled from a Catskill farm to his Wyoming estate. As a youth he had climbed this tree to free a kite, and had fallen, injuring his arm, which had to be amputated. The banker wanted this pine on his own property—so that he could kick it whenever he passed it.

Each spring the Davey Company sends an army of tree scouts into America's thickly wooded regions to search for the finest trees. When a scout sights a prize tree, he scales it, examines it for signs of parasites or disease. If the tree is in perfect condition, the scout locates its owner. Often this means long combing of musty deeds at the county seat for the identity of the titleholder.

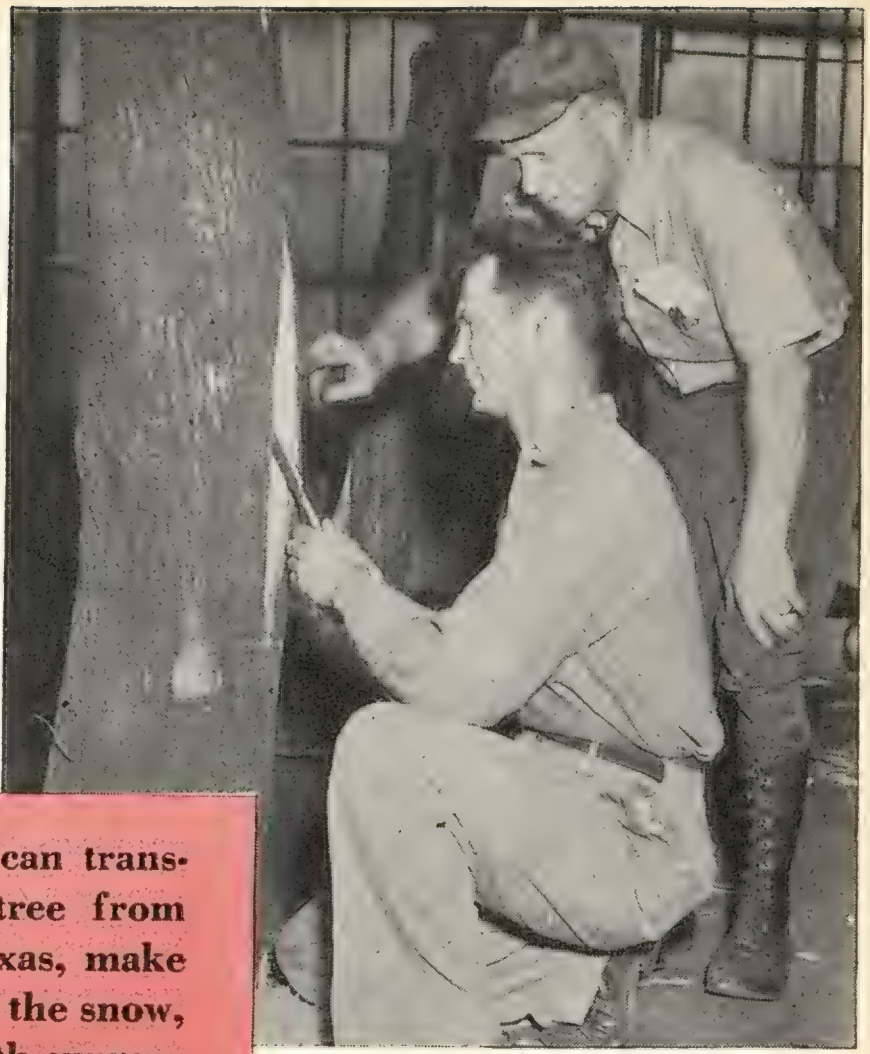
Owners of prize trees are offered a cash sum, to be paid when and if a buyer is obtained. If the offer is acceptable, a contract is signed. Then the scout photographs the tree in color, makes a blueprint of it, and estimates the approximate expense of having it hauled away.

Thousands of photographs of every variety of tree are reproduced in Davey catalogues, with which a crack team of salesmen tour the states.

The Davey Tree Expert Company had its beginning in 1881, when a young Englishman, John Davey, came to Kent, Ohio, and volunteered to take charge of the local cemetery. The young immigrant was appalled by the way Americans abused their shade trees. Many were dying because the soil was poor, hard-packed, and moistureless. To show that trees are responsive living things, like humans, suffer from disease, improper food, and poor environment, he built an experimental greenhouse.

Next, he planted single-handedly hundreds of trees along Kent streets. When a plague of anthracnose, a leaf and twig disease, struck the town, Davey became as busy as a country doctor in an epidemic. He taught the townsfolk how to remove diseased tree tissue with blade and bore, how to disinfect the cavity and dress the wound. It was the first mass application of tree surgery—and all the patients lived.

Davey barnstormed the country lecturing on tree preservation. In 1901 he wrote and published The Tree Doctor, a venture that left him heavily in debt. But when hundreds of readers sent for him to save their orchards and landscapes, Davey trained a group of friends in botanical first aid. In 1909 he founded the Davey Tree Expert Company.


At the Davey school, future tree surgeons learn to excavate decayed trees which are brought indoors for instruction purposes.

Today the company has branches in seventy cities, carries more than 1,000 men on its payroll. To train its timber trouble-shooters and tree scouts, the company runs a grueling, commando-like school. Men must demonstrate their ingenuity and physical prowess in being able to scale tall trees without benefit of ladder, to prune and chop branches while out on a lofty limb.

Most fascinating facet of the Davey horticultural college is its ultra-modern research laboratory, where the tyro tree healers learn tree surgery.

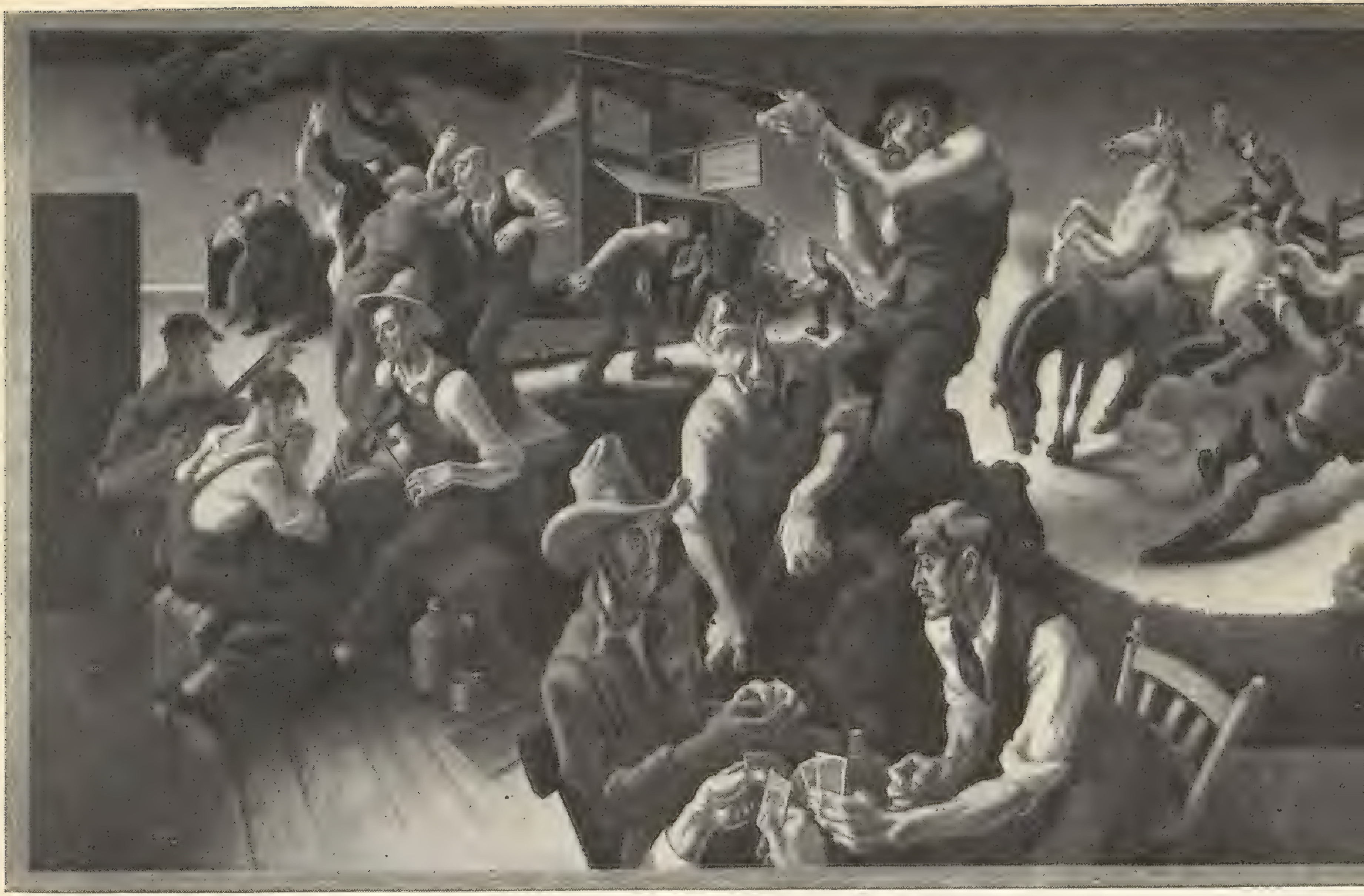
Not long ago the Davey scientists pooled their talents to lick "corossus," a hitherto incurable malady that afflicts oak trees and turns the tree's green life fluid brown. The Davey doctors finally reproduced a solution which, when injected into the tree through holes bored in the side, effects a cure.

Another project tackled was how to make trees grow in winter, when frozen roots prevent their taking up nourishment. The clinic discovered that if the soil is heated and the trees fed a Davey-patented food, they will blossom forth in January as though it were June.

This experiment inspired a tree lover to prepare a surprise for his Florida-vacationing wife. When she returned to zero weather, she found the tree she had planted that fall standing in full bloom in the snow.

If you have ever carved entwined heart-enclosed initials on an innocent bystanding trunk, you too are a potential Davey customer. Every year more than 200 Romeos who whittled while they wooed hire this outfit to transplant their arboreal autographs to their own back yards—at prices ranging from fifty dollars to $25,000. The Davey boys are glad to encourage such sentiment. They think love is grand.

THE END



COLLECTION OF THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

In his mural, Arts of the West, Benton conceives of the American farmer as a thin, gnarled, hard-living type. He has been severely criticized for painting the seamier side of life—drinking, gambling and worse. Benton replies that he paints what he sees.

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PERSEPHONE, by Thomas Hart Benton, is probably the finest nude ever to grace a bar. Most serious artists would feel sick defeat at having a cherished masterpiece displayed against the red-plush walls of a Broadway night club. Not Benton, the painter considered by many to be America's foremost artist.

Benton is strong for the idea of getting art before the people. He once told startled reporters that he wished he could see his pictures hanging in rotary clubs from coast to coast. It is hardly likely that this wish will be fulfilled, as Benton is reputed to be the highest-paid painter in the country.

Persephone, a mammoth piece of work measuring five by eight feet, shows a lovely naked girl napping against a giant tree while a gnarled old farmer peeps at her from behind a grassy knoll. Benton finds her so beautiful he starts muttering every time he looks at her.

"My, she is wonderful saloon art!" he muttered one day, publicly. "The flesh tones are remarkable, and with four drinks under his belt, any man would be inclined to suspect that Persephone was real."

Billy Rose, an equally astute showman, caught wind of this spiel and promptly wrote Benton, "I've got a saloon, probably the biggest saloon in the country. Let's get together."

Persephone spent a year in the Diamond Horseshoe, where customers found her as appealing as any girl in the floor show. Although bids for her have soared as high as $11,500, she has yet to find a permanent home. Tom does not intend to settle for a penny less than $12,000, which is $2,000 above his previous ceiling price. To those who wonder at his obdurateness, he explains, "Persephone is Jessie's education." Jessie is his seven-year-old daughter, a vivacious little girl who already shows a remarkable talent for painting and the piano.

At fifty-seven, Benton is a robust, forceful fellow who paints robust, forceful pictures, predominantly of life in the Mississippi Valley. According to some critics, his rawhide approach is the first great truly American style. His work throbs with vitality, vulgarity, buffoonery, and strength. So does his personality.

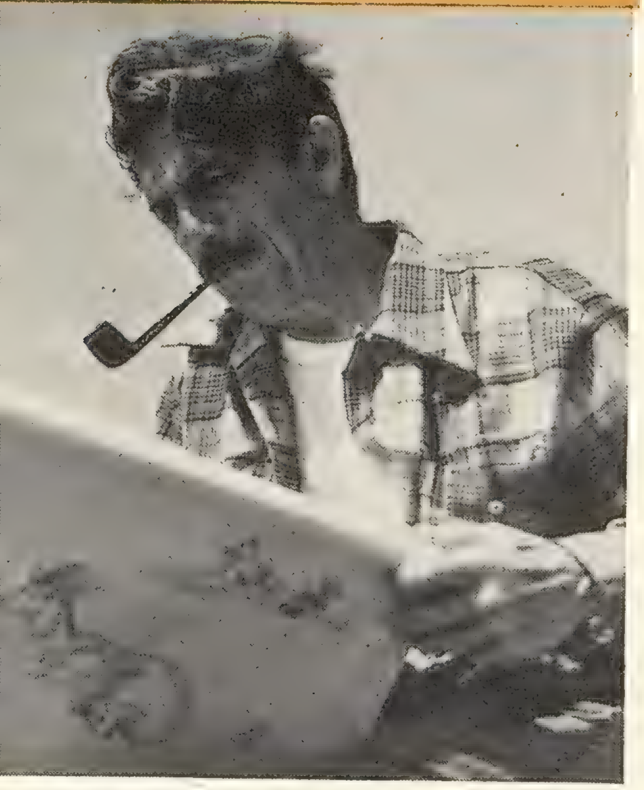
In the dirty blue jeans that are his working clothes, he looks more like a road-construction worker than the popular conception of an artist. For the past twenty-five years his quarrels have been so monumental and his rhetoric so rich that most people expect him to be of the same heroic proportions. Actually he is only five feet five inches tall, his massive head trailing off into a comparatively insignificant body. His black eyes snap under beetling brows. The mustache and the heavy shock of hair, once coal black and now iron gray, are still savagely luxurious. Seated, he looks like a giant. Standing, his head still rivets all attention. During World War I he was in the navy, where every Saturday night he boxed as a featherweight. Old salts found his bouts as excitingly ferocious as a cockfight. He has managed to retain the same elastic quickness and the cocky defiance to all opposition that characterized him then.

Benton was born in Neosho, Missouri, of a family that is to Missouri what the Cabots are to Boston. In their honor, Kansas City has its Benton Boulevard and its Benton telephone exchange. Every citizen of the state knows of Great-Uncle Thomas Hart Benton, Missouri's first delegate to the U. S. Senate, where he served vociferously for thirty years. Because of his granite opposition to the use of folding money, he was popularly known as Old Bullion. Father Maecenas Ben-

# He-Man Artist

Thomas Hart Benton, possibly America's foremost painter, is as rugged, outspoken, and unconventional as his work

By Naomi Jolles



EMIL HERMAN PHOTO

ton was a noted frontier lawyer and a great classical scholar. During eight years in Washington, he earned the title, "Profanest Man in Congress." Aunt Jessie Benton was a spirited girl who married the celebrated General Frémont and went off with him to open up the territory of California.

Maecenas Benton decided that Tom should assume his legal mantle, and for years had him privately tutored in Latin. With an inherited stubbornness of will and a racy vocabulary picked up from the same source, Tom battled it out that he was going to become an artist. He had executed his first drawing at the age of six. It was a mural of a very long freight train chugging up the stairway of his parents' home. The engine, because of the steepness of the grade, was puffing heavy black smoke all over the new cream-colored wallpaper.

It took a barroom nude in Joplin to get him actually started professionally. He was seventeen at the time, and feeling as good a he-man as any roisterer in town. He strutted into the House of Lords, the popular ginmill of the day, and ordered a beer. His eyes popped at the lush pink nude over the bar. The grinning men clustered around began to wisecrack.

"I'm not interested in the naked girl," he replied in a lofty tone. "I'm studying the brush strokes of the painting."

"Well, well, Shortie's an artist!" they jeered.

"Yes, and a good one."

Across the street were the offices of the Joplin American. Tom strode in and asked for a job as a cartoonist. They looked a little dubious, so he went back and sketched the bartender. The Benton name clinched the deal. He stayed with the American for two years and then went to the Art Institute in Chicago for training in technique. If today his work shows a tendency to exaggerate, he traces it back to his cartoonist background. He had no ambition beyond cartooning, but some of the instructors at the Institute insisted that he try his hand at painting.

THREE years later, when he got back from Paris, the man who was to make his reputation because of his grasp of the American scene was as Gallic as onion soup. He wore tight French clothes, a flat French hat, and carried a Balzac stick. He was constantly quoting the French poets, and he had only one desire—to get enough money to go back to France.

The first World War stopped that. By the time he was demobilized, the desire to become a Frenchman had died. Benton wanted to see America, and he did it in characteristic fashion. He slung a knapsack across his back and hit the road. He tramped and hitchhiked, rode the rails and slept in hobo camps. He had a harmonica, a sketch pad, and a wealth of good stories, and with these assets he made friends wherever he went. Country people everywhere gladly gave him food and lodging in exchange for a song and a drawing.

He has continued to take these trips annually, although of late he has cut his traveling down to two months instead of his former four months a year. A favorite trip of his is to start at the headwaters of a river and float and fish his way down to the mouth.

The massive knowledge of American life he has absorbed in his travels, supplemented by voluminous reading, is evidenced in his major works, the murals for the Whitney Museum and the New School for Social Research in New York, and the state Capitol of Missouri.

BENTON is dead serious about work, but he manages to mix it up with considerable hell-raising. He seems no more able to live without creating controversy than a sternwheeler is able to move without churning up a wake.

During the mid-'30s, the Missouri Legislature decided to do the old state proud and have her history painted on the walls of the state Capitol. They selected native-son Benton for the job, and he pitched into the assignment with gusto. On the day of the unveiling, the legislators gathered, preening themselves like a pack of Renaissance art patrons. It required exactly one look at the completed murals to set off their howls as of men betrayed. "Whitewash them out!" they shrieked. "Our fathers and grandfathers never looked like that."

State business was postponed for days to give everybody a chance to roar his disapproval. By the time the nettled lawmakers settled down to affairs of state, the most urgent business on hand had become a set of railings to hold back other citizens of the "Show Me" state who were thronging to Jefferson City to see the murals too.

Instead of buying a romantic idealization of their history, shocked Missourians discovered that what they had purchased for all the world to view was a bold and scandalous record of slaughterhouses and lynching bees, of outlaws like the James brothers and loose-living lovers like the legendary Frankie and Johnnie. Politicians choked to see Boss Pendergast, big as life, lording it over the entire life of Kansas City. This hurt double, because it had been Pendergast who had forced the Legislature to put up the money for the job in the first place. Benton smiled puckishly. Like any good reporter, he explained, he painted only facts as he saw them.

The murals have been chalked up as another major triumph for Benton. By drawing visitors from all over the country, they have transformed Jefferson City into one of the nation's show places. But the really significant aspect of the whole ruckus was that a lot of folks who had never thought about pictures except as pretty calendars, became as excited over these murals as if they had been a World Series. Benton gets people that way. Thousands of nudes are painted in this country every year and nobody quivers an eyelash. Benton paints one, and right away it's a matter of civic concern.

When Persephone and Susanna

(*Continued on page 83*)

# Professional Jealousy

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

**'Tis said woman talks too much. This is about a *man* who talked too much—to a woman**

By
EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS ATWELL

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

M. HENRI VILLIERS scanned his newspaper despite the fact that Suzette sat opposite him at the café table. He prided himself on being a gentleman; but, also, a man of the world must keep posted respecting world affairs. Besides, Suzette did not seem to mind.

That was one of the satisfactory things about Suzette, M. Villiers reflected. She did not mind what he did. Even more, she deferred to him, which was admirable and proper. On the whole, he was glad that three days ago Suzette had dropped her glove in the Rue de Rivoli, and that he had retrieved it. Upon such small happenings, he reflected, the world proceeds.

And the world was a very peaceful place this morning. The sun of spring brooded warmly over Paris, the coffee here was excellent, and so was the cognac. Likewise, Suzette was his companion, as she had been almost constantly since the affair of the glove.

Then, suddenly, the world turned upside down.

*"Sacré nom d'un chien!"* he shouted, slapping the paper furiously. "This I accept as an insult!"

Suzette blinked. "Why, monsieur, what is the matter?"

"Matter?" M. Villiers bounced in his chair. *"Mon Dieu!* By indirection I am belittled in the press, and she requires to know the matter! Attend, woman! It says here that one Jules Leroux has been apprehended by the police. It further glorifies him as the cleverest pickpocket in France."

"But why, monsieur, should news of a pickpocket disturb you?"

M. Villiers was too wroth to pay heed. "Jules Leroux!" he fumed. "That bungler! *Mon Dieu,* I taught him all he knows. I could have taught him more, had the nincompoop the wit to assimilate!"

He broke off. Suzette was staring at him. "You taught a pickpocket pickpocketing!" she exclaimed. "But, monsieur, you have represented yourself to me as a financier."

M. Villiers perceived that his ire had betrayed him. He bore the betrayal well, however.

"Suzette," he said with dignity, "I define anyone who traffics in money as a financier. Hence, every pickpocket can be classified as a financier. It should be clear, Suzette, that I, Henri Villiers"—he smote his chest—"being, despite this libelous journal, the finest pickpocket in France, am also a financier."

Suzette looked reproved. "Your reasoning is logical, monsieur," she said. That was another meritorious thing about Suzette: she always agreed with him.

"You do not object to my—um—my calling?" he inquired.

She regarded him almost fondly. "Not if, indirectly, it helps me to earn my living."

"Ha-ha!" He was pleased. "Well said, Suzette! I have at last met a charming woman with a sound sense of the monetary."

*"Merci, monsieur,"* Suzette said demurely.

"Referring again to the wretched Leroux," he said, "I find this world a vale of irony. Here an incompetent is lauded to the skies, while I, his superior, plumb obscurity."

Suzette had picked up the paper. "I should not think that important, monsieur. It says that M. Leroux will get, perhaps, ten years in prison. Such might not be the case had he remained obscure."

"True," he acknowledged, a trifle wistfully. "They will indubitably incarcerate the inept one. Still, it might be worth it. Consider! Jules Leroux will, albeit basely, have enjoyed one rich red moment when he was proclaimed the head of his profession. But me? By my very proficiency I create of myself a nonentity."

"You are not, then, known to the police?" queried Suzette.

"On the contrary, I have often been escorted to evil-smelling magistrates' courts by the muttonheaded gendarmerie. But on each occasion the magistrate required proof. This the gendarmerie was unable to produce."

"Of course," she remarked, after a thoughtful pause, "I have only monsieur's word for it that he is the foremost French pickpocket."

"Ha!" He frowned. "You doubt me?"

"Not exactly. But I would like to be reassured. It is a characteristic of us women."

He tsk-tsked sadly. "You too are muttonheaded, Suzette, like the gendarmerie." He rose abruptly. "But come! I accept this as a challenge to my integrity."

THEY had not proceeded far before M. Villiers espied a prospect: an elderly gentleman purchasing flowers at a stall and flourishing a fat pigskin wallet. "You of little faith," remarked M. Villiers, somewhat bitterly, "will now observe!"

Forthwith, in simulation of a man hurrying, he jostled the elderly gentleman, who stumbled and dropped his flowers. M. Villiers swooped falcon-wise. He picked up the bouquet, dusted it off. His apologies were profuse. And, needlessly, he dusted off the elderly gentleman, his hands like deft white birds. His eloquence stilled any caustic comment. The elderly gentleman even thanked him.

A moment later he helped Suzette into a convenient cab. They were presently in another part of Paris.

"And now," he said, as they seated themselves in a second sidewalk café, "I trust you are convinced." He gave her a glimpse of the pigskin wallet and replaced it in his pocket. "Do you for one moment imagine that the miserable Leroux could have accomplished that?"

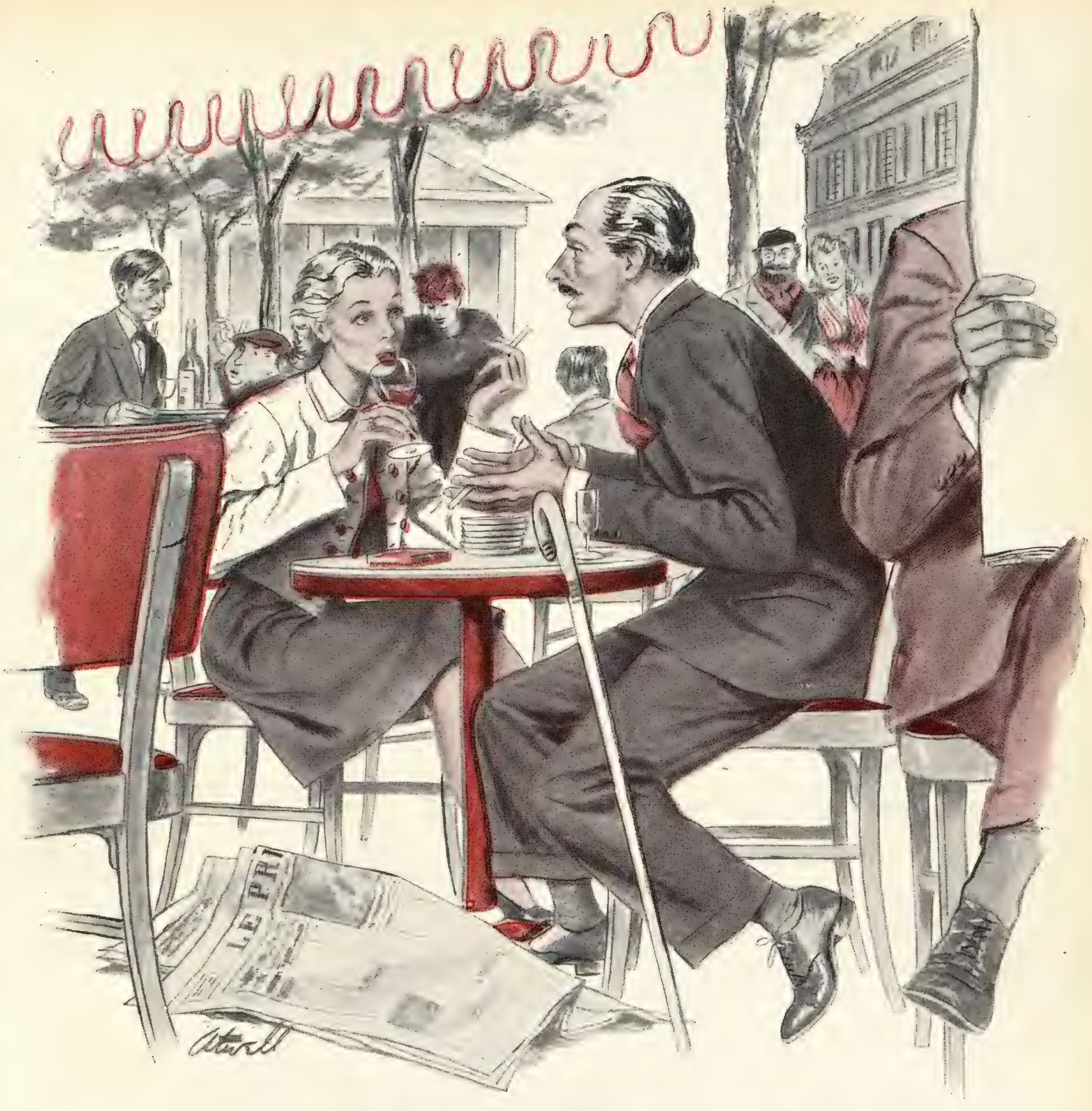
Suzette's eyes were down. "No, monsieur, I do not. I ask your pardon."

M. Villiers fidgeted. To his way of thinking, this was adequate but lacked the flowery essentials of a really handsome apology.

"I am a man not easily mollified," he stated. "You have gravely displeased me, Suzette."

"Oh, monsieur!" Impulsively she reached out, took both his hands. "I cannot cover my confusion with foolish words. I fear I am that rare phenomenon, a laconic woman. But"—she drew his hands toward her over the table—"do believe me—truly sorry."

"That is better," he acknowl-



"You taught a pickpocket pickpocketing!" Suzette exclaimed. "But, monsieur, you have represented yourself to me as a financier."

edged. But, cognizant of the deliciousness in prolonging even a slight quarrel with a lovely lady, he added, "I am, however, tempted to repay you by doubting your sincerity."

Suzette dropped her hands, let them fumble with the bag in her lap. She sighed. "Ah, monsieur, it is right that you should punish me. But"—her words came slowly—"if I gave you my hands again and looked into your eyes, would you not believe me then?"

"It is possible," he said encouragingly. "Do so!"

Suzette did, in part. Her hands came up swiftly. There was a sharp click. M. Villiers started, then stared at steel manacles hampering his wrists.

But because he was a gentleman and above scenes, he made no outcry. He merely looked rueful.

"I am sorry, monsieur," Suzette was saying, not at all sincerely, "but until now I have failed properly to introduce myself. Actually my name is Suzette Marie Clothilde LeBlanc, agent of the *Sûreté Générale*, detailed to make your acquaintance, and to escort you to an evil-smelling courtroom. And I think the alien wallet in your pocket will satisfy the very exacting magistrate."

M. Villiers bowed. He saw restriction. But he also saw a brief interval of purple glory.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "before you invoke the uniformed oaf, whom I note leaning against a lamppost, I charge you to see that I receive a good press—superior to that of the feeble-fingered Leroux."

Suzette smiled amiably. *"Mais certainement, monsieur.* It will be the least I can do. *Oh, gendarme!"*

THE END

# Poky Porky

### Fascinating things you never knew about Nature's walking sucker trap—the porcupine

### BY EDDY DRESSEN

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE porcupine's position in the scheme of things is unique. When Mother Nature came to him, she had used up all of her ripping talons, slashing fangs, speedy legs. The left-over was a meek little thirty-pound beast which no doubt blinked its eyes and chattered amiably at her. If this thing were turned loose in a world of lions, bears, wolves, and other predators, it wouldn't survive. With supreme inspiration, she equipped her stepchild of fortune with his own armory of bristling spears.

Since that time the porcupine has been inquisitively waddling into situations which might give even devils reason to pause—and waddling out again, unharmed. If any North American beast can claim the kingly prerogative of going where it pleases when it pleases, paying the tribute of fear to nothing that walks, crawls, or flies, then the meek little porcupine is the true "King of the Forest."

The only creatures that will repeatedly attack a porcupine in the face of certain, hundred-per-cent defeat are some dogs. Terriers, particularly airedales, are sworn enemies of what Ernest Thompson Seton aptly called "The Knight of Many Spears."

A twenty-pound tan terrier, in a small mountain town, came home one day with his head, mouth, and tongue so filled with barbed quills that only their white shafts could be seen. One hundred and seventy quills were extracted with pliers after the tiny spears had been softened with Neatsfoot oil.

Most dogs learn very quickly that porcupines are not just so much luscious meat.

Probably the porcupine is the easiest animal for the amateur naturalist to study at close range. Porcupines live principally on the bark of trees, and they are equipped with a set of teeth which are admirably adapted to scraping the edible portions from almost any limb. They are also gifted with claws that enable them to climb around in trees, and a mind that admits of no changing until the porky himself is ready.

Twenty-five years ago porcupines were considered very abundant in one famous wilderness. Instead of hiding in the hunting season, they strolled about. This had its inevitable effect. Disappointed hunters took to shooting the porcupines. Nobody will ever know how many thousands were killed and left where they fell—porkies aren't generally eaten by human beings.

Today, in that section, porcupines seek the shelter of caves and burrows as soon as daylight comes.

Despite legend and fairy tales, porcupines definitely do not shoot their quills. You have to make physical contact with the porcupine. There's no record of a porky ever seeking combat voluntarily. He asserts his rights only if anyone chooses to stand between him and his modest needs.

Except for the soft underbelly, the porcupine's entire body is covered with quills. His offensive weapon is his short club-like tail, which he can use with amazing rapidity. That tail hits whatever the porky aims at. It can strike down, up, and sideways with equal facility, and in so doing can drive its quills well into a wooden club.

It would be interesting to know exactly how a porcupine of either sex cuddles up to one of the opposite sex and chatters the quill-pig equivalent for "I adore you." That they do is proven conclusively by the fact that, along about the last of May, little porcupines appear.

These are almost exact replicas of their elders, and from the time they are able to walk they are imbued with the philosophy that hurrying serves only to bring one to an early grave.

It is claimed that porcupines have a taste for salt approaching the opium-addict's desperate craving. Hence, porcupines will venture from the woods to chew up travelers' ax handles, paddles, skillet handles, anything at all that, from its contact with the human hand, has acquired a salt taste.

Certainly porkies do dine upon almost any wooden object which human beings have handled. But it is a moot question as to whether or not they are attracted by the salt which supposedly remains in such. I personally have known at least thirty salt licks to which deer and elk flocked in great numbers. I have yet to see a porcupine at one.

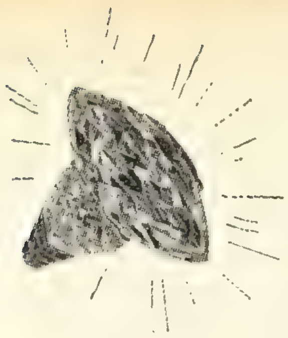
Rather, there seems to be something in the quality of seasoned—not decayed—wood which appeals to the gourmet that exists in all porcupines. They often forsake their trees to chew upon some man-made structure. Once at a backwoods camp we were awakened by a sound like that of a rough file being spasmodically jerked across a very rough board. Upon going out, we were confronted by three huge porcupines. One—and this is for those who believe that porcupines cannot be agile upon occasions—leaped over the three-foot porch railing. The other two blinked at us and resumed gnawing large holes in the porch floor.

Men lost in the wilderness are said to have warded off starvation by killing and eating porcupines—their dull senses and lack of caution makes them easy to kill with a club. For that reason, in some wilderness sections it is illegal to kill a porcupine unless you are faced by starvation. Otherwise the porky has no economic value. He just sits in his tree, blinks philosophic eyes, and ponders events in exactly the same unhurried way that his ancestors no doubt did 50,000 years ago.

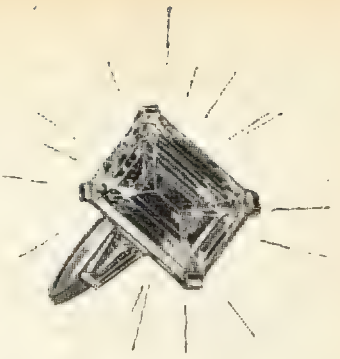
In this age of supersonic speeds, it's sort of restful to think there's at least one creature that still does that.

THE END

This porcupine looks innocent enough, but he won't stand for any nonsense. That tail, for instance, packs a prickly wallop.



# King of Gems



### Nearly every solvent American buys a diamond once in a lifetime. Here are a few hints on how to go about it

### BY DAVID BROWN

PHOTO COURTESY OF BAUMGOLD BROS., INC.

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

OUR primitive ancestors, the lucky fellows, simply plaited rushes into a noose to bind their ladies' wrists and ankles while carrying them off. As caveman tactics gave way to sentiment, the noose shrank to a mere token, finger-size and made of sweet grass. Today, to bind his beloved's finger and affections, it is up to the would-be bridegroom to produce a diamond ring.

Virtually every solvent American buys at least one diamond in his lifetime. When that moment comes, he finds himself confronted with a staggering range of prices, settings, styles of cutting, and even of color. How, then, is he supposed to know whether the diamond he buys is worth the money?

The answer is, generally speaking, that he isn't. Even an expert who has spent years grading and appraising the king of gems can't detect at a glance the differences in quality, color, and cut which make one stone worth more than another. All diamond experts agree that your best assurance of getting your money's worth is to patronize a dealer whose reputation is beyond question.

There are, however, four simple considerations—the four Cs of diamonds—which will give any layman a clue to diamond values and an understanding of the diamond salesman's language. Those four Cs are *carat, color, clarity,* and *cut.*

Carat, of course, is the measure of weight. The word stems from the seeds of the Oriental carob tree, which were used to balance the jewelers' scales in the bazaars. There are about 142 carats to an ounce, and 100 "points" to a carat.

Here's an important tip. When buying a ring with one large stone ornamented with several smaller ones, always ask for the weight of the large one *exclusive* of the smaller ones. It is better to put your money into one good diamond than into a mass of small ones. You pay proportionately more for the cutting in the smaller stones. Moreover, as the size of a stone increases, the value increases still more because the larger stones are rarer. For this reason, a two-carat diamond is worth more than twice as much as a one-carat stone *of the same quality.*

Mark well those last few words, for a diamond's value does not depend upon mere size. A one-half-carat stone of outstanding quality is more valuable, as well as more beautiful, than many a larger gem.

Color, possibly more than any other factor, influences the value of a diamond. Diamonds are not always clear and colorless; some are pale yellow, coffee brown, red, pink, green, some even are black. The Hope diamond is as blue as a sapphire. The Dresden diamond, one of the Saxon crown jewels, is apple green. Generally speaking, the exceedingly rare blues and greens and reds are most valuable, with colorless gems coming next. Diamonds with slight tints of yellow, gray, or brown are less desirable.

MANY white diamonds are inaccurately and unethically referred to as blue-white diamonds. Buyers are cautioned against such claims. There is such a thing as a blue-white diamond but, according to gem experts, it is so rare that even a jeweler seldom sees one. According to the American Gem Society, a national association of retail jewelers, *more blue-white diamonds were offered for sale in one eastern city alone recently than have been produced since the first diamond deposits were uncovered in South Africa.*

Almost any diamond can be made to appear blue. Blue walls and blue-tinted illumination in showcases are the commonest ways. Reputable jewelers never employ such means. To judge the true color of a diamond, look at it on a white paper or handkerchief in north light on a clear day.

Clarity, or freedom from flaw, is your third diamond-buying consideration. Under Federal Trade Commission rules, a diamond may be sold as "perfect" if, *to a trained eye,* it appears free of flaws when magnified ten times.

When it comes to the cut of a stone, the workmanship rather than style determines value. In cutting an individual stone so as to bring out its maximum fire and brilliance, half its original weight may be sacrificed.

A Venetian named Peruzzi is credited with having developed the "brilliant" cut—a round stone with fifty-eight facets, or planes. Few diamond cuts achieve more fire than this one. There are, however, many other cuts to choose from. The oblong cut has as many facets as the brilliant, but the square cut has only thirty facets, giving it slightly less sparkle. As a rule, the oblong and square cuts are used only for large stones of fine quality, and are correspondingly priced. The marquise cut, with its graceful pointed ends, tends to make fingers appear slender, and it also has fifty-eight facets.

Diamonds cut today are often more brilliant than those cut years ago. The older cutters did not always know how to take full advantage of a stone's ability to bend light. Moreover, it is now known that for greatest brilliance a diamond should be cut like an iceberg, with approximately two thirds of its total depth *below* the setting. Many of the large dull stones you see are shallow-cut, having sacrificed their brilliance and real value to mere size and weight. Shallow stones are known to cutters as "swindled." Nevertheless, some people prefer the flash effect of a big stone to real worth. A reputable jeweler will identify a shallow-cut if he shows you one.

Present prices of diamonds in New York are, very roughly speaking, from $350 upward for one-half-carat stones of good quality; from $750 to $1,000 for good one-carat stones; and from $1,500 to $3,000 for two-carat gems.

Will your diamond be worth as much ten years from now? No one can say. The value of a one-carat diamond is about the same today as it was in 1920. And according to a trade-journal survey, it will take from three to five years before African mines, including the large one recently discovered in Tanganyika, can replenish depleted stocks.

Here are a few tips on the care of a diamond. Don't think it can't break or chip. It can. Although it's the hardest substance in nature, it is brittle. Don't jumble diamonds together in a jewel box. Remember that diamonds can scratch each other. Don't risk extremes of heat and cold. They can bring out hidden flaws in your stone. You can put diamonds in boiling soapy water, *but don't put them in cold water afterward.* The best way to clean a diamond is with naphtha soap, hot water, and a little eyebrow brush. Then rinse it in tepid water, dip it in alcohol, and drain on tissue paper.

Of one thing you can be certain: No other item of adornment will wear as long or as well as a diamond. After all, the stone you select today is already several million years old.

THE END

# The Case of the MISSING BODY

**Murder was his business,**
**but of this he was innocent.**
**Someone, it seemed,**
**had beat him to the kill**

### By Day Keene

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HERE, under the fernlike branches of the big pepper tree that dominated the back yard, it was fairly cool. It was also quiet. The only sound, if one discounted the raucous squawking of a jay bird that resented the intrusion, was an occasional scrape of steel on cement as the plain-clothes man wielding the shovel neared the end of the accumulated ashes.

A superior smile on his lips, Ruel stood apart from the tightly knitted group of men around the incinerator. This time he had nothing to fear. Despite the traces of blood one of the technical men allegedly had scraped from a crack between the bathtub and the wall, he had not murdered his wife. True, he had intended to. It had been for that purpose he had married her. Murder was his business. But of this charge he was innocent; his plans had not progressed that far. The time and place had not been opportune. He was as mystified by Martha's disappearance as were the police.

Only Mrs. Gandy was not mystified. She *knew* he had murdered Martha. "Crazy jealous of her, he was," the woman informed Inspector Shale. "She told me so a dozen times. And he killed her, that's what he did. Poor, nice Mrs. Ruel!"

A graying man in his early fifties, Ruel glowered at the blowzy blonde woman intent on the ashes being shoveled from the incinerator. He *had* pretended jealousy of Martha. It was but one of the many tricks in his bag. Middle-aged women lapped it up, accepted it as proof of love. A shame there were so many Mrs. Gandys in the world, evil-minded, suspicious women. This time he was safe; but one such "friend" had almost tripped him up on the demise of his third wife. Only his foresight in having the body cremated had forestalled what could have been a disastrous investigation.

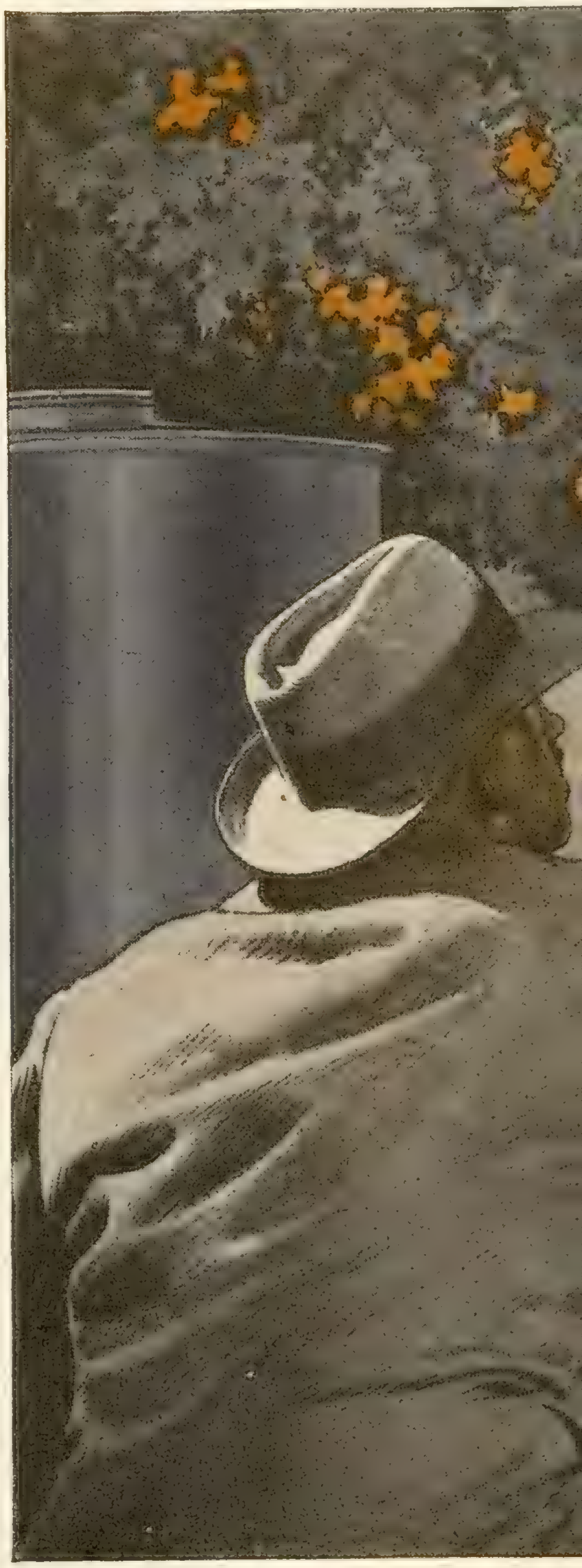
Ruel made a mental correction. No. It had been Mabel, his second wife, who had died of arsenic poisoning. Hazel had been number three. He remembered her with a warm flush of gratitude: a gentle trusting soul whose Iowa farm had sold easily for thirty thousand dollars. She and Olga, his first wife, had been the only ones who had not lied to him about the extent of their fortunes. Women, especially lonely middle-aged women, were so deceitful.

Even Martha. He could still remember her letter—

". . . I am a widow, unencumbered, blonde, good-looking, thirty-eight years old, with ten thousand dollars in war bonds and a fifty-acre farm. . . ."

He lighted a cigarette, wishing the police would finish and leave. This time there was nothing for them to find. God knew where Martha was, or where her ten thousand dollars in war bonds were, for that matter. If they existed, he had never been able to pry her loose from them. He realized with a start how little he really knew about her. He had never even learned the location of her farm. Martha had been one of his mistakes. He hoped she never returned.

The plain-clothes man continued to shovel. From time to time Inspector Shale stooped to sift the ashes with his fingers and place charred objects to one side. The performance amused Ruel greatly. If he had murdered Martha, he would hardly be fool enough to attempt to dispose of her body in his own back yard. Shale was attempting to run a bluff. But he was picking on the wrong party. Other police, in other cities, with far more reason, had asked hard, bitter questions. Ruel repressed a shudder as he thought of those star-chamber



sessions. But this time he was innocent. Martha had been gone on his return from Santa Barbara. And that was all he knew about it.

The last shovel of ashes spread out, Shale examined a charred and twisted object carefully, then crossed the yard to Ruel.

"Now, let's see if I have your story right," he began. "Mrs. Ruel was in good health when you left for Santa Barbara?"

"She was," Ruel smirked.

"And all you know about her disappearance is that when you returned she was gone, leaving no note of explanation."

Ruel said that was correct.

"He lies!" Mrs. Gandy cried hotly. "He killed her! I know he did!"

Shale raised a hand to silence her, turned back to Ruel. "And you haven't the least idea where that blood in the bathroom came from?"

"No, I have not," Ruel replied.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

"Her type was B," Mrs. Gandy offered. "You can check that with the Red Cross blood bank. We both belonged to the two-gallon club."

"And your trip to Santa Barbara?" Shale asked quietly.

"Was a business trip." Ruel regretted the words before they had left his mouth. It was true. He had gone to Santa Barbara on business, business concerning the next Mrs. Ruel. But he could hardly call the woman as a witness. She believed him to be single. Ruel glowered at Mrs. Gandy. Thanks to her obnoxious interference, he was in a spot. He couldn't afford a thorough investigation of his past.

Shale continued, "And you can prove you were in Santa Barbara every minute, that you didn't sneak back here and kill your wife?"

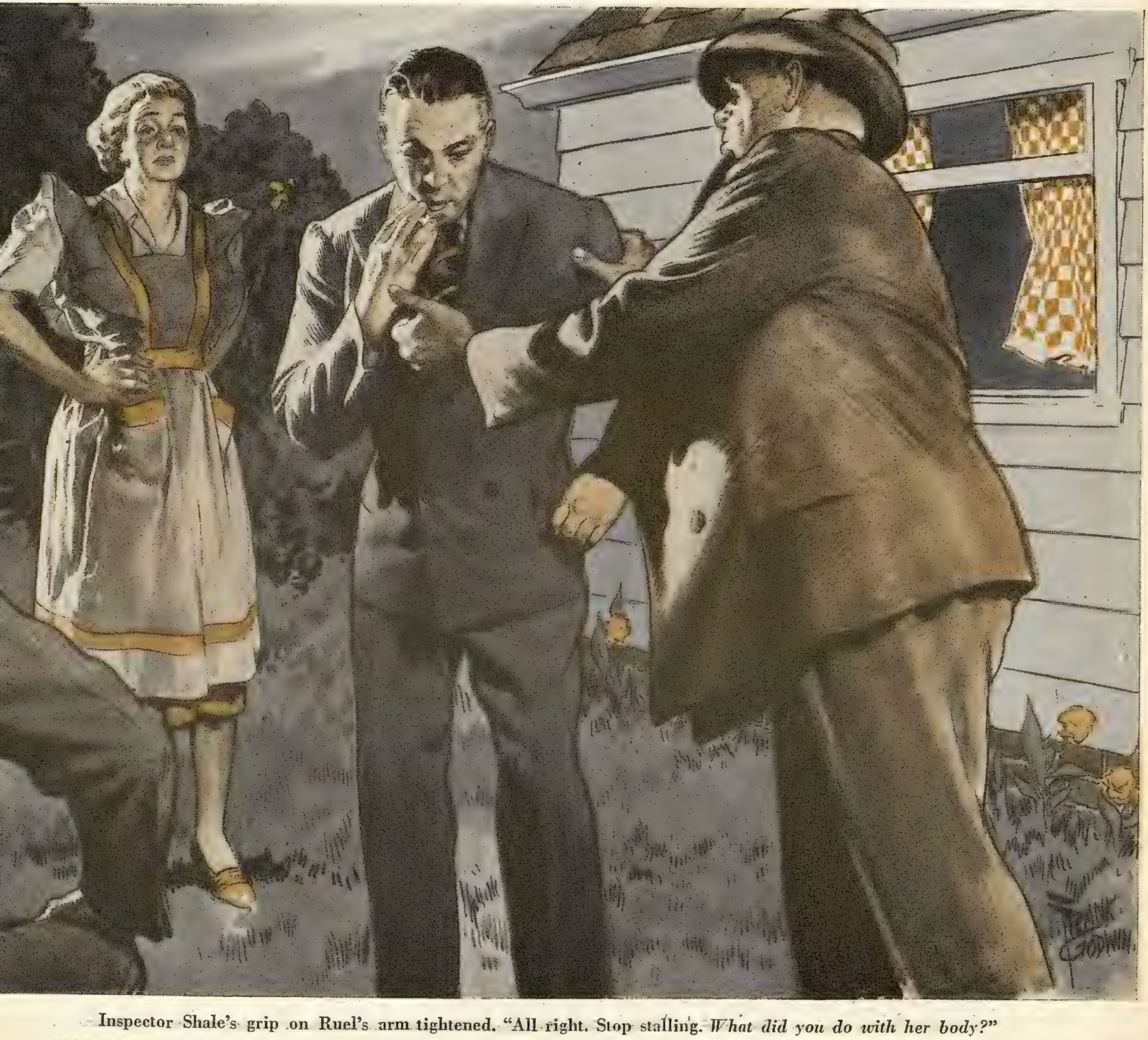
"I can prove I was in Santa Barbara, but I don't see why I should."

Inspector Shale took him by the arm and propelled him forcibly across the yard to the incinerator apron. "I'll show you why," he said crisply. He pointed to the objects one of his assistants had placed on a clean towel. "Ever see any of those things before?"

Ruel stared in growing horror. *Something had happened to Martha.* Those were the three gold buttons from Martha's only semiformal gown, and despite their bath of fire, one was still smeared with a brown viscous substance.

Shale picked up a fire-blackened nub of gold silk thread with a few frizzled yellow hairs still clinging to it. "This, I would say, is what's left of a woman's artificial braid, or switch, or transformation." He appealed to Mrs. Gandy. "Mrs. Ruel wore such an aid to her own hair?"

(*Continued on page 74*)



Inspector Shale's grip on Ruel's arm tightened. "All right. Stop stalling. *What did you do with her body?*"

# F.D.R.'S Biggest Fight

### BY ALDEN HATCH

**The days that led to greatness — and those that led to eternity. Roosevelt's last words, his thoughts of Truman, his prayers for the future**

INP

One of the last pictures of F.D.R., taken at his desk ten days before he died.

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

## PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

THE cottage at Warm Springs was a gloomy place the day after Roosevelt's nomination for Governor in 1928, as the wires of congratulation poured in. But Franklin couldn't stay glum long.

"Well, if I've got to run for Governor," he said, "there's no use in us all getting sick about it."

Right away, on that very first day of the campaign, Roosevelt ran into the thing that he had to fight all the rest of his life: the attempt of his opponents to make capital out of his disability. The Republican newspapers were *so* sorry for him. The nomination, they said, was equally unfair to Roosevelt and to the people of the state. They recommended that if Roosevelt's friends wanted to do him a service, they would vote against him. "Pathetic and pitiless," said the New York Evening Post.

Al Smith shot back with his gamin humor: "The Governor doesn't have to be an acrobat."

Franklin met it head-on: "Let me put this matter straight at once. . . . I was drafted because all of the party leaders, when they assembled, insisted . . . that my nomination was the best assurance to the voters that his [Governor Smith's] policies would be continued.

"It was because they felt, and I feel, that the whole splendid structure of state government built up by Governor Smith, and all the high ideals of service to the people which he had established were in peril that caused me to accept the nomination. . . . That is something too important to let personal considerations weigh in the slightest.

"I am in this fight to win. . . ."

Then Franklin started out to show 'em. He spoke for Smith at Columbus, Georgia; Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Massachusetts; and New York on successive nights. The day after his New York speech, October 16, he formally accepted the nomination, and on the 17th he opened his campaign at Binghamton, New York.

Whatever the Democratic National Committee might think, Roosevelt wasn't going to pussyfoot. He hit the undercover anti-Catholic campaign against Smith right there in the Ku Klux Klan belt of New York. Then he challenged big business with his program: State ownership of the St. Lawrence Power Project; a forty-eight-hour-week law; a liberal attitude toward labor; and legal recognition that the labor of human beings is not a commodity. Finally he came out for farm relief, pointing out that at the glittering apex of prosperity there were 444 farm failures every working day. Raskob nearly had apoplexy.

It seemed like 1910 again as, wearing his lucky old soft hat, Roosevelt barnstormed the state by automobile, averaging 175 miles and a dozen speeches a day. Nor did he neglect that wonderful new tool, the radio. He had a brilliant staff to help map his strategy. Louis Howe, of course, and Missy LeHand; Jim Farley, a big hearty Irishman of the Al Smith brand who knew every ward leader in the state; Sam Rosenman, who knew his way through the lawbooks as a rabbit knows the home burrow; and canny Edward J. Flynn of the Bronx.

It was all great fun—Franklin had forgotten how much fun campaigning could be. The opposition waited breathlessly for him to collapse—"Mr. Roosevelt is trying his strength too far." But like a political Antaeus his strength was magically renewed each time his feet touched a speaker's platform. It was better than the pool at Warm Springs any day!

As Franklin pulled into Hyde Park from the last hectic swing, he shouted, "If I could campaign for another six months, I could throw away my cane!"

THE country voted as everyone knew it would, though the result was more devastating than the most pessimistic Democrat had anticipated. Even the Solid South broke its ranks, as forty out of forty-eight states went for Hoover. Only in New York was there a faint ray of light. Al Smith lost his state by 103,481 votes; but Franklin Roosevelt was elected Governor by a plurality of 25,564.

Not only had Roosevelt been elected against the odds, but by carrying New York when Al Smith had failed, he became the outstanding figure in the Democratic Party. Many people were thinking, that night, what Roosevelt's old friend and neighbor, Mrs. Suckley, said to Franklin's mother: "Now Franklin will be President."

THAT November night marked the end of a private citizen and the birth of a great public figure: it marked the end of Roosevelt's private fight against his own paralysis—so nearly won—and the beginning of his public fight against the threatened paralysis of the world. It was from the conquered black hours behind him that he drew the ringing words of courage to revitalize a shaken nation: "We have nothing to fear but Fear itself!"

But even Roosevelt's unshakable courage might have faltered if, in 1933, America's new President had been able to foresee what the "glorious years of accomplishment ahead" would hold. He had sacrificed the hope—almost the promise—of being able to walk without braces, to take on the Governorship. As War President, he sacrificed being able to walk with braces. It was the one strain he would spare himself; though he determinedly resumed the braces for the 1944 campaign and spoke to the American people standing, his leg muscles screaming protest and the steel bands biting deep into his swollen ankles.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

On the eve of a great triumph, Roosevelt waves farewell to his Hyde Park neighbors before going to bed. He has just been elected to the Presidency for a fourth term.

Night after night he worked alone in the Oval Study of the White House behind the big desk and the toppling piles of papers which represented such crushing responsibility. His answer to his wife's anxious protests, to Admiral McIntire's urging that he take a month's rest at Warm Springs, was always the same: The G.I.s of Eisenhower's army couldn't rest, and he had less right to than they.

Finally, in March, 1945, after his return from Yalta, Roosevelt agreed to spend two weeks in Warm Springs before he went on to the San Francisco Conference.

THE long train pulled out of Washington in the late afternoon and rumbled across the Potomac, which shimmered with the heat haze of summer, though it was only March 29. The President went straight to bed, crawling into sheets that were gratefully cool in the air-conditioned room. He slept until dinnertime and awoke much refreshed. His cousin Laura Delano mixed some of her fine, strong old-fashioneds. They spent a delightful evening. Around the candlelit table were Laura, Daisy Suckley, Grace Tully, Bill Hassett, and Commander Howard Bruenn, substituting for McIntire, who needed a bit of rest himself. The President sat at table talking gaily until eleven thirty.

The next day he was very tired again, and stayed in bed until the train reached Warm Springs. However, he kept the Map Room boys in the communications car busy enciphering messages to Washington.

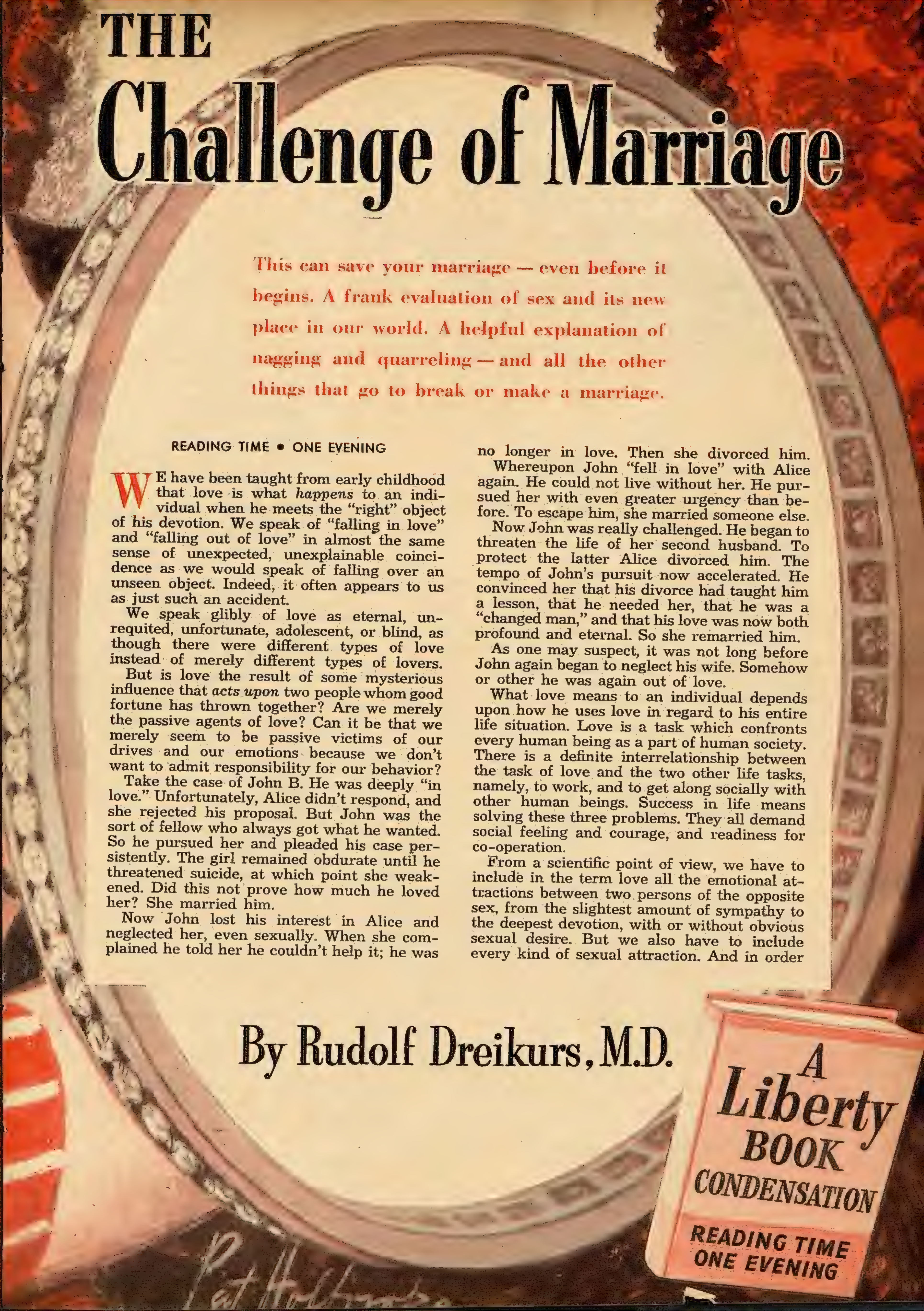
It seemed like summertime in Georgia. The early heat had forced the vegetation so that the trees were in full leaf and the peach blossoms were long since gone. But the apple trees were in bloom, and the air was fragrant with their scent and the mingled sweetness of roses and spring flowers.

What a wonderful thing Warm Springs had become, exceeding Roosevelt's fondest hopes! The yearly President's Birthday Balls had sent the dimes of the nation marching to join in the good fight. In 1938, Roosevelt had established the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis under the chairmanship of Basil O'Connor, to carry on the fight against paralysis on a nationwide scale. In addition to providing funds for Georgia Warm Springs, the Foundation now provided hospitalization, nursing care, and emergency funds in thousands of local chapters covering every county in the United States; and it granted research funds and scholarships to the doctors and scientists who were the planners of this war against disease. Sometimes Franklin wondered if history might not record this as his greatest achievement.

The warmth, the sunshine, the pleasant company restored the President's vitality amazingly quickly. He felt well and gay, as he had not for a long time. And he regained the ability to banish care completely from his mind. His physical condition delighted Commander Bruenn.

The news from Europe buoyed the President's optimistic mood. Eisenhower's armies were across the Rhine, racing through Germany as fast as their tanks could travel, slicing the Wehrmacht into smaller and smaller pockets and pieces. It was as plain as thirty-two-point type that

(*Continued on page 90*)



# THE Challenge of Marriage

This can save your marriage — even before it begins. A frank evaluation of sex and its new place in our world. A helpful explanation of nagging and quarreling — and all the other things that go to break or make a marriage.

### By Rudolf Dreikurs, M.D.

READING TIME • ONE EVENING

WE have been taught from early childhood that love is what *happens* to an individual when he meets the "right" object of his devotion. We speak of "falling in love" and "falling out of love" in almost the same sense of unexpected, unexplainable coincidence as we would speak of falling over an unseen object. Indeed, it often appears to us as just such an accident.

We speak glibly of love as eternal, unrequited, unfortunate, adolescent, or blind, as though there were different types of love instead of merely different types of lovers.

But is love the result of some mysterious influence that *acts upon* two people whom good fortune has thrown together? Are we merely the passive agents of love? Can it be that we merely seem to be passive victims of our drives and our emotions because we don't want to admit responsibility for our behavior?

Take the case of John B. He was deeply "in love." Unfortunately, Alice didn't respond, and she rejected his proposal. But John was the sort of fellow who always got what he wanted. So he pursued her and pleaded his case persistently. The girl remained obdurate until he threatened suicide, at which point she weakened. Did this not prove how much he loved her? She married him.

Now John lost his interest in Alice and neglected her, even sexually. When she complained he told her he couldn't help it; he was no longer in love. Then she divorced him.

Whereupon John "fell in love" with Alice again. He could not live without her. He pursued her with even greater urgency than before. To escape him, she married someone else.

Now John was really challenged. He began to threaten the life of her second husband. To protect the latter Alice divorced him. The tempo of John's pursuit now accelerated. He convinced her that his divorce had taught him a lesson, that he needed her, that he was a "changed man," and that his love was now both profound and eternal. So she remarried him.

As one may suspect, it was not long before John again began to neglect his wife. Somehow or other he was again out of love.

What love means to an individual depends upon how he uses love in regard to his entire life situation. Love is a task which confronts every human being as a part of human society. There is a definite interrelationship between the task of love and the two other life tasks, namely, to work, and to get along socially with other human beings. Success in life means solving these three problems. They all demand social feeling and courage, and readiness for co-operation.

From a scientific point of view, we have to include in the term love all the emotional attractions between two persons of the opposite sex, from the slightest amount of sympathy to the deepest devotion, with or without obvious sexual desire. But we also have to include every kind of sexual attraction. And in order

to understand why so many people misuse or do not use at all their "natural" ability for loving, why so many are disappointed and unhappy, and why harmonious and satisfactory marriages seem to become more and more an exception, we have to look for social factors.

There seems to be a "natural" antagonism between man and woman, which has caused friction and warfare wherever there have been men and women. "Lovesickness," jealousy, and adultery are as old as the human race. But we have good reason to believe that in past generations—one or two hundred years ago—men and women were more satisfied and closer to each other than we find them today.

Significant differences in the conflicts are observed in various countries and nations. Superficially, it might look as if racial or geographical factors determine these differences. Marital problems in Anglo-Saxon countries differ from those in Latin countries, those in Europe from those in China, those among Christians from those among Mohammedans; but, on comparing these differences, we come to realize that one factor is everywhere of decisive importance in determining the nature and type of the problem—the position of woman in the respective societies. And further, any intensification or alarming increase in the frequency of marital discord coincides with a conspicuous change in the social relationship of the sexes.

UNTIL one hundred years ago political rights were in the hands of men and social rights were in accordance with political supremacy. The woman's social status changed with that of the man upon whom she depended. Any social position could be obtained through marriage. Alone she was nothing; through the man—anything!

The dominant sex has certain privileges which may be called sexual rights. Actually, everyone has the "natural" right to marry, the right to love, the right to satisfy his sexual desire. But the manner in which these "natural" rights are used is of utmost significance. Definite rules direct the conduct of each sex. Certain privileges are reserved exclusively for the dominant sex. These privileges, in regard to sexual life, imply activity in selecting, approaching, and winning a mate, and also the liberty to be promiscuous.

It is hard to believe that until quite recently, however gifted or skillful or good-hearted and considerate she was, nothing could help a girl if she had not preserved just one small membrane: her "honor." No man cared to marry her. Women who defied this social tradition became outcasts.

There is little doubt that man, at the same time, had the social right to sexual license and unfaithfulness, in contrast to existing religious, moral, and even legal precepts. Men indulging in sexual pleasures outside of wedlock were hardly in danger of losing social status. Today, this right of man is questioned but not yet fundamentally disputed, while twenty or fifty years ago the average man could enjoy his privileges without challenge.

In former centuries it not uncommonly happened in some small villages in Germany that a henpecked husband received an ultimatum from his neighbors to the effect that if he was not willing to subjugate his wife, he must leave the village, together with his family. If one woman dominated her husband, the superiority of all the other men was endangered by her example. The man was always supposed to dominate. That was his right and his duty. Why? Because he wore the pants.

Now, with the fall of old laws, each man and woman has to establish an individual position in relationship to the other sex.

But all the sexual aggressiveness for which American women are famous cannot conceal the fact that, for the most part, women still wait for their man and not vice versa. Many tragedies in the love life of American women are caused by their desire to look up to the man whom they love.

Actually, it is very difficult for our well-educated and sophisticated girls to find a man who is superior to them, and when they do find him they resent his superiority and challenge it. Many girls refuse to go out with a boy shorter than they, although they like to look down on boys.

Marriages in which the woman is her husband's senior are increasing in number, but still form a small minority. A woman is ashamed to admit that her husband is *not* superior, because it would mean he is not a "real man."

ONE fact that belies woman's assumption of sexual equality with men is the desire of the average woman to exhibit as much sexual attraction as possible. The glamour girl with the stream-lined body is admired, envied, and emulated as much as physical and financial facilities permit. Few stop to think that women in this manner voluntarily make themselves the *object* of men's sexual desire—not very differently from harem women.

Too little attention is paid to the difference between attracting attention and earning real esteem. The price men pay womanhood for what is really humiliation is a bribe, which women foolishly accept.

One venerable technique to which modern girls are susceptible is chivalry. Chivalry always places women in inferior positions. If a girl expects her escort to open the door for her, she may believe she is exacting consideration. She may even rationalize her dependency with her intention to make him feel useful. In reality, she places herself in the position of a helpless being who needs assistance and protection.

Men's insistence on being of service sometimes expresses less consideration than girls like to believe. Helping women, treating them, bestowing gifts—these things are done much more for the donor's sake, as assertions of his superiority.

Many girls consider that men hold them in esteem in proportion to the money that men spend on them. They fail to realize that in requesting special consideration they request men to pay for what they buy: feminine company, beauty, smile, and make-up. The reason that men often marry beautiful and expensive girls is their desire to display them, as they would precious jewels. Useless in themselves, these women only increase the prestige of the owner.

The general insecurity due to the present lack of economic, social, and political stability makes both men and women more apprehensive of any threat to their prestige. The increased competition of women augments the suspicion of men; and man's attempt to keep woman within her limits embitters her. Each regards the other less as companion than as enemy. They live together, but they do not understand each other. They can't be without each other, but they can't get along with each other.

Marriage no longer offers even a solution of the sexual problem, just as divorce no longer solves the marital problem.

This conflict between men and women is only part of contemporary discord between human groups in general, such as the class struggle, the hostility between the generations, the fight between races and creeds, the war between countries and governmental systems. The end of the struggle cannot be expected until mankind has finished the process of establishing equality for all its members.

For the first time in human history we approach equality between men and women. Once a new and stable equilibrium between the sexes has been accomplished, a new harmony, unknown in past history, may be obtained. Then, probably, sex will stop being an eternal puzzle which men write poems and dramas about instead of attempting to solve.

CHILDREN at a very early age develop definite, but not always correct, conceptions of the social role attributed to their particular sex. As a rule, boys have much more liberty in every kind of activity. A girl who behaves like a boy is called a tomboy, an appellation far less contemptuous than the denunciatory term sissy.

Helping at home, cooking, cleaning, and mending are still demanded mostly of girls, especially in communities retaining European customs. Today, men wash dishes, too—sometimes; but still in condescension. Yet the practice indicates a general trend toward more co-operation, difficult for European men to follow.

A woman's attitude toward domestic work is a good test of what she conceives the role of women to be. The number of women who prefer housework to any other job is diminishing. Many women resent this kind of "profession" because they consider it inferior or humiliating; they associate it with the derogatory conception of the feminine role.

But for the maintenance of marital life, the task of doing housework and that of earning money are of equal importance. If one earnestly believes in equality, one will be ready to do whatever is at the moment most necessary and most constructive and attach little importance to what is generally considered the proper sexual role. Despite all their nice words, few men or women are as yet ready to practice equality.

THE ability of men and women to regard each other as human beings and not as mere sexual objects is often thwarted by apparently unwelcomed sexual desire. Thus assailed, we are inclined to regard ourselves as victims of untamed nature. So sex in itself seems a savage power, threatening our culture and social relationships.

Sexuality actually never arises against the interests of its so-called victim. The victim's intentions, indeed, are sometimes anti-social and often directed against the opposite sex. But sexuality itself is no threat; it is merely a tool.

But why are we always so apprehensive of sex—so easily irritated and disturbed by it? To young children sex causes no embarrassment. Is it just because they are unaware of it? And must free sex expression imply indecency? A careful observation of the sexual development and the establishment of the concept of sex in the child leads to an understanding of the mechanism of shame and sin.

The individual's attitude toward his own sex corresponds to his attitude toward the other sex; both attitudes determine his behavior. The conception of the opposite sex is developed during early childhood.

Coming March 1—

MISTER ROBERTS

By Thomas Heggen

On the Navy's books, Mr. Roberts was just another lieutenant. But to the men aboard the Reluctant he was a hero—in their private war on the captain.

A FULL-LENGTH BOOK

abridged to a reading time of one evening

The first emotional responses to a person of the opposite sex are of lasting importance.

A little child, with his limited comprehension, cannot recognize that the conditions at home are characteristic only of his own family. For him the situation at home represents the whole world. And, therefore, the relationship between his parents appears as the only possible one between men and women. Thus the child constructs his conception of married life, and thus, without realizing it, parents influence the child's attitude toward marriage.

If a boy and his mother or a girl and her father are too devoted to each other, the relationship may become an obstacle to the child's later mating.

A young boy who is favored and therefore pampered by his mother cannot imagine that another woman will be equally devoted to him. Very frequently, this doubt prevents his falling in love and marrying. He is not prepared to meet a woman on the basis of give-and-take, as required in a happy marriage. The same often holds true in the relationship between father and daughter. She is apt to forget that no man of her own generation could possess the same relative superiority as her father, especially since girls now have for the most part the same educational and professional chances as boys.

This general impression of sex is fortified by the manner in which children are told about the "facts of life." Sexual enlightenment is often accompanied by some psychic shock, because here a development otherwise most natural is impeded by the parents' reluctance to fulfill their natural obligations. Embarrassed by the child's questions, they either do not answer at all or avoid the issue.

Children whose interest was originally frustrated in this way go through a period of apparent latency, in which they show no interest in sex whatsoever, until the demand for more knowledge becomes more pressing. If they are very fortunate, they find teachers or other interested adults who provide the necessary information in a proper, casual, and clean manner. Generally, however, the sources of information are either the sordid ones offered by perverted adults, or pornographic literature, or the sensational and morbid discussions of half-informed school friends and playmates.

THE whole problem could be so easily and adequately handled. The two requisites for any adult questioned by a child are:

(1) To be free of embarrassment and aversion. It is a natural right of the child to be informed, even at a very early age. Parents would not resent a child's asking where lightning comes from. But this question is far more remote from his vital problem than "Where do children come from?"

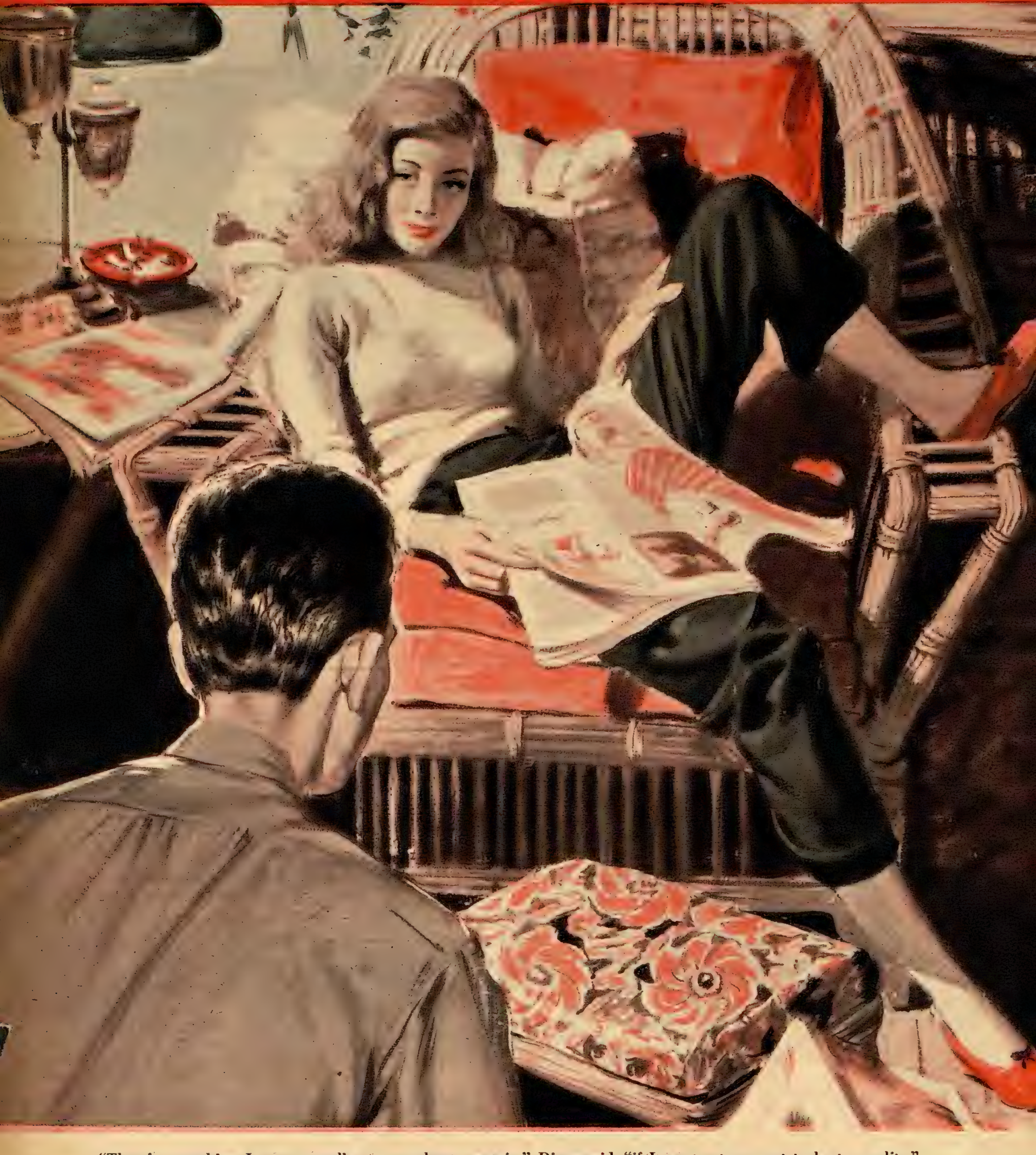
(2) To answer every question the child may ask, correctly but never going beyond the demand made by the question.

The phrasing of a child's questions expresses exactly the child's interest, and his ability to comprehend. Frequently, instead of noting carefully the literal meaning of the question, the parent is preoccupied with imagining what the child is going to ask next.

When the child first asks, "Where do children come from?" the literally correct answer is: "From the mother." There is nothing embarrassing in this fact except the implications which only adults immediately associate with it. The child is satisfied with that answer. Much later, he will ask: "How do children come into the mother?" The answer, again, is simple: "From the father." A child is not interested in the physiological mechanisms. Even the question asked years later: "How do children come from the father into the mother?"

*(Continued on page 94)*

# Paradise



"There's something I want to talk to you about, captain," Diana said, "if I can trust you not to be too polite."

# with Serpent

### With a native concubine on his doorstep and a lovely American secretary in headquarters, Bill's troubles are only starting

### By Edward Hope

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

CAPTAIN BILL WILLOBY, young commanding officer of the American forces occupying Midi Island in the South Pacific, is faced with many problems. In addition to those of management and transportation, he is expected to keep on friendly terms with the native king, Jilouili, while preventing the G.I.s from fraternizing with the very willing good-looking native girls. The Rev. Paul Edgett, a missionary, returns to the island with his wife, three children—Paul, Joan, and Jimmy—and his attractive sister-in-law, Diana Forrester, who soon has Lieutenants Carl Schmidt, Mike Sloan, and other young officers in attendance.

Things become desperately complicated for Willoby when, as he is reading a letter from Leila Stacy, his girl in the States, a delegation of natives arrives at his bungalow, headed by a witch doctor. The latter leads a white-robed native girl, Rozouila, by a golden chain, which, after some weird chanting, he hands to Bill. Bill politely leads the girl into the bungalow, but when the others suddenly depart he realizes that he may have taken part in a marriage rite; especially when the girl repeats words that sound like: "I belong to Captain Willoby. I am his woman." When Bill tries to send her away, she is terrified. In his quandary, Bill decides to see the king about it, and get an annulment.

## PART TWO

THE royal residence of Jilouili, King of Midi Island, was higher up the slope of the volcano than the bungalows. A white suburban house, which would have looked perfectly natural in West Bay, Long Island, it was as startling in its present setting as a Checker taxi would have been.

Behind it a group of characteristic thatched beehive huts sheltered court hangers-on. As Bill stopped the jeep and got out, a dozen children, several women, and three young men appeared.

He addressed one of the young men: "Woolawei?"

The young man went into the palace by the kitchen door to summon Woolawei (nicknamed Whirlaway by the occupation troops), who was the indispensable interpreter of the royal entourage. He had learned to read and write English and to speak fluently a strange thick cockney that was a character sketch of his late mentor, the soap company agent.

When Woolawei appeared it was obvious that he was plastered. He gripped a windshield post and swayed gently, but he listened attentively to Bill's outburst about Rozouila and the low trick that had been played on him.

"'Arf a mo', guvnuh," he said, when Bill paused. "Lemme get this stryte."

"I say I was tricked into the ceremony. I had no idea what it was all about—and now I find myself married to—"

"Merried? 'Ow's thet?"

"I want to see the king. I want to see him at once. The witch doctor handed me the end of the chain and told me to lead the girl into the house, and I did, but I didn't agree to anything—"

"Wot's the row, capt'in? Don't yew like the bit of fluff?"

"It's not a question of liking her. I have nothing against her—"

"She's 'Is Ighnuss's brother's daughter. A blinkin' princess, that's wot she is. 'Is 'Ighnuss sends 'er to yew as a free gift."

"You mean I'm not married to her?"

"Merried? Noo. She's yaw—wot's the word?—con-cu-*hic*-bine. Thet's it: con-cu-bine."

"Oh. Well I don't *want* a concubine! It's against the rules. I'm not allowed to have one. And as commanding officer, I—"

Woolawei suppressed a hiccup. "Wot's ageynst the rules, guvnuh?"

"We're forbidden to—to associate with the native girls. And I—being in charge—"

"Foncy thet! Send a lot of young blokes out to an island and tell 'em they cahn't—" He hiccuped gently and shook his head.

Bill gave him a little shake. "What'll happen if I refuse to accept her? If I bring her back and—"

The native's watery eyes grew big. "Ow, noo, capt'in! Yew cahn't do thet. If yew don't want 'er for a concubine, keep 'er for a servant. If she don't do wot yew tell 'er, knock 'er abaht, if it suits yaw foncy. She's yaws."

"Would she be mistreated if I sent her back?"

"Oh, yus. Nachully. The wise men picked 'er out, and duty's duty. If she don't do wot the wise men arrynged, she's an outcahst, no two w'ys abaht it."

"Where's Jilouili? I want to take this up with him."

"Yew cahn't see 'im tonight, capt'n. It's the meetink of the chiefs tonight, and 'e cahn't be broke in upon. Tyke my advice: 'op beck 'ome to the bit of fluff and—"

"O.K. Tell the king I'll see him tomorrow."

"Right-o, sir."

THE call at the royal residence served one good purpose at least: it made Bill Willoby half an hour late for supper, so that he didn't have to face the others. He hadn't decided yet whether or not to tell them about Rozouila. If only, somehow, he could get rid of the girl before her presence was detected. He would certainly sleep on the post tonight, and let everyone know he was doing so.

He told Sergeant Hickey he had no appetite just now, but would probably be ravenous later in the evening. The sergeant wrapped up a supper for him—cold meat loaf and canned vegetable salad between paper plates, and ice cream with chocolate sauce in a G.I. cup. He took a knife, a fork, and a spoon.

No one was in sight as Bill went up the sanded path to 27 Elm Street. The girl was not in the front of the house.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

He called: "Rozouila! Where are you, Rozouila?"

She stepped into the room from the kitchen.

Bill inhaled sharply and felt his face and neck getting hot.

Rozouila had taken off the all-enveloping ceremonial robe that had made her look so solemn. Now she wore a bright red-and-black-splashed sarong that covered her from just above the waist to just above the knees. She wore a single crimson blossom in her glistening black hair. Head high and shoulders squared, she looked every inch a blinkin' princess, and a very considerable menace to the peace of mind of any young man.

"Wow!" he said involuntarily.

She smiled uncertainly.

"Hello," he said hoarsely. "Look. Brought you some supper. Look here." He put the cup and the package on the table and opened it.

"Eat," he said.

She did not move. She stood beside him, not sure what she was to do.

He jabbed a finger first at the food, then at her mouth. "Eat," he repeated. "You eat." With elaborate gestures he took an imaginary morsel from the plate and put it in his mouth. He chewed violently.

She reached toward the meat loaf with timid fingers.

"Wait," Bill said. He got some of the meat on the fork and held it out to her. She opened her mouth. He fed her. She chewed dubiously for a moment, then smiled approval. He put the fork into her hand.

"*You* eat," he said. He gesticulated over the food. "This first. Then this. This last." He put a teaspoon into the cup of ice cream. Holding the fork in her fist, Rozouila went about the complicated business of feeding herself with Occidental tools.

"O.K.," Bill said. "See you later, maybe." He touched his cap, bowed, smiled, and turned away. It wasn't until he had got halfway down the sanded path that he realized he was holding his breath.

DIANA FORRESTER sat in the big chair under the open living-room window, halfheartedly thinking about going home in the autumn. Home was not going to be easy to deal with after nearly four years away. People would have forgotten her.

She was struggling with a balky lighter when she heard a car door slam. Someone was coming up the garden path, whistling.

She recognized Lieutenant Sloan's light voice:

"Hello, James. How are you, young man? That's good. And what about your Aunt Dinah? Is she holding the customary quilting party?"

Jimmy Edgett laughed. "You're crazy, aren't you, Lieutenant Sloan?"

"Crazy? Possibly. But not blind. I know the prettiest girl in an archipelago when I see her. Is she in?"

"Hello, lieutenant," Diana called. "Come in. Or shall I come out?"

"It's pretty gorgeous out here, if you care for this sort of thing."

He was a trim figure in the last daylight. He squeezed her hands and looked at her critically. "You *are* pretty beautiful," he said. "You remind me of a girl I'm going to fall in love with."

She laughed. "Don't do anything desperate," she said. "I'm glad to see you. I was bored."

"Anything's better than nothing, eh? I happened to be passing," Sloan said. "Thought I'd drop in."

"Let's sit down," she said. "My sister and Big Paul went up the island on their bikes."

"Bikes? Listen. Bet the Old Man'd let you have a staff car for the family. I'll ask him."

"Who's the Old Man?"

"Bill Willoby. The C.O.'s the Old Man, regardless of age. Are you planning to smoke that cigarette, or do you just carry it for luck?"

He brought out his lighter and a cigarette for himself. His eyes were mischievous over the yellow flame.

He said, "H'mmm. So you're all alone. Tell you an idea I had on the way over. The moon'll be up pretty soon. What would you say to a moonlight swim? I know a little beach."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**The world is full of willing people —some willing to work, and the rest willing to let them.—*Jimmy Backus.***

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Sorry. I'm holding the fort. Got to get the kids to bed. But we might get up a moonlight swimming party some night—"

"Moonlight swimming is not for mobs," he said.

A car's headlights slashed through the trees.

"Hi! Anybody around?"

"Yes," Diana called. "Who's that?"

"Doc Everly. Say, it's dark in here. Any trip wires?"

"No. Come over this way."

Five minutes later a jeep drove up. In deck chairs on the flagged terrace under the living-room windows, Diana and the two lieutenants watched the beam of a flashlight cross the footbridge and move up the path. Twenty feet from the house it stopped and a voice called:

"Anybody home?"

"Hello," Diana said. "Who are you?"

"Schmitty. Where are you?"

"Here on the terrace."

Lieutenant Schmidt advanced into the light from the open front door. His round face was beaming. He said, "Say, I'm lucky to find you home. I happened to be passing and—"

"The traffic past this house," Lieutenant Everly said, "makes Broadway look like a back alley."

The dismay on Lieutenant Schmidt's face made them all laugh.

Diana said, "Here's a chair, Lieutenant Schmidt."

"Oh. Thanks. Say, Buck Fetters says he's going to get your telephone put in tomorrow. When you get a phone—"

"When she gets a phone," Mike said, "it'll be possible for a man to have a date without the whole officers' roster happening to pass."

Diana said, "We've got a quartet. Let's sing. I'll get the guitar and accompany you."

Diana took time out to start the children to bed. She came back with her guitar and they sang. Mike Sloan had a clear true tenor voice and Lieutenant Everly a fair but timid baritone. Schmitty possessed more enthusiasm than ear for music.

Mike started:

"One, two, three, four!
Sometimes I wish there were more.
*Ein, zwei, drei, vier,*
I love the one that's near—"

and broke off as the lights of yet another car cut through the trees.

"By golly!" he said. "Somebody happens to be passing!"

"Who now?" Diana asked. "Any bets?"

"Fetters," Lieutenant Everly said. "His mind's just about that much slower than anybody else's."

THE beam of the flashlight came toward them purposefully.

"Hi! Who's here?"

Diana recognized Captain Willoby's voice before he stepped into the light. She said, "Hello."

"Hello. I take it you've got company. Two sedans and a jeep out there." He bent forward to see them. "Hi, Mike. H'lo, Doc, Schmitty. Don't let me interrupt. I came to see Mr. Edgett."

"Do you mean to tell me, captain," Mike Sloan said, "that you didn't just happen to be passing?"

"No. I need some advice. Is Mr. Edgett around?" he asked Diana.

"I'm sorry. I don't know just when he'll be back." He was tense and his mouth was queerly set. Something was wrong. She asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

His smile was grim. "No, thanks. I wanted to talk to him about—about native customs and stuff."

"I speak the language a little, if that would help."

"No. No, I don't suppose it's urgent, really."

"What's cooking?" Lieutenant Schmidt asked.

"Oh, nothing much. It'll keep, I guess."

"Why don't you sit down and wait?" Diana asked.

"Thanks. I—ah—guess I'd better get back. Thanks a lot."

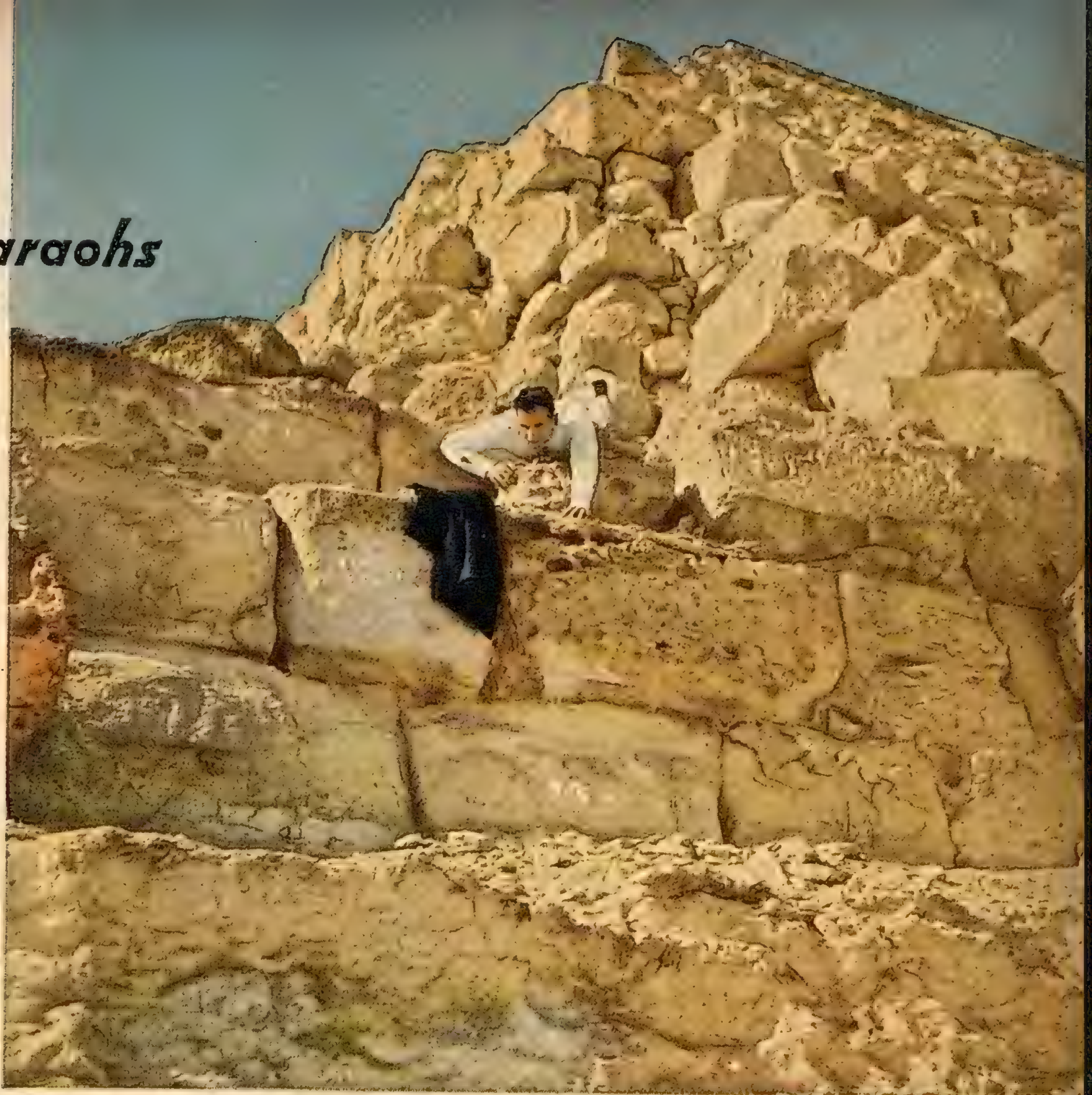
Lieutenant Schmidt climbed out of his deck chair. "Anything I can help with, captain?"

"No. No, thanks. Be seeing you," he said. "G'night."

At the edge of the patch of light he turned toward them again. "Oh, Schmitty," he said, "I think I'll sleep on the post tonight. I want to be on

(*Continued on page 78*)

# "That tomb of Egypt's pharaohs was almost my tombstone!"



① **"Believe me, I was scared!"** writes Bill Kelley, a Kansas City friend of Canadian Club. "I'd bet my friend I could scale the Great Pyramid and return in 45 minutes. Looked like a cinch . . . from a distance. Nobody told me till later that three travelers were recently *killed* in the 450-foot descent. The tiers are chest high, the shelves narrow. Every foothold smooth from erosion. Coming down I slipped and clung there head down, paralyzed with fear, until rescued. That was my *first* mishap.

② **"Riding a camel,** I found, is like flying a small plane in a big storm. If The Sphinx could talk she should tell travelers *never* to ride a camel in the desert sun. I got off to walk . . . right into *more* trouble.

③ **"Getting a camera angle** on one of the Pyramids, I kept backing up for better perspective. Nearby were several open excavations 40 feet deep made by archaeologists and never filled in. What did I do? You've guessed it. I fell in!

④ **"The Arab dragomen** . . . well-named dragged me out. Lucky for a change, landed on some soft sand at the bottom. A si ilar fall had killed an Englishman last spri That was enough for *me.* I called it a day.

⑤ **"In the luxurious gardens** of Mena House nearby, scene of the Cairo Conference, I relaxed over Canadian Club highballs . . . the most *welcome* highballs I've ever enjoyed. Canadian Club has always been my whisky, but I sure was glad to find it there that day before boarding my TWA plane for home!"

⑥ **In 87 lands,** people of many tastes *agree* on the *good* taste of Canadian Club whisky . . . *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening, in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest selling imported whisky in the United States.

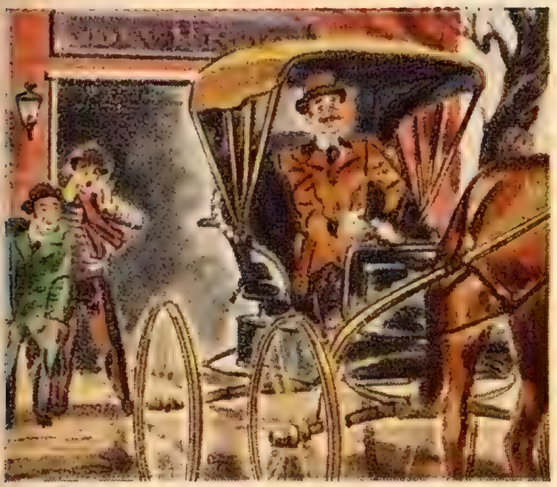
Canadian Club
Hiram Walker & Sons

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

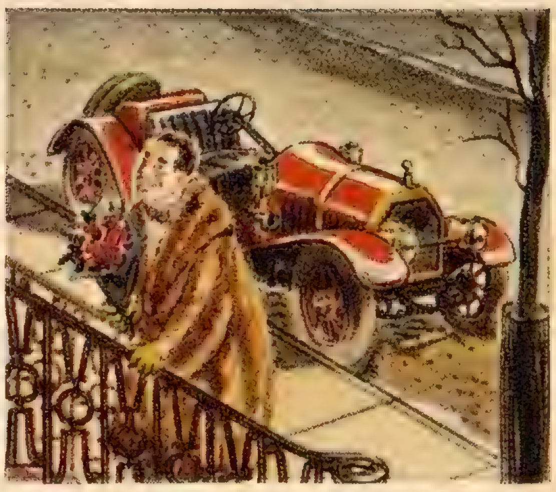
## "Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois • Blended Canadian Whisky • 90.4 proof

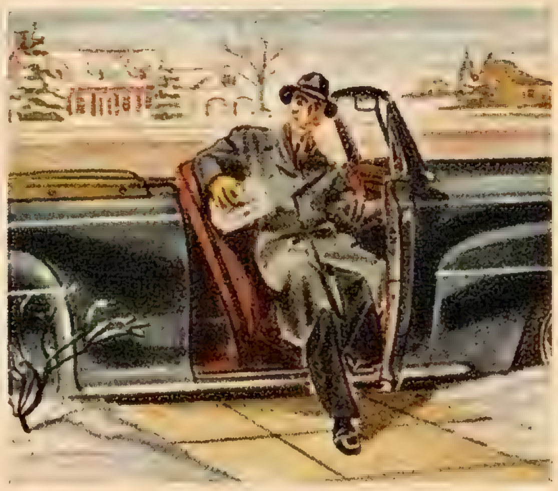
# Which is *your* Valentine picture?



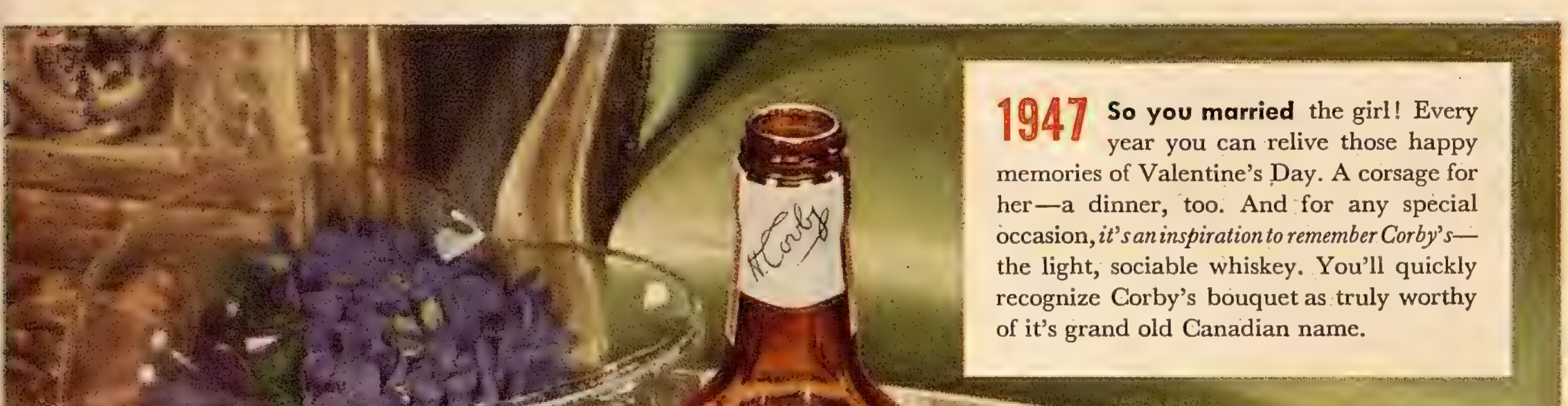
**1890** **Age doesn't matter**—it's a bet your Valentine picture is here somewhere. Maybe this is it. In a hired "rig" you left for HER house, followed by cat-calls from the stable loafers. Remember? That Valentine's Day was 32 years after the name Corby's came to Canada.



**1921** **Or is this it?** You wormed into your pal's raccoon coat and borrowed your Uncle's red speedster. This was in the loud and raucous twenties, 63 years after the name Corby's became a Canadian tradition, but Valentine's Day was still a day for sentiment.



**1942** **Recognize yourself** here? Perhaps "greetings" had just arrived from Uncle Sam and you were soon to be a G.I. Valentine's Day in 1942, when Corby's had been a famed Canadian name for 84 years, is easily remembered because of its ominous war clouds.



H. Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
H. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA · ILLINOIS

**1947** **So you married** the girl! Every year you can relive those happy memories of Valentine's Day. A corsage for her—a dinner, too. And for any special occasion, *it's an inspiration to remember Corby's*—the light, sociable whiskey. You'll quickly recognize Corby's bouquet as truly worthy of it's grand old Canadian name.

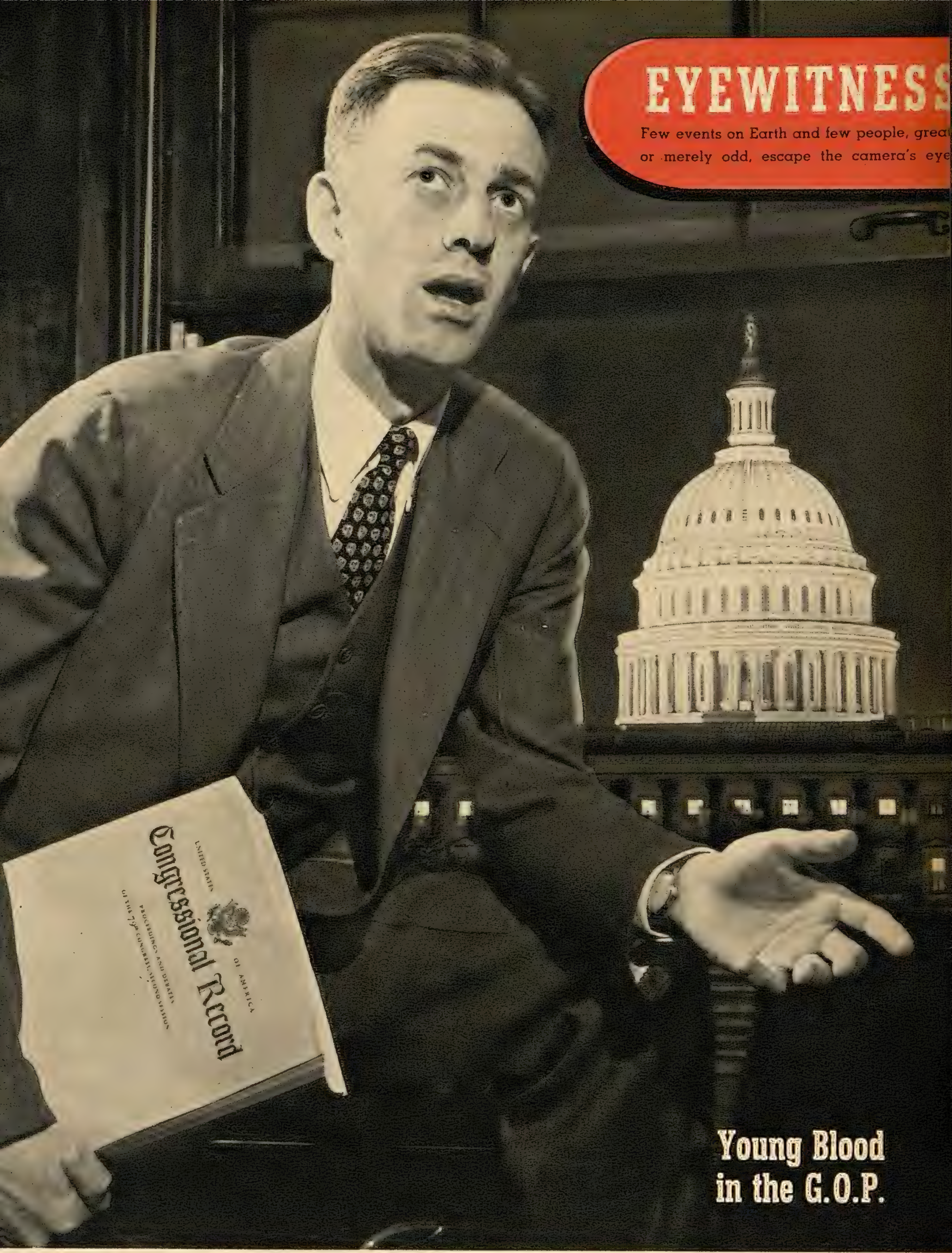
Look for me on every Corby's bottle

## CORBY'S

## A Grand Old Canadian Name

**PRODUCED IN U.S.A.** *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.


United States
Congressional Record
of America
Proceedings and Debates
of the 79th Congress, Second Session

# Young Blood in the G.O.P.

**Although Republicans have been voted in** by a big majority, Americans want forward-looking lawmakers who are able to lick today's gigantic problems. It's now up to the Republicans to prove they can do it. One of the aggressive young Republicans who is out to prove it is Representative Clifford P. Case of New Jersey.

**Representative Case** urges young citizens to ask questions at session of Union County Students' Forum.

# Mr. Case—New-Model Republican

CLIFFORD P. CASE, Representative from New Jersey, is typical of the young blood in the 80th Congress. After a successful career as a lawyer, he decided at forty to run for Congress. His uncle, a judge, advised against a legislative career, as do most American parents. But Case has a deep conviction that people are sick and tired of upheaval and there's a job in finding solutions for labor-capital squabbles, race riots, and braying bigotry.

So, like many a soldier, Mr. Case adjusted his family to reduced income and his periodic absence before going off to Washington to fight for peace at home—not appeasement but peace—through joint action.

After one term, Representative Case's record can encourage freshmen Congressmen who wish to undertake the undramatic job of solving problems rather than firing controversies. He was co-author of a bill praised by a leading labor editor as "the most sharply focused answer yet suggested to the problem of what to do about strikes," and, along with other young Republicans, he prevented plastering Pearl Harbor with political mud.

Though Mr. Case opposed pensions for Congressmen, he realizes one great drawback to the job is that it offers no security. He believes one needs double a Congressman's salary, to enable him to put aside enough to save him from the painful position of a legislator whose judgment may be tempered because he needs the job.

**Presbyterian** choirman Case (below) paid way at Rutgers playing the organ.

**After 18 years** of marriage, packing husband off weekly saddens Mrs. Case.

**Cliff, Jr.,** 2½, approves dad's shaving (left) and pancake making (above).

**$22,500** ten-room house was paid off in pre-Congress years.

**Janie,** 17, cooks dinner. Mother manages plain, ample meals on $125 a month.

**Janie and Ann** replace maid since dad entered the Legislature

**Commuting Congressman Case** catches 6.30 A.M. train to capital; rides 4 hours in coach to allow seatmates to tell him how they'd run the country.

**Republican Speaker** Joe Martin is sought by Case when he needs party backing, but he joins youngsters of both parties to prevent costly delays in pressing for vital legislation.

**Half of Case's** letters deal with legislation—30 per cent above average. Case does a minimum of home folks' errands. He voted on 90 per cent of the bills.

**Rehearsing a speech** in his $5 hotel room after dinner with colleagues is a typical Case evening in Washington. His maiden floor speech was "A Challenge to Prejudice."

U.S. ARMY TRANSPORT
WISTERIA

**Outward Bound** to civilian jobs with the War Department in Japan and Korea, 478 passengers on the Wisteria, 380 of them women, had the time of their lives en route, especially in Honolulu. For some it led to the altar.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB EBERT

**Kathleen Cluny** (left) a research stenographer, and Kathleen Jones, a hospital administrator, listen to Albert Coleman, who may become music instructor to Hirohito's son. Campbell Osborne makes it a foursome.

# GO WEST, YOUNG LADY

## If you want romance, take the road to Japan, where the servicemen are more than civil to civil-service women

**Courtship** on the high seas led to the altar for Thelma Hurst of Eaggen, Tenn., and Lawrence Gries of Newark, N. J. An army chaplain (above) ties the knot at Fort Shafter in Hawaii. Fellow passengers were attendants. It was one of the three marriages that occurred en route.

**The Girls Bunked** (above) 20 to a compartment on the jampacked former troop hospital ship. Newly married couples were given more room and privacy. But with almost 500 persons crowded into a vessel less than 500 feet long, deck sports were few.

**One High Spot** (below) of the Wisteria girls' stay in Hawaii was witnessing a Samoan knife dance led by husky Willie Sa'aga of the Samoan Siva Troupe. Willie flashes a smile as well as his hooked knife to the evident delight of Mary Walker (left) and Kathleen Jones, who wears a lei.

**Some Brought** their own liquor to the gay party that Honolulu threw for the voyagers. But no one fell in the pool. There was some necking, for it was a night for romance. (Below) Rose Bruny shows what you do when you finally get yourself a date.

**Winona Moss** of Texas provided some diversion during the voyage by making a diaper bathing suit out of army towels. Others also tried it until the ship's officers found too many towels were gone. The question was whether one pin would keep up a suit.

**It Happened** just like that. Jeanne Saferite of San Francisco (below) became the wife of machinist's mate C. A. Cox several days after they met at the *luau*. Cox was in Honolulu en route home from Bikini when he ran smack into romance.

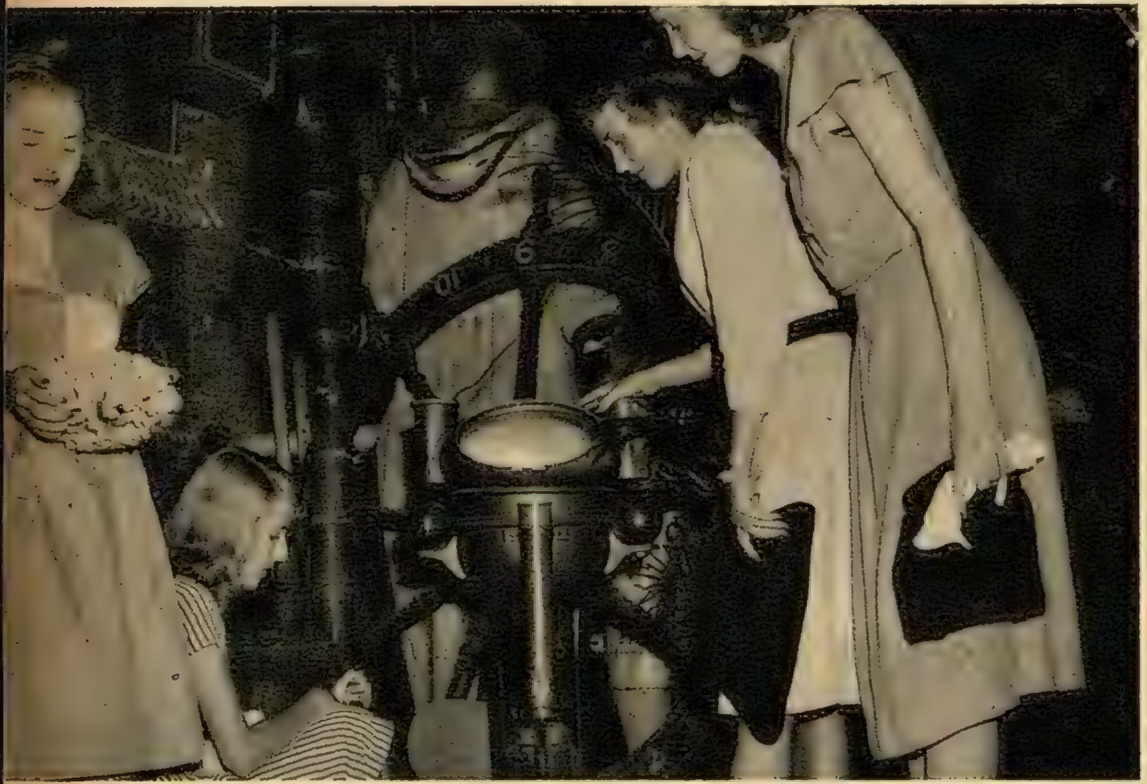
**Honolulu** put on one of its famous *luaus*, or feasts, for the visitors. There was poi, that soggy, paste-like delicacy, unappreciated here by Edith Lee. But her brother Everett (right) and his buddy, Bob O'Brien, who are both stationed in Hawaii, finger it up with the relish of natives.

**From All Over** the U. S. women answered the War Department's call for workers to join the staffs of the American occupation governments in the Orient. They have their fun where they find it during the trip over, but they're deadly serious about finishing the job, in the Pacific.

**No Man Hunters** are Ruth Shelton (left), Bette Connell, and Priscilla Hensley, cooling their feet after viewing Doris Duke's estate.

MANILA 4870 MI
SHANGHAI 4330
LOS ANGELES 2228 MI

**Crossroads** of the Pacific intrigue Ruth, Bette, and Priscilla, headed for Tokyo.

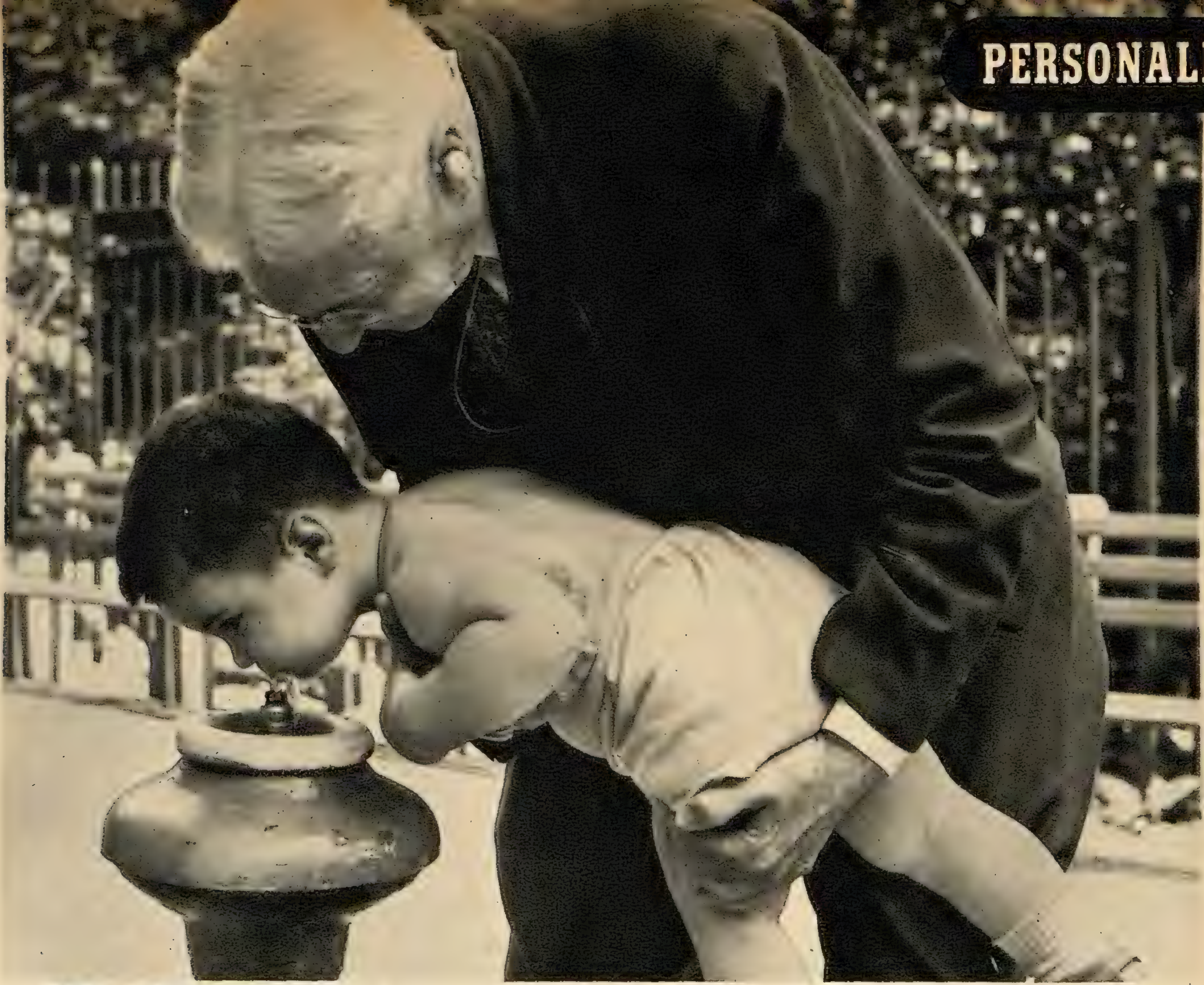


**Relics** of the romantic Pacific—tapa cloth, coral, a diving suit, the wheel and compass of a schooner at Trader Vic's—all fascinate the girls.

**Here's How** the girls had to do their laundry in the cramped ship's quarters.

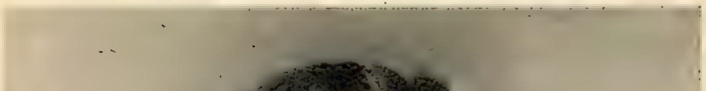
**Aloha Oe** is the tune the army band plays as the Wisteria prepares to pull away on the last lap to Japan. Note how few men are at the rail.

**As the Ship** sails, Ida Mary Calhoun has her man, Sgt. Bill Cervera of the Army.



**Elder Statesman** Bernard M. Baruch leaves his bench to help one who will live in the atomic age.

# The Atomic Age Is in His Arms



**Baruch** at 23. A fighter then as now.

BERNARD M. BARUCH, seventy-six-year-old statesman, is almost as fit today as when he won his spurs in boxing at New York's City College. Before resigning from the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, Baruch took up the cause of millions of hospital patients who may in future be restored to health by atomic medicine, if the nations can outlaw atomic war.

The methods of producing beneficial radio-isotopes and of producing plutonium for atom bombs are the same up to a very advanced point. Facilities given over to the production of one can easily be diverted to production of the other. Full utilization of atomic energy for peaceful purposes is the aim of the Baruch plan for banning the atom bomb.

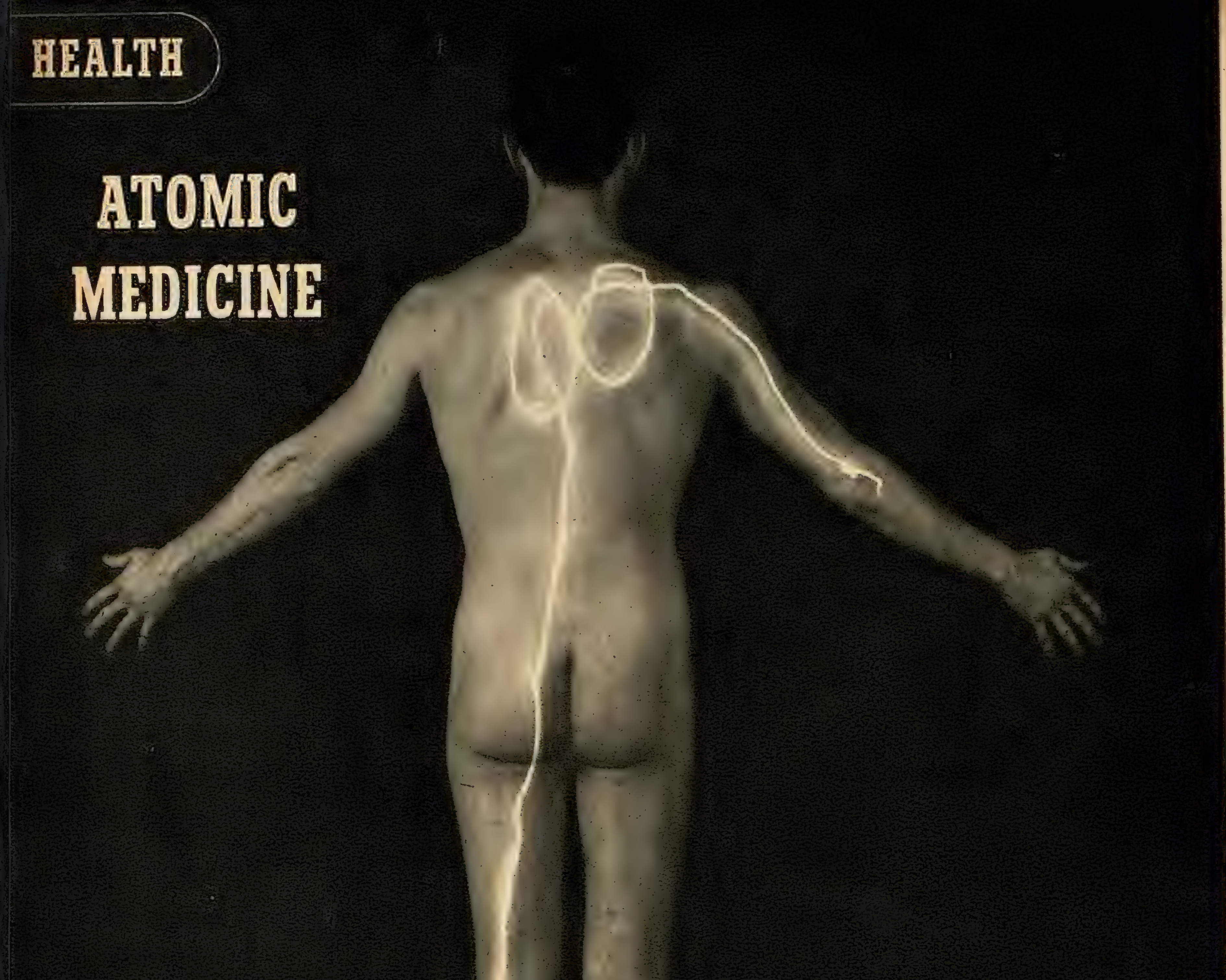
"America," Baruch says, "stands ready to proscribe and destroy the atom bomb—to lift its uses from death to life—if the world will join in a pact to insure the world's security from atomic warfare."

The Baruch plan calls for establishment of a supreme atomic authority, to which all nations would surrender control of their atomic resources and their plants for producing atomic energy. The nations would submit to a system of international inspection to detect any violations. None of the Big Five members of the Security Council would have power to obstruct swift punishment of violators.

To the world authority the United States would turn over its atomic secrets and its store of bombs. Thereafter, for all the future, the mighty atom would be put to work for the good of mankind.

If the U. S. plan succeeds, Barney Baruch, chairman of the World War I Industries Board, adviser to six Presidents, and public servant for thirty years, will have performed his greatest service to humanity—may even give us the weapon to combat cancer, a greater killer than war.

# ATOMIC MEDICINE



Internal Path of Radioactive Sodium from Arm to Foot

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY LURAY AND WOOD

RADIO-ISOTOPES produced by harnessing atomic energy are examples of the life-saving weapons envisioned by the Baruch plan. (See preceding page.) Even cancer may eventually be treated by radioactive tracers. At Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, New York, radioactive sodium is used as a tracer to test blood flow. Thus doctors at last can see the blood in circulation. The photograph above illustrates the case of a patient whose circulation is impaired in one leg. The radioisotope, injected into one arm, is carried in the blood stream to all parts of the body, including the diseased leg. The extent of disease is determined by measuring the intensity of radiation at various levels. In amputations for gangrene, this test has helped surgeons in many cases to save the knee joint.

**Radioactive** salt shot into arm is clocked at foot to determine the blood flow or if amputation is necessary.

IN hundreds of separate applications of the tracer principle, radio-isotopes are revealing the mysteries of bodily processes. Experiments also prove the value of these substances as therapeutic agents in the treatment of certain diseases which succumb to radiation. At present, it can be said that radio-isotopes are a positive cure only in cases of polycythemia (blood disease) and hyperthyroidism (goiter). But at Memorial Hospital, New York, one type of thyroid cancer has been found susceptible of isotopic treatment. Radioactive iodine is administered to the patient. Because thyroid tissue picks up iodine selectively, the radio-isotope quickly attacks the diseased cells with its radiation. If researchers can find a substance which has affinity for cancerous tissue of all types, and which can be made radioactive, a mighty victory will have been scored against this dread disease.

**Lead Screen** guards physicist from atomic iodine.

**Geiger** counter measures radiation at cancer site.

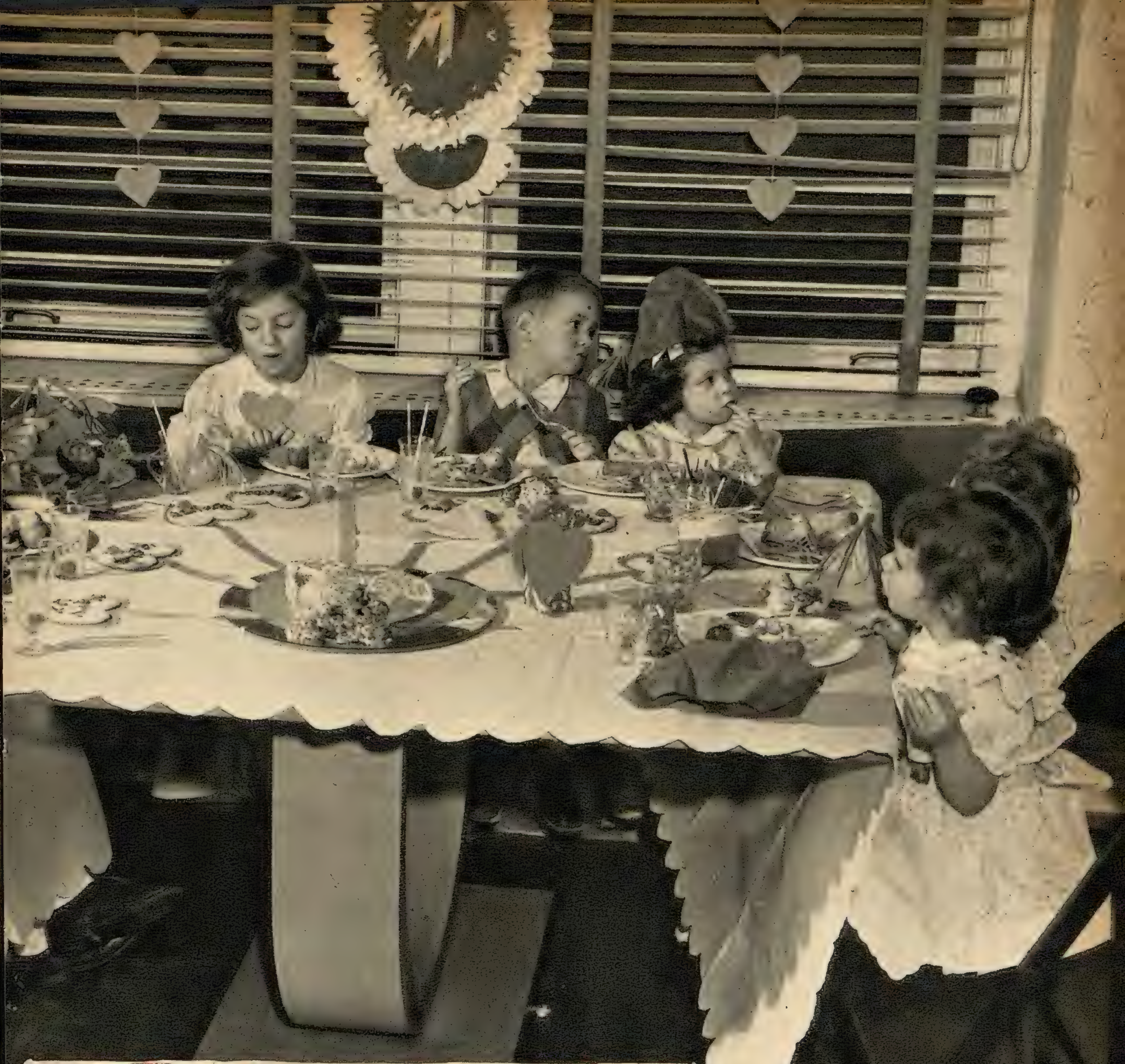
# PARTY without Tears

## There'll be no after-party tummy-aches or parental headaches if you follow this simple formula for Junior's next blowout

**One requisite** for a successful children's party is a carefully planned schedule of games and activities. The youngsters we gathered together enjoyed listening to stories (above) and eagerly joined in doing handwork (below).

WINDOW CENTERPIECE COURTESY DENNISON MFG. CO.

WHEN small fry get together to celebrate a birthday, St. Valentine's Day, or what not, there's often a disturbing aftermath of upset stomachs and mothers. Yet child experts have definite ideas about how to give a simple and successful shindig for Junior. Liberty listened to these ideas and then threw a party for eight kids, ranging from two-and-a-half to six. The results: No tears, tussles, or morning-after tummy-aches; no jangled nerves or mangled furniture. And, as you can see, everyone had fun—even the grown-ups on the sidelines.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY PARTY MENU

Chicken and Green Beans in Chicken Broth Sauce
on Heart-shaped Toast

Stuffed Baked Potatoes — Raw Carrot Sticks

Heart-shaped Sandwiches spread with Fortified Margarine

Ice Cream with Topping of Apple Sauce

Heart-shaped Cookies

Pink Circus Lemonade

**At the end** of the afternoon the little guests were served a simple supper instead of the proverbial sweets which deaden dinner appetites. St. Valentine's Day provided inspiration for the heart-shaped cookie place cards that made a tremendous hit with the kids, for the easy-to-make window ornaments, and for the table decorations that were amazingly inexpensive as well as colorful. Any amateur party-giver can whip up an array of hearts and flowers.

**"Put your** finger on your shoe—on your shoe," chanted a Victrola record, and the children concentrated happily on doing just that. There are a number of excellent albums especially designed to start up lively games or marches that break the ice.

**Alternating active** games with quiet ones is a cardinal rule to remember when entertaining kids. Here Peter, Chucky, and a female companion have embarked on a bead-stringing contest. The winner got so engrossed that she lost her maidenly modesty.

**The supper** was no chore because it was prepared well in advance and then heated up in a few minutes.

**Because** tiny children feel more at ease with mama near, various mothers took turns leading the games.

**Plasticine** is far less messy than clay for young artists. Oilcloth strips protected clothing and rug.

**Mary Lou** (below) passed out the favors, proving that kids over five like to assume responsibilities.

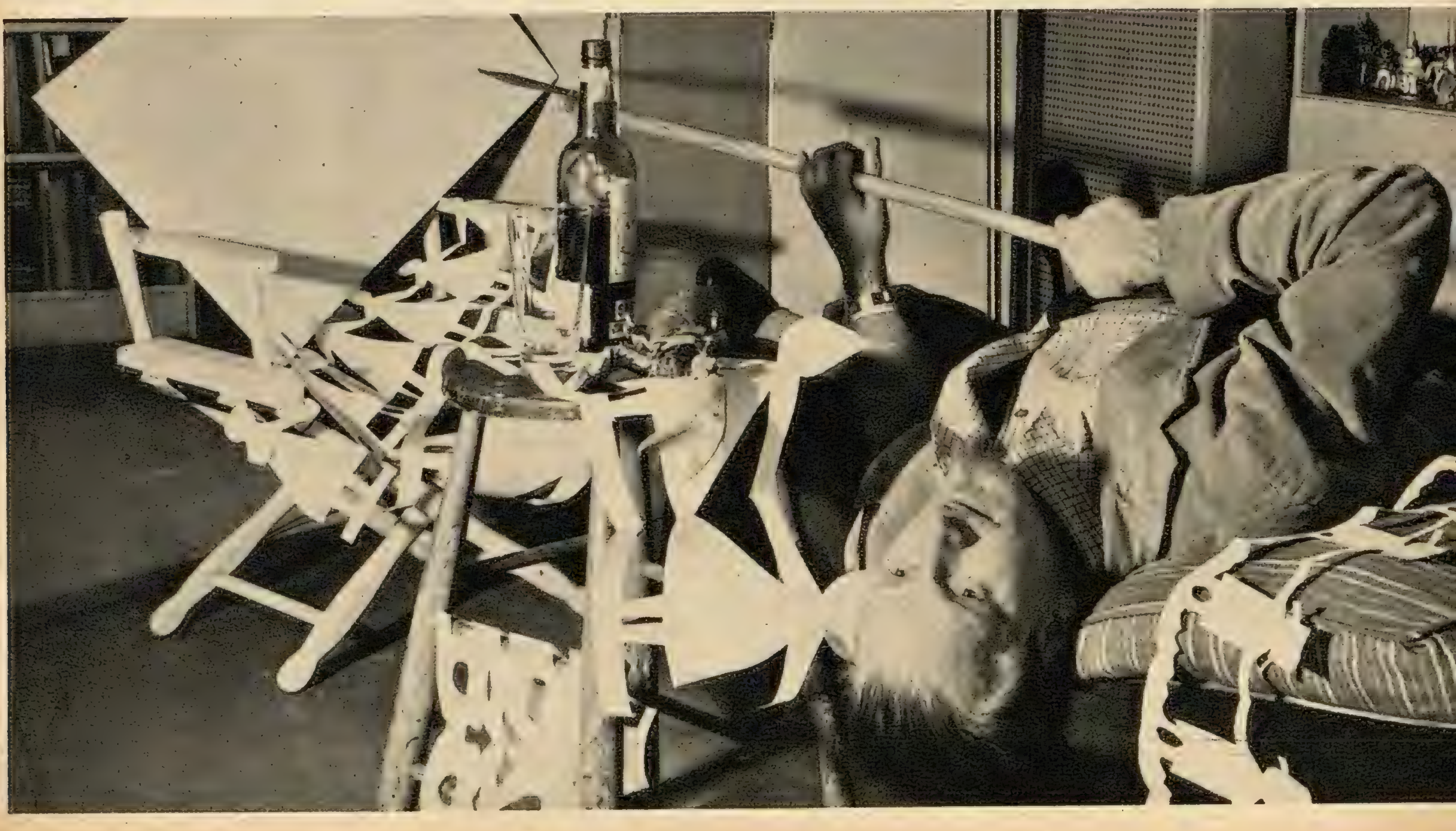
**DO'S** Do hold the party in a large room so that there's plenty of space for games.
Do plan ahead carefully for every minute, and alternate active games with quiet ones such as handwork or storytelling.
Do encourage older children, from five on, to assume some responsibility. They like it and can be very helpful.
Do use a little ingenuity, paste, and colored paper to make up decorations and attractive favors.
Do plan a menu, which can be prepared well in advance, such as the one suggested on page 57, and serve a simple supper at the end of the afternoon.

**DON'TS** Don't ask more than eight or ten guests if your child is between three and six.
Don't let any child who may be bashful sit on the side lines for too long. Plan a break-the-ice game or march.
Don't let the mothers monopolize the party, but urge them to take turns leading games.
Don't spend a fortune on elaborate decorations and favors. Home-made ones are easy and inexpensive to make.
Don't serve an array of fancy sweets. After filling up on ice cream and cake, the kids lose their appetites for supper.

# How to be an ABSTRACT ARTIST

**John Groth,** famed artist, kids the surrealist painters with a burlesque on their strange art. He is the sort of artist whose fine draftsmanship makes a hand look like a hand, whereas in abstract art it might resemble a bunch of grapes or maybe a phone. He seems amazed (above) because the cigarette smoke drifts down instead of up, a bit of abstraction helped along by the camera and the painter's position.

**Surrealists** would turn up their artistic noses at this sort of thing. But you can tell it is a hand, and what is more, if there is any doubt about it, the pointed finger of the model will quickly dispel it. (Below) Groth tries to get into the swing of impressionistic art. In upside-down pose he uses brush on a long stick to get away from it all.

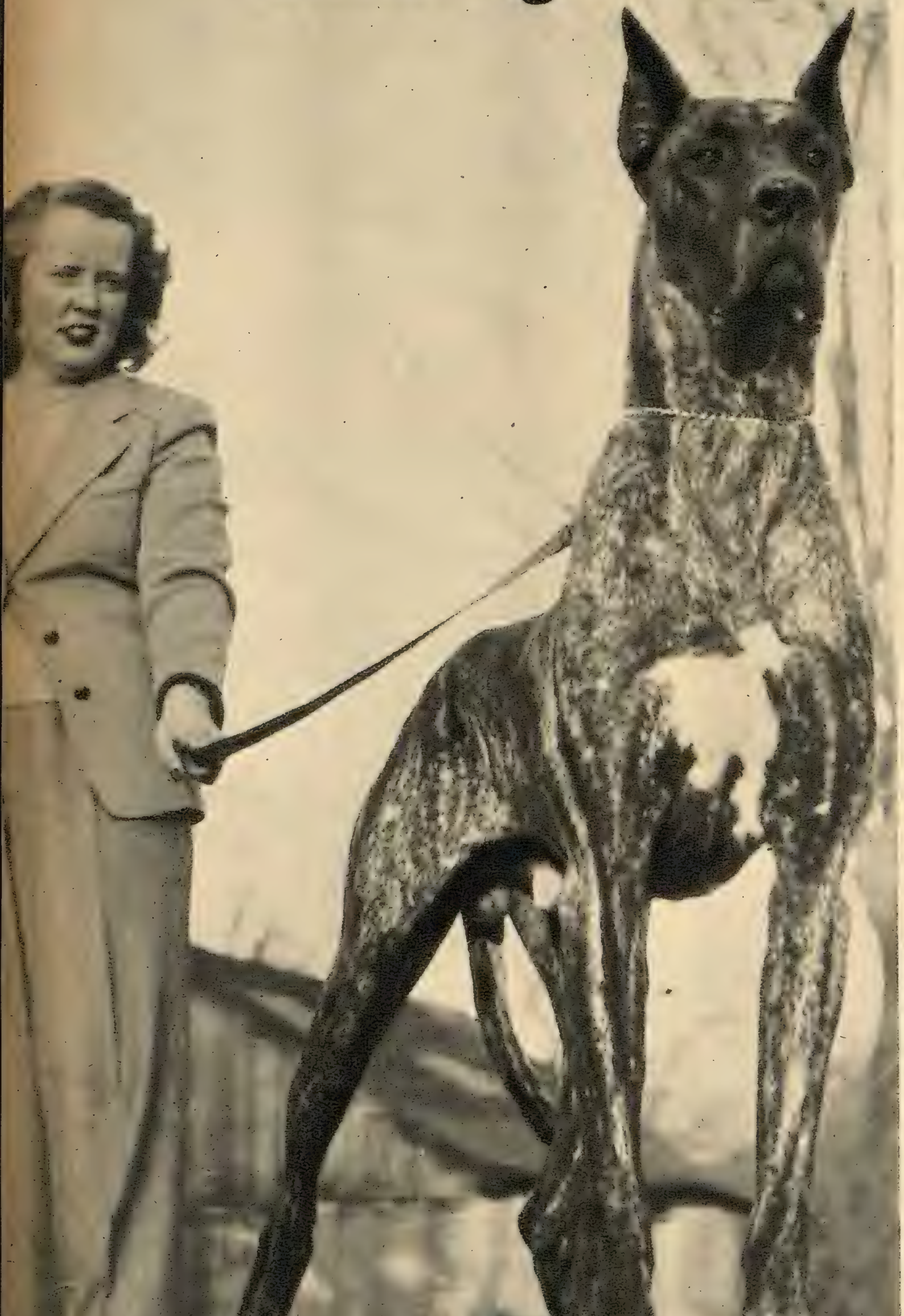


**One Procedure** that should not be overlooked by the abstract painter is the constant daily practice of shouting from the rooftops. Here you see Groth yelling to the world in a sort of double take what a great artist he is. If he seems to have framed himself, as he makes with sound and fury, put it down to his zeal for self-advertisement.

**An Abstract Artist** must always seek for new techniques. A pointed beard, for instance, used as a brush can get weird results. But when the finished painting is hung, the artist must be present to see that it is not wrong side up. Rather than worry about that, Groth (below) does it his own way. Result: a girl that looks like a girl.

# Raising Danes

### Executive's wife breeds $5,000 champions, but they eat up the profits



**Champion Gerhardt** of Marydane preps for the big winter show with owner, Mrs. Gerard Johnston, wife of an automobile executive. It took only seven shows to confirm this two-year-old great Dane as a champion. Ten inches long at birth, he now stands six feet eight inches.

**Show Grooming** merely means clipping whiskers and toenails, and brushing coat. Gerhardt is dry-cleaned, not bathed

**Mrs. Johnston** scrubs kennel, mak
nine dog beds in her six-hour Dane da
Japanese houseboy takes care of her hom
ministers to two aging Scotch terrier

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY EMIL HERMAN

**Hired Trainer** Frank Bolger teaches Gerhardt ring manners a week before show. To get the dog used to strangers, he walks him through village.

**Surprise** Christmas present from Governor Dewey's wife was a pup sired by Gerhardt. He replaces the dead Dane, Canute, who once knocked Dewey down after a friend called the governor "Superman."

**$6,000 Kennel** was built on New York side of Johnstons' property to get it out of exclusive Wilton, Connecticut, where all dog kennels are prohibited by law.

**It Costs** $1 a day to feed one Dane three pounds of horsemeat, cod-liver oil, eggs. $100 stud fees, sale of $500 pups return only 70 per cent of Marydane kennel costs.

**To Keep in Shape** Gerhardt trots four miles in an hour behind station wagon. After gaining 119 pounds his first year, he has leveled off to 150. Occasionally he runs away to chase Connecticut deer, but he always returns.

# Liberty picks a Movie eligible

## —Capra's superb comedy in which Jimmy Stewart does some great acting

**Jimmy Stewart,** a small-town boy with big-time ideas, makes casual love to Donna Reed on the eve of his long-awaited trip abroad. The date—and the trip—ends suddenly with the news that his father is critically ill.

NOW that producer-director Frank Capra and actor James Stewart are back from their war duties, moviegoers with a taste for the best can truly say, "It's a Wonderful Life."

For the beautifully blended talents of this twosome have resulted in a film of rare warmth and whimsey. Capra, who won four Oscars while deftly weaving amusing fables around The Average Man, again creates lovable hokum out of the humdrum. And Stewart, an ex-Air Forces colonel, has achieved a rich maturity far beyond his prewar bashful boyishness.

Jimmy plays a typical American (*Continued on page 90*)

BROS
BUILDING
LOAN

Life starts closing in on Jimmy. After his father's death, he defeats the scheme of Scrooge-like Lionel Barrymore to shut down the family building-and-loan firm, but has to skip a college education in order to run the business.

After years of frustration, Stewart makes a suicide attempt which is balked by a heavenly courier, Clarence, A. S/2 (Angel second class). To win his wings, Clarence must convince Jimmy that life is very much worth living.

# for top honors "It's a Wonderful Life"

There's even a hitch to the honeymoon. Jimmy's absent-minded uncle, Thomas Mitchell, isn't able to cope with a run on the building-and-loan. Donna saves the day by donating the hard-earned money which was to have paid for their wedding trip down to Bermuda.

In a fine touch of fantasy, beautifully handled by director Capra, the angel shows Jimmy the terrible things that would have happened to his family and friends if he had never been born. Realizing his blessings at last, Stewart rushes straight home to wife, kids, and problems.

Meet the lassie
with the classy
chassis ... and

"Suddenly It's Spring"

starring
PAULETTE GODDARD
and
FRED MacMURRAY
with
Macdonald Carey · Arleen Whelan
A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION
Produced by Claude Binyon • Directed by Mitchell Leisen
A Paramount Picture

Paulette pronounces it roMANce!

**Kiss On Ice**—Nate Walley, world's professional figure-skating champ, gives his wife a flying kiss as a finale to their act in the Ice-Capades. Unusual picture was taken at high speed of 30,000th of a second.

BRADLEY SMITH PHOTO

**Beginner**—No chump, this chimp. He doesn't play the fiddle very well, hence has removed the strings.

NELSON MORRIS PHOTO

**Violin Virtuoso**—Joseph Szigeti, on the other hand, shows how it is done on the concert stage.

NELSON MORRIS PHOTO

**ndustrial Patterns**—A striking photoraph of a factory inspector examining luminum rods before final shipment.

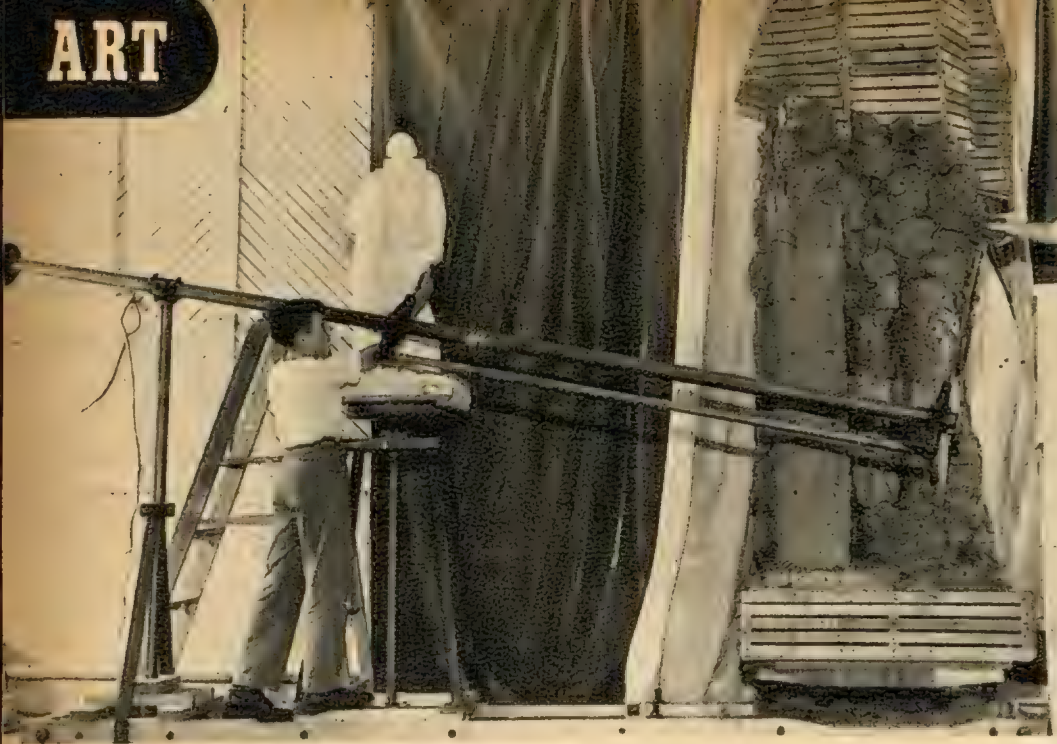
GRAFLEX PHOTO CONTEST

**Agony**—Pancho Segura, Ecuador's gift to tennis, has pulled a leg muscle. He pulled himself together to win the game later.

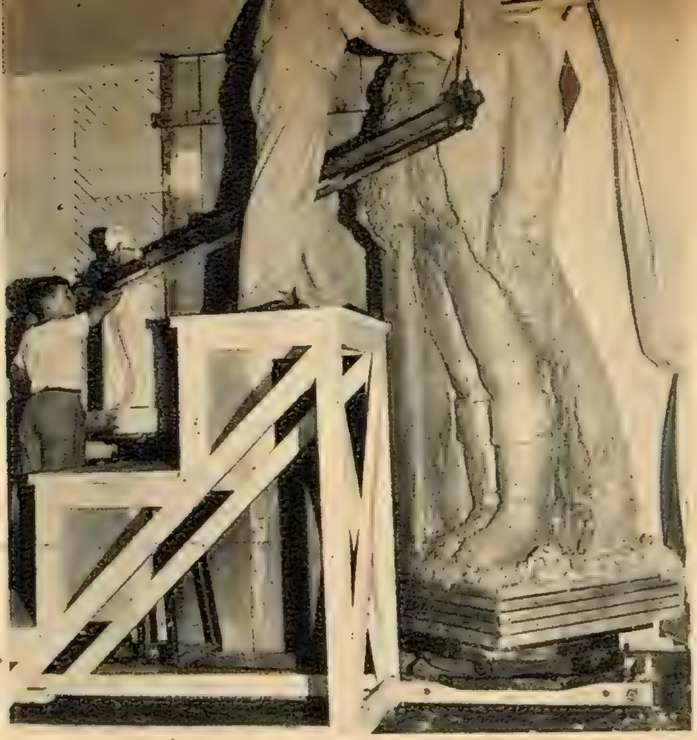
INP PHOTO

**Mermaiden**—Linda Christian pertly turns her back on the warm ocean, while northern friends are shivering.

ANDRE DE DIENES PHOTO



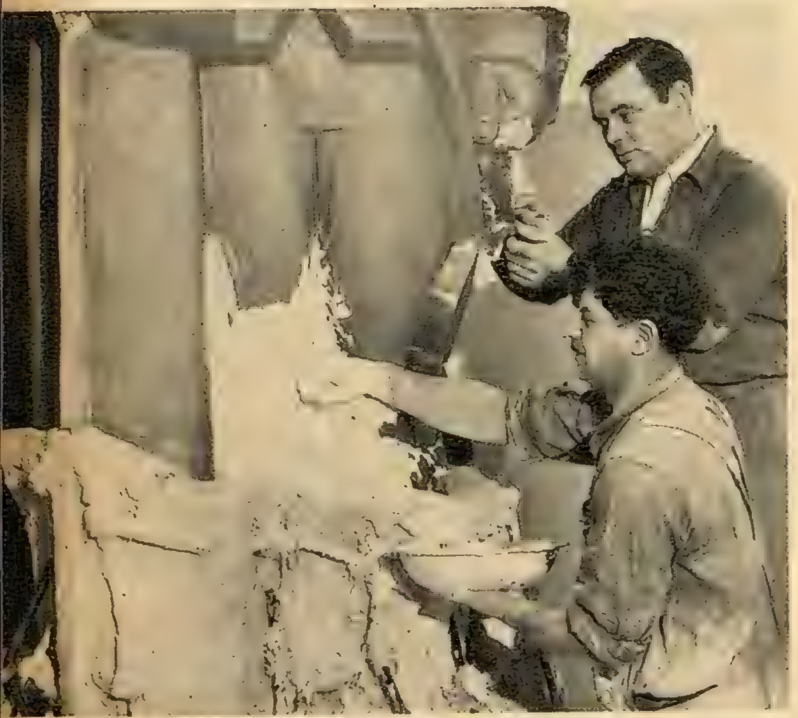
**Pantograph** assures sculptor of perfect scaling of clay over wooden frame.



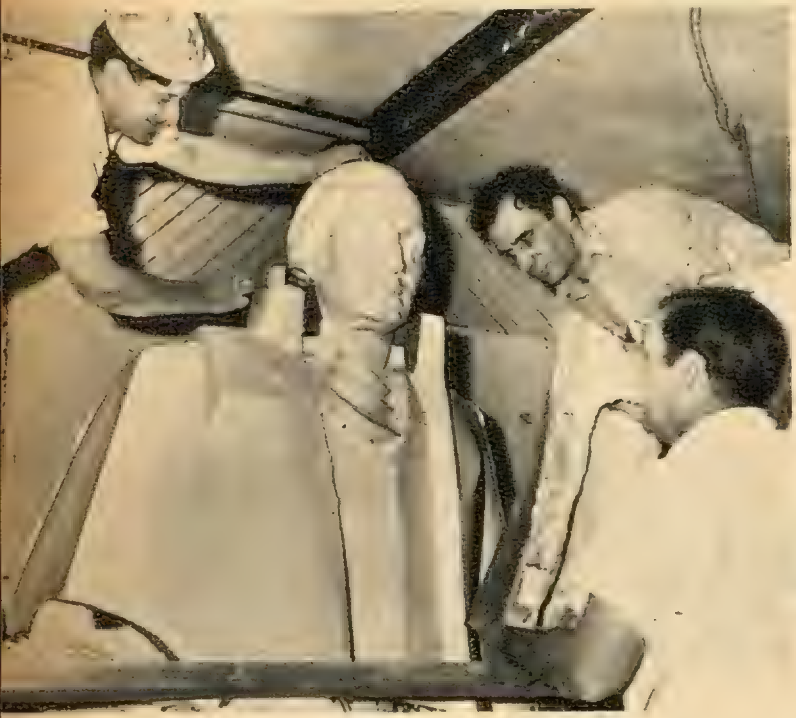
**Greer** used 4,100 pounds of clay on model.

# A Feat in Clay

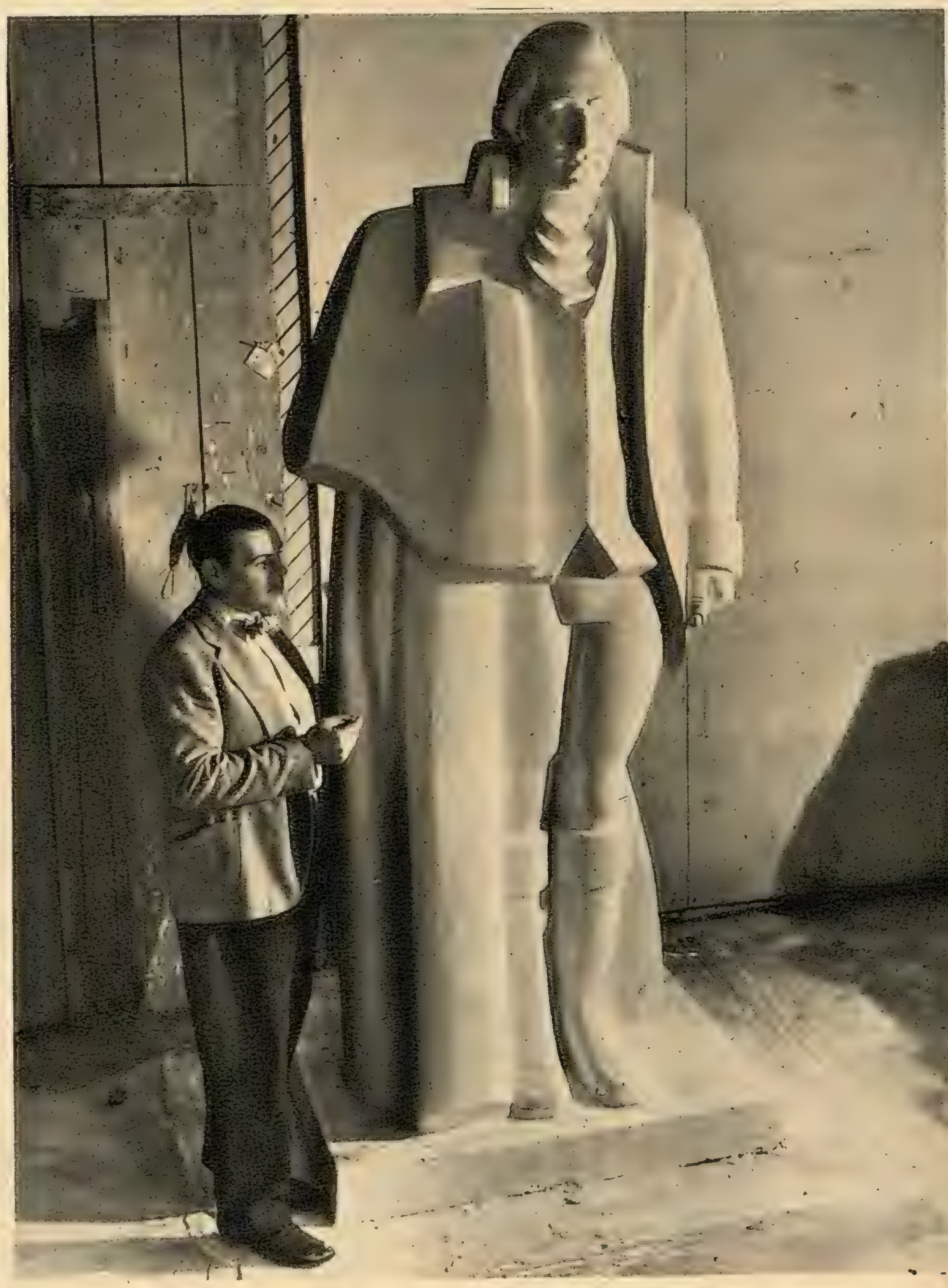
MILWAUKEE sculptor, Jefferson Elliott Greer, who helped carve Washington's head on Mt. Rushmore, has built a nine-foot model, using a scaling device called a pantograph, from a 37-inch figure. The new model will be used to scale a 54-foot statue in granite.



**Worker** helps cover completed clay model with plaster, making a thick, portable mold.

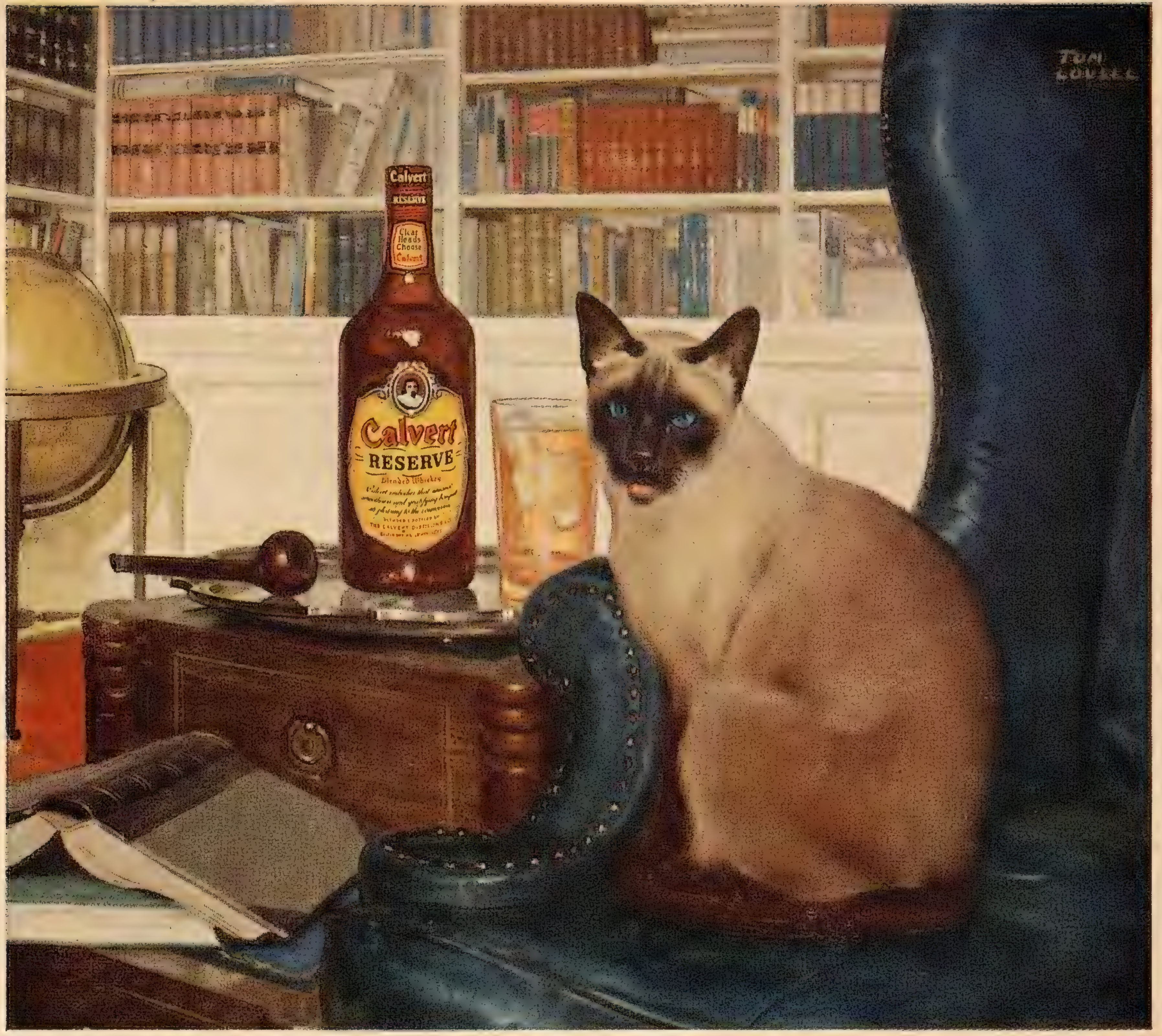


**Mold** hardens and is removed by sections. Greer helps workers take off 250-pound shoulder piece.



**Plaster** statue is modern in its simplicity, yet retains the traditional dignity of our first President. The whole job took six months.

J. JULIUS FANTA PHOTOS


TOM LOVELL
Calvert
RESERVE
Clear Heads Choose Calvert
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskies

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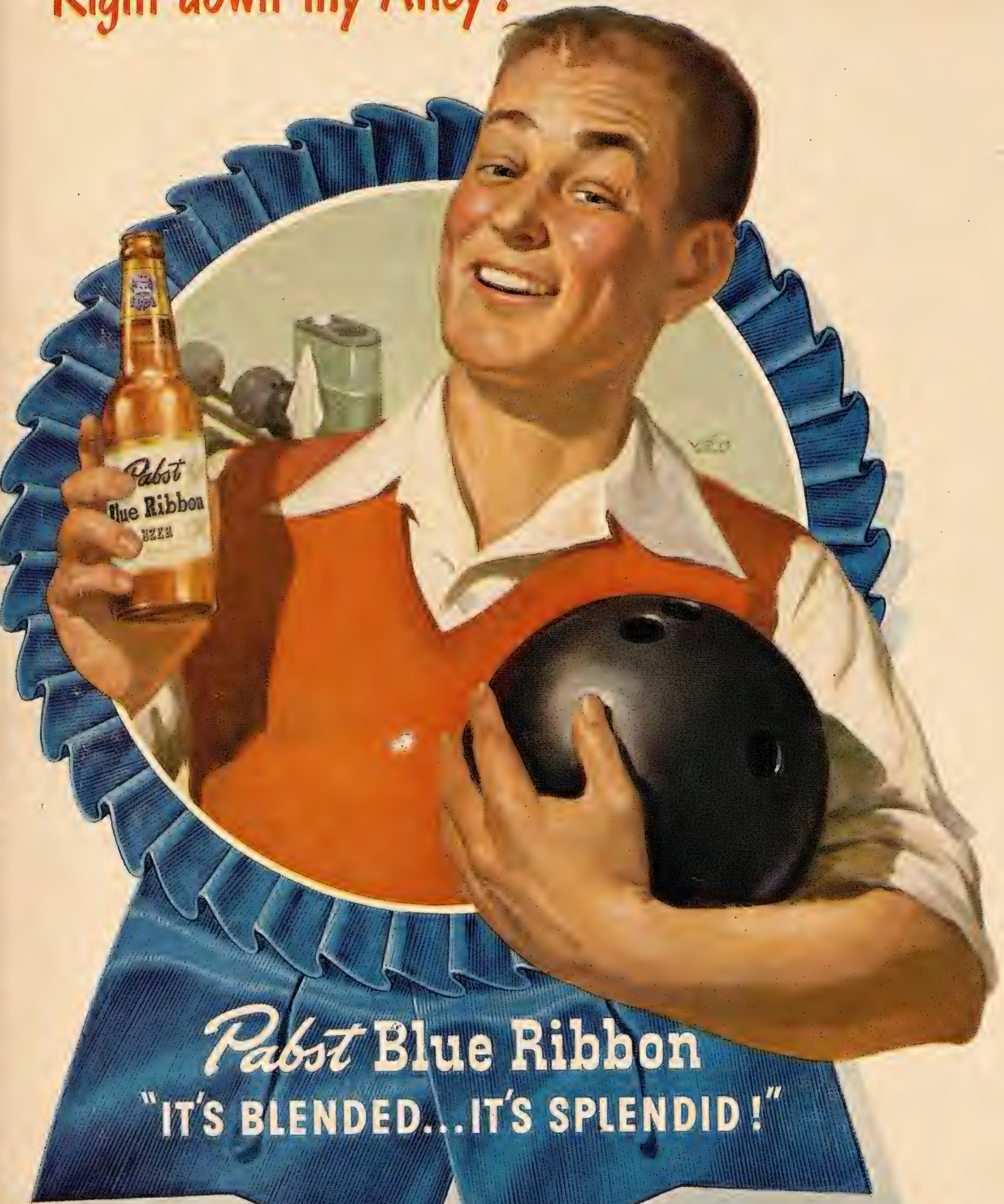
Why are wise folks switching to Calvert?
Because it's "the whiskey of moderation"...
blended for agreeable lightness... superb taste...
all-around whiskey enjoyment. We invite you to try it
and learn for yourself the pleasant reasons why

*Clear Heads Choose Calvert*

**Calvert**
**BLENDED WHISKIES**
*Reserve* OR *Special*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C., BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

# "Right down my Alley!"


Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
Pabst Blue Ribbon
"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER NBC

Copr. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

**33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER**

# THE COURTSHIP OF HERCULES BARR

Continued from Page 23

"You and your bears," Emmy said. "More than likely a range cow."

Now anybody knows a range cow and a bear make very different tracks, and I tried to explain this to Emmy. She was seventeen that spring, and I was ten, but just the same I knew more about bear tracks than she did. But she wasn't listening. The closer we came to Hercules Barr's cabin the less she listened.

It was always that way when we went to take him a treat of woman-cooked victuals. Emmy would get quieter and quieter, like she was all tightened up inside. She was a modest girl always, but now she appeared downright bashful. So with Hercules pretty far over on the bashful side himself, it was up to me to keep them entertained with talk. I reckon they were mighty glad to have me there.

WE found Hercules taking his ease on the cabin stoop, an ear of corn in his big hands. A mountain jay sat perched on his shoulder and a gray squirrel on his knee, and round about there must have been a half dozen chipmunks, all waiting their turn for a grain of corn.

"Hello, Emmy. Hello, Davy," he said in his quiet drawl.

"We brought you a pie," I said.

"I must say that's mighty neighborly of you," he said, and I glimpsed his mouth smiling. "What sort would the pie be?"

"Apple," Emmy and I chorused.

"I favor apple pie," he said.

Slowly he reached up a hand and lifted the jay off his shoulder and gave it a little toss into the air. Then his big hand set the squirrel gently on the ground. After that he stood up.

"I wish to thank you, Emmy," he said, taking the pie. "A man gets plumb fed up on his own cooking."

I watched him as he carried the pie inside and returned to the porch. You might expect a man of his size to be awkward, but Hercules moved sure-footed as an Indian.

"I saw a bear's tracks," I said. "Emmy thinks it's an old range cow's, but it's a bear's."

Emmy flushed. "I didn't even see the tracks," she said.

"It could be the bear I call Pete," Hercules said. "He's got him a cave over yonder where he slept the winter through."

"Ain't you scared of him?" I asked.

"No," Hercules said slowly, "I can't say that I am. First time we met, he wished to rassle me, so we rassled. We've got on real neighborly always since."

He glanced shyly at Emmy. They both smiled and both looked away. For a minute nobody said a word, but I had the feeling they were talking just the same, in some language I couldn't hear.

"Is it true," I asked, "that you would no more go to Denver than to the far side of the moon?"

"Denver!" He swung his gaze on me. Then he grinned. "Denver is doubtless all right in its way," he said, "but its way and mine are different."

Emmy's cheeks were scarlet and she kept clearing her throat, but I asked:

"My dad says you won't even go to Chicago Springs. Why?"

Hercules didn't answer for a long time. At last he said, very low:

"My uncle and my aunt raised me—right in this cabin, and they left me the claim. When I was a shaver we went to Chicago Springs. Times was different then, I reckon. Leastwise, some gambling men lured my uncle into a game. There was harsh words, and my uncle was shot dead. I've never hankered to go nowhere since then."

"Is that why you're a hermit?"

"Hermit?" He grinned. "Is that what folks say I am? Well, now, just because a man stays to home and minds his own business, I don't know as you should call him names."

"Davy," Emmy said, "we've got to go."

I didn't want to go, for talking with Hercules was like talking with some huge old mountain that knew all the secrets of chipmunks and spruce and lightning and thunder and wind.

"We've got to go, Davy," Emmy said, and she turned toward the path. A strange look flashed into her eyes. Athena Irwin was coming toward the cabin. She carried a red parasol, and her silk skirts swished like wind in pines. She wasn't as pretty as Emmy, but she had flash. Her hair was yellow, although before she went to Denver I recollected it as mouse-colored.

"Emmy," she cooed. "How delightful to see you! And Davy!" She swished over to Hercules.

"Gilbert," she said, sweet as sugar candy, "we would love to have you come and eat dinner with us tonight."

Hercules stood looking down at her, and you could tell he was bewildered and bashful and mighty pleased, all in a bundle.

"Why, ma'am," he said, "that's a neighborly thought, but I've plumb et my dinner five hours gone."

She laughed and exclaimed, "Oh, I *am* sorry! I should have said supper. Could you come?" And when he started to speak, she added, "It's settled, then. We'll expect you at six. Fried chicken. I must run now and prepare it."

And moving like a dancing girl, she swayed back along the path.

"If she can cook a cup of water," Emmy said, "I'll kiss a cow."

Hercules didn't seem to hear. He stood absently stroking his beard, all bright as tangled copper wires in the sun.

THREE nights later Hercules was invited to our house for supper. "And if you mention Denver or Chicago Springs," my mother warned me, "I'll skin you alive."

It was a good supper, with three fried chickens and nigh onto half a bushel of mashed potatoes. Hercules looked very handsome in the lamplight, his hair and beard combed neat. Whenever he took another helping and spoke favorably of the victuals, my mother let drop that Emmy had cooked the meal.

We all made Hercules welcome. As soon as we sat down, my father asked him to return thanks, and I am minded of how rich and low his voice was.

My father asked Hercules how the ore was running in his claim.

"It keeps me comfortable," Hercules said. "I reckon if I wished to work it hard, I could be rich."

My father remarked that most men would work a claim like that for all it was worth.

"I allow that's the truth," Hercules said. "But I figure the ore has been there a long time, and it ain't likely to walk out on me. It keeps me very comfortable."

Before the meal was over, Hercules himself mentioned Chicago Springs. "I ain't visited that place for nigh twenty years," he said, "but I understand they've got buggies now that move by kerosene."

"Gasoline," my father said.

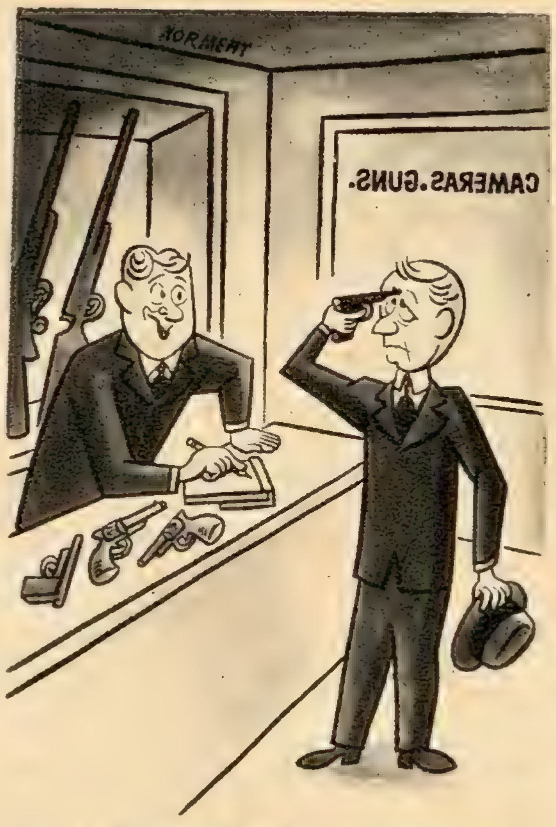
"And I hear most men have shaved off their beards and wear Sunday clothes all the week."

"I don't get there often myself," my father said, "but it's the truth the town has changed. They've even built them a new courthouse with a fountain of water in the yard."

"I understand it's a lawful town now, without wickedness," Hercules said.

My father stroked his dangling mustaches.

"That might be a little on the exaggerating side," he said.



"Cash or charge, Mr. Vogelswinner?"

LIBERTY

"I have a mind I'd like to see it," Hercules said. "I hear folks call me a hermit, but that ain't what I figure I am. I understand there's a celebration in Chicago Springs a week from Saturday."

My father nodded. "I heard tell of some such shenanigans. Seems the town has been going fifty years, and they're figuring to jamboree on its half-century birthday."

"I've been invited to go," Hercules said, "and I've a notion to hire a buggy and do it. This talk of kerosene carriages has me inquisitive." He drew a breath. "Maybe a man can live too much alone. Of course, I understand that to go to a whopping town like Chicago Springs, a man would have to dress up."

"It's always my wife's idea that I should," my father said.

"Otherwise," Hercules said, "a man would draw attention and maybe snickers. If a man looking like me would walk along Colorado Street with a fancy gal, he might draw embarrassment on himself."

Very casually my mother asked, "Who invited you to go to the celebration?"

"Why," he said, looking shy, "Athena Irwin. She says there'll be what they call a merry-go-round with painted horses and other wondrous sights. She says that men no longer wear beards in Chicago Springs, or carry guns in their belts. I've more than a notion to go."

That was the night I heard sobbing in Emmy's bedroom. And that was the night, I reckon, my mother made up her mind our family would take in the great celebration.

OUR house wasn't what you would speak of as cheerful during the next days. Emmy had always been a merry girl, but now when you looked at her you would like as not see a gleam of tears along her lashes.

My mother wasn't exactly acting like a cat in catnip either. Much of the time she looked like a woman with a stepped-on corn, and out of a clear sky she was apt to say:

"She's fixing to change him and marry him. Oh, she's a fancy one. I'm not saying she don't love him, but she would make him miserable. She would drag him off to Denver and make him wear a boiled shirt in society."

Emmy didn't carry any more pies to Hercules, but now and then I went along the path to his cabin. I would find Hercules on his stoop, quieter than usual, and he always asked after Emmy. I thought he seemed kind of dazed and dazzled.

One afternoon, as I walked along the pine needles of the path, I glimpsed Athena there at the cabin. She wasn't smiling and simpering now; her face looked heated and set. And Hercules stood staring off toward the vastness of the range, stroking his beard.

I left the path and approached through the jack pines, not to eavesdrop exactly, but to quench my curiosity as to why Athena looked so stubborn and mad.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded heir?"

LIBERTY

"Gilbert," she was saying, "you've got to do it. You promised to take me, didn't you?"

He nodded.

"Well, then, you've got to take me right. You've got to look like a human being. When I asked you to go and you promised, I meant I'd go if you looked right."

"But, ma'am—"

"Don't ma'am me. You promised to take me, and now you're practically breaking your word!"

She burst into tears. Hercules looked as baffled and shaken as a great old spruce in a lashing storm.

"Don't weep tears, ma'am," he said gently. "I've never broken my word yet, and if it means that much to you, I'll go looking like a regular city dude."

EARLY on Pioneer Day, which was what they named the celebration, we left the Gold Run livery stable in a rented surrey.

"Seems like everybody's going," Charley the hostler remarked. "Hercules Barr and Athena Irwin left not ten minutes ago."

Emmy turned her face, and my mother sniffed.

"You'd never know Hercules," Charley said. "He's dressed up in a tan suit and a hard sailor hat. And he's wearing a hard collar and a silk halter with yellow stripes. Guess Athena had the general store send down to the Springs for 'em."

"I'm surprised," my father said, "they'd have clothes to fit Hercules."

"They're a mite on the small side," Charley admitted. "But if the britches are high-water, they show off his blue socks and buttoned shoes to an admirable advantage. Hercules shaved off his beard too."

We all stared.

Charley nodded vigorously. "I speak the gospel—his beard's gone plumb clean from his face. You'd never know him. He looks like one of them stage-door Jimmys. A city dude, for sure."

None of us said anything as my father took up the reins and we started down the canyon on the long drive. I guess we all felt sad. I was thinking that it must have been the beard Hercules and Athena were fussing about that day at the cabin.

AT last my father said, "Well, the old order passeth. But just because Hercules has shaved his whiskers is no cause for tears." And when nobody commented, he added half to himself, "Guess I don't look as fancy as I might for a high-toned celebration."

I thought he looked all right. He had polished up his miner's boots, and his big hat had been brushed clean of dust, and his mustaches were scissored very trim.

Except for Emmy looking so doleful, it was a nice ride. The road wound around the mountains, with sometimes a thousand-foot drop-off, and wormed its way down where Six-Mile Creek tumbled white over boulders and swirled black in pools. In those twelve miles we went down four thousand feet, with the horses holding back more than pulling.

It was getting on toward eleven when we came out of the canyon toward the plains and saw the town snuggled pretty up against the foothills. Bunting hung everywhere. But that wasn't what made the place look so different. It was the store fronts. And the people.

The last time I had been there, the summer before, it was modern, with nice stores and saloons outlawed and no gambling anywhere.

Now all had changed. Log slabs had been nailed to building fronts, and Colorado Street was a mass of saloons and gambling halls, with signs such as "Last Chance Saloon."

And the people! The men all wore whiskers and heavy belts with holstered guns.

Just then a half dozen fierce-looking men rushed into the street. A couple of them stopped our team, and the others peered at father.

"You'll pass," one of them grinned. "We won't toss you in the fountain."

"Jerry Bledsoe," my father said, "have you gone crazy? What's the meaning of a hardware man like yourself wearing whiskers and packing a gun?"

Bledsoe chuckled.

"Why, this is Pioneer Day. Every man has to dress the part—to look like the Old West. That's why we decorated these store fronts—they're not actual saloons and gambling hells, of course. It's all in fun. We've been growing whiskers for a month, and any man who won't dress the part gets tossed in the fountain. But you'll pass. It's a right nice get-up you've worn, so go ahead and have fun."

The surrey started.

"Now what could he mean," my father asked aloud, "about my get-up being right nice?"

The surrey stopped again, for we were approaching the courthouse and there was a snarl of buggies and wagons ahead. And a whole mob of men, all packing guns, were swaying to and fro near the fountain.

There was a lot of yelling and laughing.

And then, in the midst of that mob, towering head and shoulders above it, I beheld a blond giant of a man, and because he was clean shaved, it took me a second to recognize Hercules. He was doing his best to heave off his attackers, but they were too many. As I watched, he toppled, and a great splash came from the fountain.

"Got to wear whiskers!" somebody yelled. "No Sunday clothes allowed today."

The mob cleared a path as Hercules emerged, water running from his ears, water streaming from his store-bought finery. He looked baffled, dazed, and then he went striding over to a very stricken-looking Athena Irwin.

What he said to her I didn't hear, but it didn't last long. He didn't look so angry as saddened. Then he turned and strode away, looking neither right nor left, walking past the saloon signs and gambling-house signs on Colorado Street, toward the canyon, toward the hills. It is said he didn't stop walking till he reached his cabin. I know for a fact that Athena had to drive the rented buggy back to Gold Run by herself.

MAYBE she tried to explain later. I don't know. Maybe at last Hercules understood that Chicago Springs, on any ordinary day, had changed for the better. He must have, for after he married Emmy they went there several times a year. Maybe Athena even made him understand that she hadn't known about the rule that men should wear whiskers and no Sunday clothes. I don't know.

But this I do know, when we arrived home that evening Hercules was sitting on our porch waiting. None of us said anything to him about his humiliation, and he didn't mention it either.

We went to bed early that night, my mother and father and I. We were tired from the celebration, all but Emmy. She didn't seem tired at all, or sad either. She sat up in the parlor with Hercules, and he didn't leave till nigh onto the middle of the night—it must have been almost ten o'clock.

He always has favored the timber and the high mountains over the town, Hercules has, as maybe any of us would if we were so big and needed lots of air for our lungs and lots of room for our shoulders. Maybe he has been something of a hermit, but he's been a mighty fine husband for Emmy too. And, if I do say it, a very satisfactory brother-in-law.

THE END

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## THE CASE OF THE MISSING BODY

Continued from Page 33

"She did," Mrs. Gandy said, thin-lipped. "I never saw her without it."

Inspector Shale returned it to the towel and pointed to another blackened object. "This, I would say, was a girdle. That, what is left of a pair of high-heeled shoes. But this—" he picked a bit of twisted metal from the towel and pointed to the four smoke-smudged teeth still clinging to it, "is what is really going to get you into trouble, Ruel. Look. I'm just a poor ignorant cop. You might be able to convince me that a good-looking thirty-nine-year-old woman would run away from home leaving all her known clothes in a closet except the dress these buttons came from. You might even be able to convince me she would leave her girdle and hair thing behind." His face grew red with anger. "But I'll be damned if you can convince me that she'd leave without her bridgework." His grip on Ruel's arm tightened. "All right. Stop stalling. *What did you do with her body?*"

"NOTHING. I know nothing about this," Ruel protested truthfully. He stared at the bridgework. It was Martha's. He had seen it a hundred times in the six months of their marriage. She was forever removing it, claiming it was uncomfortable. "And I don't know how those things got into the incinerator."

"No, I'll bet you don't!" Before Inspector Shale could stop her, Martha Ruel's one and only friend raked her nails down Ruel's cheek. Tears spurted from her eyes. "What did you do with Martha's body, you dirty killer, you?"

A plain-clothes man caught Mrs. Gandy's arm.

Shale said, "If he refuses to tell us what he did with the body, we'll probably have to search the canyons. It's a cinch he killed her." A wise and knowing officer, he discounted the jealousy theory. "How much was your wife insured for, Ruel?"

Ruel's moment of fear had passed. He had been foolish to be afraid. Shale was bluffing. Without a body, unable to prove a motive for gain, the man wouldn't even dare to arrest him. "Not one dime," he answered triumphantly.

The inspector consulted Mrs. Gandy. "How about that?"

The woman admitted her friend had never mentioned insurance. "But," she said, "she did tell me once that she had a fifty-acre farm and ten thousand dollars in war bonds when she married Mr. Ruel."

"Ah," Shale beamed. "Now we are getting places. Where was this farm?"

"She didn't say. But I know she had the bonds. And from the way she talked, I believe she kept them in the house."

Shale's smile widened. Still holding Ruel by the elbow, he guided him toward the back door of the small bungalow. "Let's see what we can find, huh, Ruel?"

Composed again, Ruel shrugged. "By all means, officer. Tear the house apart. I'll help you. But you are making a big mistake. If something has happened to Martha, it wasn't my doing." He forced tears to his eyes. "Martha was my wife. I loved her."

"Yeah. So you've told us," Shale said dryly. Seating his prisoner in a kitchen chair, he began his search with the kitchen shelves.

Ruel followed his progress, amused. Life was a funny proposition. He had murdered three women with impunity. He had intended to murder Martha as soon as the bonds, if they existed, were in his hands. But Shale was barking up the wrong tree. He himself had searched the house a dozen times. If Martha was dead, if someone else, someone out of the past she refused to discuss, had beaten him to the chore, that someone had the bonds. And that was fortunate for him. He couldn't afford an arrest. He couldn't afford to have his former marriages scrutinized too closely. Poison remained in bodies for years. Disinterred by a zealous fool like Shale, Olga's and Hazel's bodies might still send him to the gas chamber. But Shale would find nothing incriminating in his present search, would be forced to admit defeat and go away. A smile on his lips, Ruel watched Shale unscrew the lid of the coffee can—

MORNING was full when Martha Ruel awakened. Starting guiltily, she felt of her braid with one hand while her other hand fumbled on the table, found and popped her bridgework into her mouth. Hubert looked so pained when she forgot them. Then she remembered. The other half of the bed was unoccupied. Hubert had gone to Santa Barbara. Today was hers. Today she could be forty-nine. Today she wouldn't have to pretend.

Removing the bridgework, she lay back reveling in the knowledge, listening to the quickening sounds of the new day. They never varied. Cars roared by, both ways. City folks were always in a hurry.

She wondered why, and a wave of nostalgia swept her. Back home the morning would be silent with the exception of the twittering of the birds, the clucking of the hens. Instead of spent carbon monoxide wafting through the window there would be the fragrance of honeysuckle and the clean pungent smell of pine. The thought was almost a physical pain.

To combat it she got out of bed and, ignoring her girdle, padded barefooted to the kitchen and put a pot of coffee to boil. Good strong he-man coffee, the kind John had liked, not the colored water Hubert insisted on. A shame Hubert was so delicate, in more ways than one.

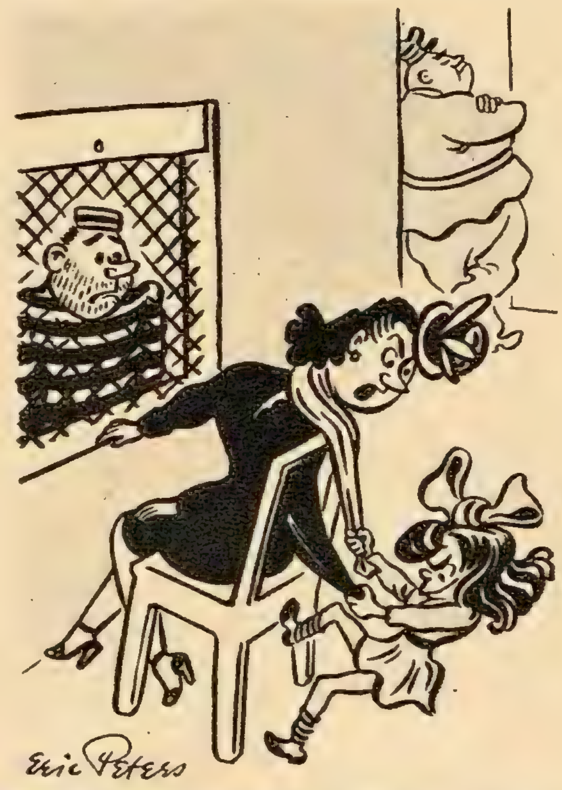
WHILE she waited for the coffee to boil she stared at the pepper tree in the back yard. It was the one nice feature of the place. Perhaps if she gave Hubert the money she had gotten for her bonds, he would be willing to move to the country. No. Hubert was a city man, a gentleman. He would invest the money in one of the mines or wells he was always talking about and try to make more money. As if anyone needed more than ten thousand dollars! The whole of Coon Hollow could live out their lives on that much.

She turned as the morning paper thudded against the front door and retrieved it from the stoop. Propping it against the sugar bowl, she glanced at the headlines listlessly as she drank her coffee. If there was to be another war it wouldn't find her working in an airplane plant. She'd had enough of that if she lived to be a hundred. Hurry here. Hurry there. Do this. Do that. No, thank you. She'd had four years of it. And what had it gotten her? A living, bunions, ten thousand dollars, and Hubert.

". . . I am a widow, unencumbered, blonde, good-looking, thirty-eight years old, with ten thousand dollars in war bonds and a fifty-acre farm. . . ."

Martha poured herself another cup of coffee and dunked a piece of bread in it. She should be ashamed of herself, lying like that to a gentleman like Hubert who had even brought her flowers while he was courting. But once a woman had been married, she got lonely living by herself, and what with the judge sending John up for life, she was certainly just as good as a widow. Eleven years wasn't much of a lie, and she did have ten thousand dollars and a farm. If Hubert hadn't gotten all he had bargained for, neither had she, for that matter.

(*Continued on page 76*)



"Now behave yourself. You don't want Daddy to be ashamed of you!"
LIBERTY

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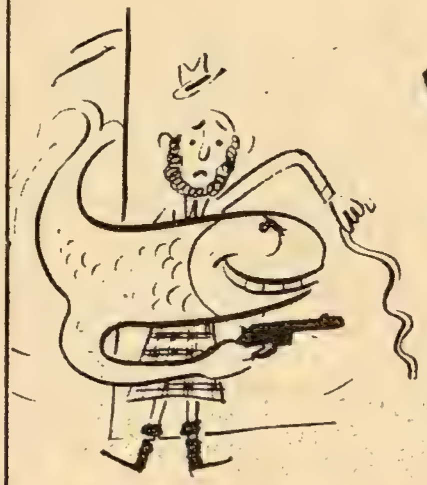

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# Liberty . . . OUT FEBRUARY 14TH

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*1–Fiction: articles: features
2–16 page picture section

*(Continued from page 74)*

The kitchen became suddenly unbearable and she carried her coffee and the paper out to the redwood chaise longue under the pepper tree. The few tangles of dried devil grass felt good to her bare feet. Her ample body bulged comfortably under her house coat. It was nice even for one day not to have to pretend to be thirty-eight and a lady.

The jay in the pepper tree began squawking, and she threw the remnant of coffee-soaked bread onto the apron of the incinerator. He swooped down, picked it up, and retreated to a fork of the tree.

And to hell with you, too, Martha thought.

She finished her coffee, lay back and stared up at the sky. It was winter back home now, real winter, with snow on the ground and the smokehouses bulging with hams and slabs of side meat. Here it was hard to tell one season from another. More roses bloomed in January than in June. All winter meant was rain. She felt the sun-baked earth. Heaven knew it could stand some rain. Things did grow profusely, but how they grew in such a soil she'd never know. A Coon Hollow farmer would starve to death out here. The ground was always either too hard or too wet to work.

HER hairpins bothered her. She removed them and her braid, then scratched her scalp vigorously. Now, that felt like something. If only she had a pinch of snuff—

She giggled as she visualized Hubert's shocked expression if he ever caught her dipping snuff. Poor Hubert. He got so little out of life. And he meant so well. He was always pulling out your chair for you, standing up when you walked into a room. At times she almost loved the little man. He tried so hard. She decided when he came back from Santa Barbara she would give him the money the bank had given her when she had cashed in her bonds. Perhaps he might stop harping at her then and not look so pained when she forgot her bridgework.

She sucked at the gap in her teeth. My land-a-daisy, John had never minded. And, drunk or sober, John was twice the man that Hubert was. Her flesh tingled at the thought. If life with John had been rough-and-ready, it had had its compensations. She closed her eyes and saw tall pines instead of palm and pepper trees. The squeal of a fiddle sprang out of nowhere and one bare foot patted time on the crusted hardpan:

Mush-a-ring-a-ring-a-rah!
Whack fol'd the dady O!
Whack fol'd the dady O!
Thar's whisky in the jug!

Martha sighed. There had been a tang to living with John. But with Hubert it was different. He never got drunk. He never beat you up. There were no bitter quarrels and flaming reconciliations. All there was was sunshine, three meals a day, Hubert, and boredom. Sometimes she wondered why she had ever written that letter to the Lonely Heart Club.

Sometimes she wondered why she had ever come to California. During the war it had been real exciting; at least she had thought so at the time. But with the exodus of her own kind back to the mountains and the prairies and the farms, she had been left stranded high and dry among a strange and alien people. She wondered what folks saw in California. Most of the houses didn't even have proper porches where you could sit and see what was going on. . . .

Her eyes closed, Martha slept. The sun was past high noon when she awakened, roused by the shrilling of the phone inside the house. Taking her cup and the paper with her, she padded back across the yard. She didn't know when she'd felt so refreshed.

* * *

**The Portuguese mayor of Estremadura it was who, in offering a reward for the recovery of the body of a drowned man, listed, as a means of identification, that "the deceased had a marked impediment in his speech."—*Webb B. Garrison.***

* * *

It was Sarah Gandy on the phone wanting her to go to something in the Bowl, something that some foreigner was going to sing. She knew she wouldn't enjoy it, but she said she would go. At least it was something to do. She agreed to meet Sarah on the bank corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue at eight o'clock, then sat yawning at the phone long after she hung up. Why in the name of time had she said she would go? Even thinking of shoes, especially high-heeled ones, made her feet ache. And Sarah, for all Sarah was her only friend, was almost as bad as Hubert. Going out with Sarah would involve doing up her hair and putting on her girdle, to say nothing of her bridgework.

For what? To hear some long-haired Eyetalian sing words that didn't make sense and watch a bald nervous man with a switch in his hand try his best to make a sorry lot of musicians play together. None of the bands she had heard at the Bowl could hold a candle to the band that played at the county fair back home.

Sighing, she added her coffee cup to the dirty dishes in the sink. She must remember to wash them some day when she got time. Where did time go? Here it was almost four o'clock. By the time she had a snack to eat it would be time to dress and go meet Sarah.

She spread a piece of bread with cold bacon drippings and, munching on it, laid out her green dress with the gold buttons and found her high-heeled shoes. Then she turned on the water in the tub.

The cold water felt good to her feet and she sat on the edge of the tub soaking them blissfully as she read the movie column in the paper. It was almost as good as wading in the branch. Still reading the paper, she reached across the tub for the soap and cut the flesh between her thumb and forefinger badly on the sharp-edged soap holder. Damn. She'd meant to tell Hubert a dozen times that the thing was dangerous. And now see what had happened. Blood was spurted all over the wall and running down between the tub and the tile. Plastering a piece of bathroom tissue on the cut, she wet a piece of newspaper and mopped at the wall and the crack. A good thing Hubert wasn't here: the sight of blood always made him queasy.

In the bedroom her cut thumb continued to bleed as she tried to dress. It got all over her shoes and stockings and on her girdle and even on the buttons of the green dress that Hubert had insisted on buying her. If only she had a cobweb!

AT last, defeated, she sat down on her bed and cried. She would have to phone Sarah at the downtown store where Sarah worked, and tell her she couldn't meet her. The phone number was on their ad. She had just been looking at it.

Holding her right hand with her left, she got the paper from the bathroom and spread it on the bed. It was then she saw the item, tucked away on one of the back pages:

". . . Over the protests of the newly established parole board and the better elements in the state, among the lifers whom the governor granted full holiday pardons were Matt White, Sam Lait, John Tolliver . . ."

Her mind and eyes stopped on the name. *John was being pardoned.* Even now he might be climbing the trail up Old Baldy to the cabin, expecting to find her there. And here she was two thousand miles away married to another man. Well, not exactly married.

There was no indecision now. She knew what she was going to do. If she could get a train or bus tonight, she could be back in Coon Hollow in three days. She glanced at the paper again. No. John wasn't climbing Old Baldy. He was being pardoned Christmas Day. She could even beat him home, have a pot of squirrel stew bubbling on the hearth.

Her mouth watering at the thought, she tore off the green dress and grunted out of her girdle. John wouldn't approve of such folderols. He would think that she had gotten uppish. He would want her just as she had been when he had left.

*"Hi there, old woman,"* he would call, and grab her.

Trembling like a bride, she added the high-heeled slippers and her bridgework to the green dress and the girdle and wrapped the whole in paper.

There was no use packing a bag. John wouldn't approve of slacks or play suits or dresses that came to her knees. She searched frantically in the closet for her old gray dress and coat and flat-heeled work shoes. They fitted her nowhere and felt fine. Where nature had intended her to bulge, she bulged.

She felt better than she had for six years. But she must be fair to Hubert. She could at least leave him a clean house. Wrapping her cut thumb in an old rag, she swept and scoured and polished. As she worked, one toe tapped constantly:

Mush-a-ring-a-ring-a-rah!
Whack fol'd the dady O! . . .

The blood-splattered bathroom gave her the most trouble, but she scrubbed the tub and the wall until they glistened. A stubborn smear remained in the crack, but she doubted Hubert would notice it.

FINISHED, she surveyed her work and found it good. Outside, night had fallen. In an hour she should be meeting Sarah. She giggled as she carried out the bundle of blood-stained clothes, jammed it down on top of the papers already in the incinerator, and touched a match to them. In an hour she would be getting on a bus or train to go back home to John. She had no fear that either Hubert or Sarah would trail her down. She had never mentioned Coon Hollow. At first she had been ashamed to. Then it had become a shrine sacred to her own heart.

She locked the back door and was starting out the front when she remembered the money. My land-a-daisy, she was daft! She retrieved it from its hiding place, started to put it in her purse, then stared at the packet of bills thoughtfully.

Could she explain so much money to John? She doubted it very much. A thousand dollars, perhaps. But not ten thousand. No man in Coon Hollow had that much. John would think she'd done something bad. Besides, he had always been a great hand to support his own family. That was how he had come to shoot the nosy deputy who had caught him "moonshining" up the branch.

Regretfully she separated a thousand dollars from the packet and put it in her shabby purse. Then her face brightened. What was she feeling bad about? She had meant to give it all to Hubert. This way she had gained a thousand dollars. And this much money would keep John and her for the balance of their lives.

Her toe tapping again, she surveyed the house for a safe place to leave the nine thousand dollars, a place where Hubert would be certain to find it. In his way, he had been good to her. He had bought her a dress and flowers and candy. She owed him this much and more.

The money should compensate him for his loss. It probably would. But, being feminine, she also hoped that he would sometimes think of her and miss her as she decided on a hiding place—the coffee can.

THE END

"Big foot or little foot," I tell her, "your brake lining's right for both"

"Joe," she asks, "there's a funny noise in my front wheels. Does that mean new brake lining?"

"No," I grin, "but I better check your wheel bearings. Your car is eight years old, but your brake lining is good for a lot more mileage. Remember what I told you when I installed that Grizzly lining last year?"

"Yes-s," she says, thinking a minute. "You told me I wouldn't have to worry about brake adjustments, that I'd get quick, smooth stops with—how did you say it—a 'soft' pedal?"

"Well, was I right?" I ask.

"You certainly were," she assures me. "I've had wonderful luck with my brakes and—"

"It's not luck," I interrupt. "It's know-how! For over 30 years Grizzly Brake Lining has given all kinds of drivers the same fine performance that you are getting—that's why the Grizzly people say it meets both 'Big Foot' and 'Little Foot' requirements."

"You're certainly proud of your Grizzly Brake Lining," she smiles. "And from my experience I can see why!"

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**BRAKE LINING**
WHEREVER BRAKES ARE SERVICED

# PARADISE WITH SERPENT

Continued from Page 42

the spot in case that plane comes in on short notice."

"Don't you want me to move back?" Schmidt asked dutifully. "Berry's on tonight, but—"

"No, thanks. Good night, Miss Forrester."

"Wonder what's gnawing at the Old Man's vitals," Mike Sloan said. "Native customs, eh? Maybe his bungalow's haunted. Leave us now sing All God's Chillen. On your mark. Get set . . .

"I got shoo-ooes,
You got shoooes . . ."

Diana swung into a guitar accompaniment. Lieutenant Everly's baritone came in on the refrain:

"Heb'nnnnn
Heb'nnnnn—"

She shifted her knee out of reach of the hand Mike Sloan had laid on it.

"Ev'ybody talkin' 'bout heb'n ain'
goin' thah."

BILL WILLOBY was at his desk in the headquarters building when Lieutenant Schmidt brought the Rev. Paul Edgett in and introduced him. Broad and muscular and bronzed, dressed in a tan shirt and shorts, he was more like a vacationing athletic coach than Bill's idea of a missionary.

The clasp of his big hand was firm. He said, "Well, captain! I've been looking forward to meeting you."

"I've been wanting to meet you, too, sir, but I don't think Lieutenant Schmidt should have bothered you tonight."

"No bother. I heard you were looking for me, so I asked the lieutenant to drive me over."

"You're very kind. We'll have the telephone in your house tomorrow and that'll simplify things. It won't connect you with anyone but us. But I'll authorize you to use any of our phones on the island. Come and sit down, sir. Schmitty, you needn't wait. Take the jeep and leave me the sedan, and I'll drive Mr. Edgett home."

The missionary took the chair beside the desk. He brought a squashed wad of papers from his pocket. "Shall we get our official business out of the way, captain? Let's see. Here's General Hussey's informal note, telling you I'm all right and asking you to be kind to me and my family. Which, by the way, you have been—your officers and men, on your behalf."

He sorted out other things. "Ah! The formal letter from South Pacific Island Command; identification documents—"

"All I need is the letter from SPIC, short title for South Pacific Island Command. Saves a lot of syllables." Bill glanced at the letter. "Fine. This gives us a complete list of your family."

"I should explain," Mr. Edgett said, "that the Edgetts are more or less permanent residents, but my sister-in-law is only a visitor. She expects to go back to the States this fall."

"Oh, I see."

"Poor child," the missionary said. "She came out to spend a couple of months with Mrs. Edgett in the autumn of 1941. Expected to be back in Philadelphia for Christmas. Stayed just about a week too long. Well. Does that dispose of official business?"

"Yes, sir. Care for a cigarette?"

"No, thanks, captain." He smiled as Bill lighted a cigarette.

"I want you and Mrs. Edgett and Miss Forrester to come over for cocktails as soon as we get shaken down a little," Bill said. "We just moved today—the officers—into the bungalows on the hillside."

"I used to visit them a good deal in the old days. Poor old Sutter, the company agent. Did you know the Japs beheaded him?"

There was a pause. Bill Willoby took the plunge. He said, "Look here, sir, I've got an awful mess on my hands, and I want to ask your advice. You must know the islanders pretty well—I mean their conventions and customs and—"

"I ought to. What's the trouble?"

He was a good listener. He sat perfectly still, his sea-blue eyes on Bill's, his bronzed face serious.

"Yes," he said, when all the facts were in, "I see the position. What do you plan to do?"

"I don't know, sir. I don't want to send her back to be beaten and run out of town. And I can't afford to keep her."

"Mmmm. You did accept her, of course, when you went through the ceremony. She becomes your property, exactly as if she were a dog or a pig. She has no rights."

"Then why can't I just turn her loose?"

"You can, of course, but it would be an insult to Jilouili, who considers that he has made you a magnificent gift, sending his own niece—"

"But if I explain to Jilouili—"

"I'm afraid this is no private transaction between you and Jilouili. There'd be a tremendous loss of face. He sends you one of the most desirable virgins on the island—"

"Virgins?"

"Oh, yes. As a suitable gift—"

"Everything happens to virgins," Bill said. "I mean, they're chained to rocks, they're thrown to the lions, they're sacrificed to bring rain. It'd be a lot easier to use cold logic, if she were fat and ugly and about twenty years older." He met Mr. Edgett's eyes and added hastily, "She's so—gentle and pretty."

MR. EDGETT stared, unwinking. "There's one possibility. If you want a compromise between allowing the girl to stay in your house or sending her back to the king—"

"A compromise?"

"About a hundred yards up the hill from your bungalow there's a native hut. If you install the girl there, she'll still be part of your household — to satisfy Jilouili — yet far enough to satisfy convention."

Bill leaned forward. "Say!"

"Then, if you like, she can do your housework. She would find that perfectly natural and it would explain her presence. I don't know. It's what I'd recommend—*if* you consider it—wise."

"But that's the answer! I'll arrange it the first thing in the morning. I don't want to bother her now, but—"

"She'll be able to shift for herself," Edgett said. "Food is so easy to get and they live very simply."

"I can't thank you enough, sir."

"Don't thank me at all." The missionary laughed suddenly. "A man in my position gives so much advice and sees so little of it taken. Well, captain, it's getting late."

"Would you like me to drive you home now, sir?"

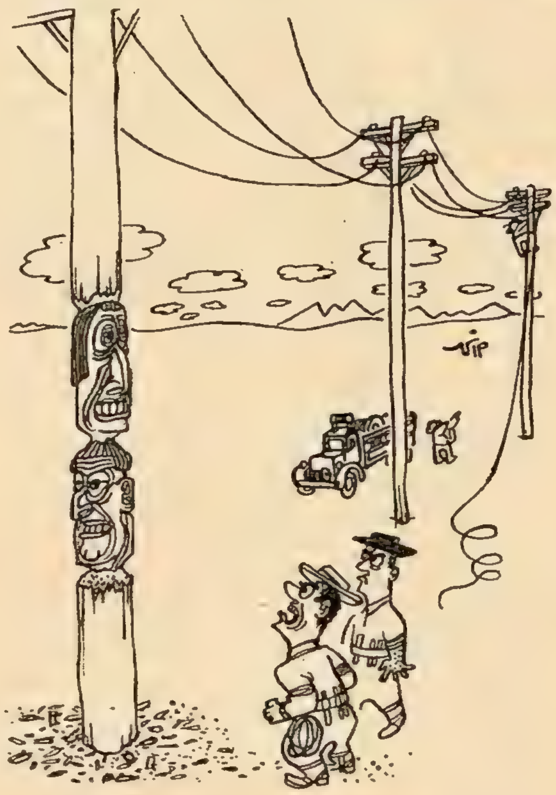
"If it's not too much trouble."

"You saw my instructions. I'm to offer you 'all practicable assistance and co-operation.' So far, I've been asking for it."

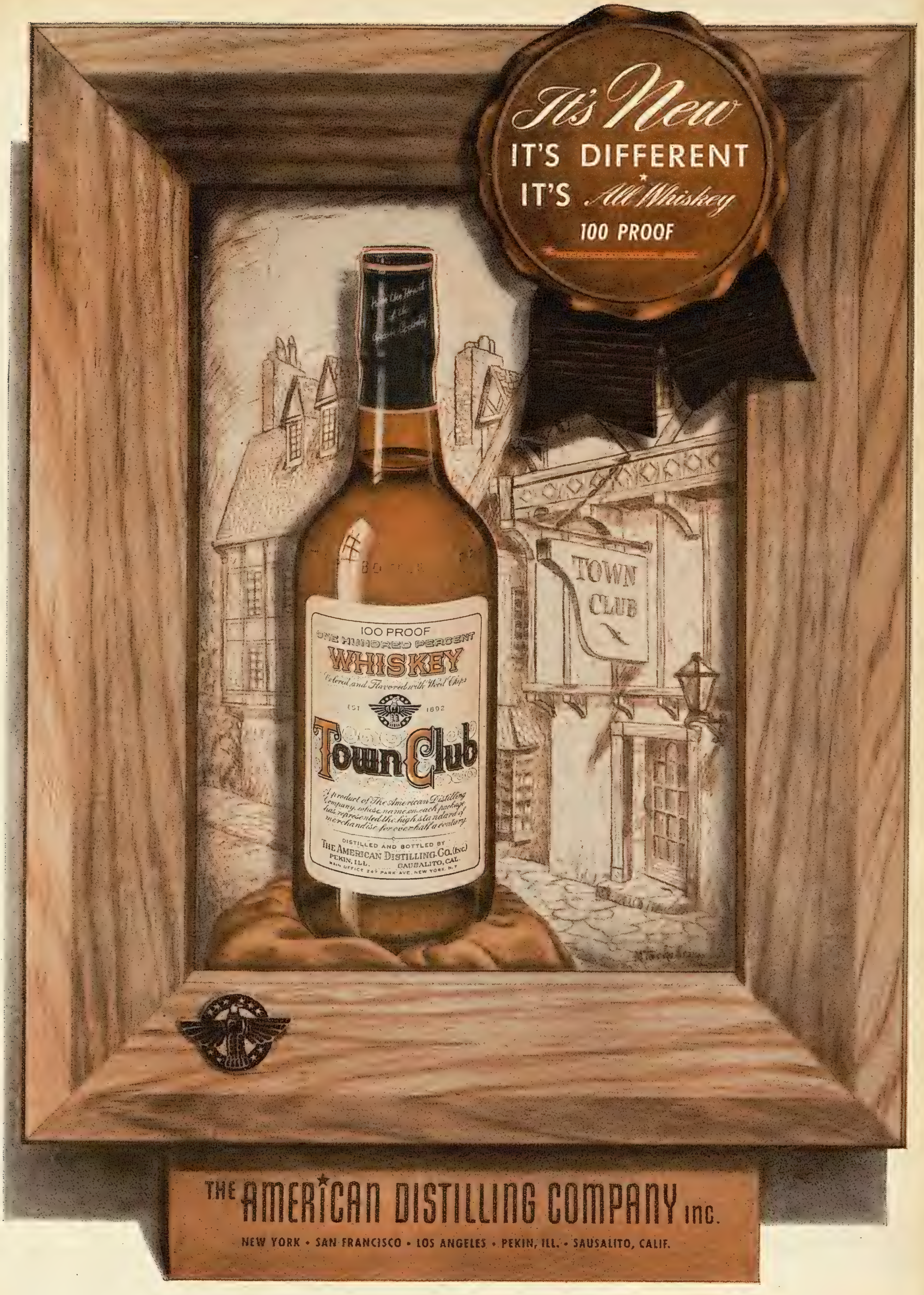
"If there's any way I can help you," Mr. Edgett said as they went out to the car, "please tell me. If you need an interpreter, Mrs. Edgett and I are entirely at home in the native language and Diana has picked up quite a lot of it. Do you know it?"

Bill started the motor. "Not a word. I've never been in this part of the Pacific before. I'd like to have a long session with you some day soon, when you can spare the time. Besides being commanding officer of troops, I'm Allied Military Governor, and I've got a trunkful of instruc-

(*Continued on page 80*)



"Oh, darn those Indians!" LIBERTY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(*Continued from page 78*)

tions and directives and questionnaires."

The car rode the pontoon bridge, with a soft rumble of planking.

"For instance," Bill said, "I'm to make a report on the present form of government and its evolution during the past hundred years. I take it it's an absolute monarchy, with—"

"Oh, no. Far from it. I'd call it"—he paused and laughed a little—"a limited anarchy. As long as things go well, there's no government at all. Property rights and personal privileges are fixed and protected by custom. When there's a disagreement, the chiefs come in. Otherwise there's no sign of government."

"Then what's the king for?"

"He's only the chief chief. There are half a dozen regional chiefs, and friend Jilouili presides over them."

"A sort of cabinet?"

The missionary laughed again. "They meet once every lunar month, in the third quarter of the moon. They drink ni-poa together and sing and dance and argue. Usually for an afternoon and a night. Disagreements are settled, dissolved in ardent spirits."

"Doesn't anybody get hurt?"

"What is done is without prejudice, and no outsider ever hears of it." Mr. Edgett laughed.

Bill pulled the sedan up beside the Edgetts' footbridge. He asked, "How are the chiefs chosen? We're supposed to hold a free election for AMG."

"Oh dear!" said Mr. Edgett. "Come in and have a nightcap."

The other cars were gone. Bill followed the missionary. Diana Forrester was in her chair, reading.

"Hello," Mr. Edgett said. "Where's Joan?"

"In the kitchen. Hello again, Captain Willoby."

"The captain and I are going to have a nightcap, Diana. Will you join us?"

"I'll take a glass of water."

"That's easy. A Tom Collins, captain?"

"Sounds fine, sir."

WHEN her brother-in-law had gone, Diana said, "Your young gentlemen left early, talking bitterly about your passion for early rising."

"We try to get things done before the real heat of the day. Exercises and a swim before breakfast. We don't start office work till half past eight. We quit at five, and that gives us a nice long evening." He sat on the end of the sofa.

"There's something I want to talk to you about, captain, if I can trust you not to be too polite," Diana said.

"It says in the book that I'm an officer and a gentleman, but I'll try to restrain myself."

"I've been wondering whether you've got any job in your office that I can do. Not for pay but just to keep me from getting too stupid. I'd be much happier if I had some useful occupation. You see, I took a stenography course at home, and I worked as a volunteer for the Red Cross in Australia. I'm not terribly good at it, but I'm passable and—What on earth's the matter?"

Jewels
Serrano

"Did you advertise for an appraiser?"
LIBERTY

"Matter?" he murmured.

"You look as if you were going to faint."

"I am. Do you mean you're a stenographer-typist?"

"Yes. Or I can do any kind of secretarial work."

"If I turned a little green," Bill said, "it was just—you know, the way a starving man faints at the sight of food. If there's one thing we need more than anything else, it's a stenographer. I've got a youth who says he's had a year and a half of commercial high school. I think he was born with two heads and had one amputated—the one with the intelligence. He— Say! I've got authority to hire civilian employees, too. I can put you on a government payroll and—"

"Really, I don't care about pay."

"I do. I don't know just how much it is, but if it were two hundred a week, it still wouldn't express our gratitude. When can you commence?"

"Any time at all, I suppose."

"We don't need you before eight thirty tomorrow morning. I'll arrange to have you called for every morning and driven back every evening. I'll keep Kolta on—he's my two-headed corporal—to assist you. When can you really start?"

"Tomorrow morning, if you say so."

"Will you? I'll call for you. At eight twenty. Is it a deal?"

"Will you promise to fire me if I'm not good enough at it?"

"Out of hand. Of course you'll be the only girl among ten officers and nearly three hundred enlisted men. You may have to fight 'em off from time to time."

"After what I went through with the Allied armies in Australia, I think I can manage."

"'Single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints,'" Bill quoted.

"Oh, I know you have to make allowances. Half of them were to be shipped out any minute and expected to be killed. The others had got through somehow and they'd been wounded or shocked—terribly hurt, one way or another—and they wanted to forget it. I understood—but it wasn't much fun."

"If you have any trouble with our men, just let me know." He looked at her and said, "Of course, you invite trouble."

She sat up straight. "I *invite*—"

"There's no excuse for being so pretty."

The dimple reappeared in her left cheek. She said, "Oh. And where do I file a protest, if I have trouble with you?"

"With the commanding officer."

"Who's that?"

"Me. Or you can go to my superiors through channels."

"How do I do that? It's as well to know these things."

"Yes indeed. Address a letter to the commanding general—and send it through me."

"You seem to be in a key position."

"Oh, I'm the one to be careful of."

"Lieutenant Sloan says you're serious-minded."

He frowned. "I wonder," he said. "I hope not."

"Why not? There are worse things you could be."

He shook his head. "Serious-mindedness is an occupational disease with commanding officers. You see, whatever the C.O. does or says, he's setting somebody an example. When he makes a decision, within limits, it sticks. He has to think before he moves an eyelash. He can't ever relax. It's painful for everyone."

"But in a responsible position—"

"Besides, going serious-minded is only the beginning. First symptom of a terrible disease called *rigor brasshatis* or galloping pomposity. The gray matter decays. The voice grows louder and louder. The shoulders put forth silver oak leaves, then eagles. In the end, the victim has to be put away at a desk in Washington, where he helps decide War Department policy."

She was gratifyingly amused. "I had no idea it was so dangerous."

"Yes. That will be one of your duties: pointing out the signs of serious-mindedness."

Mr. Edgett came in from the kitchen with four glasses on a tray. "Sorry to be so long," he said. "Our domestic arrangements aren't perfected yet. Mrs. Edgett will be right out."

AT twenty-nine minutes past eight the next morning, Bill Willoby stood back and waved Diana Forrester before him into the office.

Lieutenant Schmidt scrambled from behind his desk. Corporal Kolta stood at attention.

"Good morning," Schmidt said. "So you're really going to be a civil servant."

"I'll try to be civil," she said, smiling.

"This is Corporal Kolta," Bill said. "You've heard me speak of him. . . . Miss Forrester, corporal."

"Good morning, ma'am."

"Miss Forrester's going to take over the stenographic work, Kolta." The miserable corporal looked as if he had a crumb caught in his throat. "You will do the clerical part. Miss Forrester will take your desk. Clean it out, and get yourself another without the typewriter thing. You will assist Miss Forrester."

"Yes, sir."

"Better start by showing her a lot of recent correspondence, so she can learn the form and get an idea of what we're doing. Tell Sergeant O'Brien Miss Forrester's to have the room and bath next to the O.D.'s—the one Lieutenant Sloan had—as a dressing room. I'll show her around as soon as I've—" He stopped short. "Wow! I forgot. The Edgett kids are coming over this afternoon, aren't they?"

"That's what we arranged," Diana said. "We could change it."

"Oh, no. Why don't you spend the morning getting used to things, and then we'll let you go home in the car to pick up the kids this afternoon. Schmitty, order a sedan to call for Miss Forrester here at about three forty."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going to have to run over to the bungalow and get it ready, in case of Miss Toland. Shouldn't be more than an hour. . . . Miss Forrester."

"Sir?" she said.

"Listen, you're not in the army. You don't need to say sir. Save sir for visiting generals. . . . One of the first things we've got to do is get your standing as a civilian employee worked out. Lieutenant Schmidt has all the forms. He'll help you fill 'em out, show you where—"

A TELEPHONE rang. Lieutenant Schmidt picked it up. "Headquarters. Lieutenant Schmidt. . . . O.K., sergeant. I'll arrange transportation. That's fourteen thirty today. Right? . . . Thanks."

"Radio message from Major Curwin," he said to Bill. "He and Miss Toland expect to land at our air strip at half past two."

Bill Willoby looked at his watch. "Schmitty, will you look after Miss Forrester? I've got a million and six things to arrange."

"Yes, *sir!*"

"O.K. I shouldn't be very long." He took his cap from the top of the file cabinet, smiled at Diana, and left.

---

*To be continued in the next issue.*

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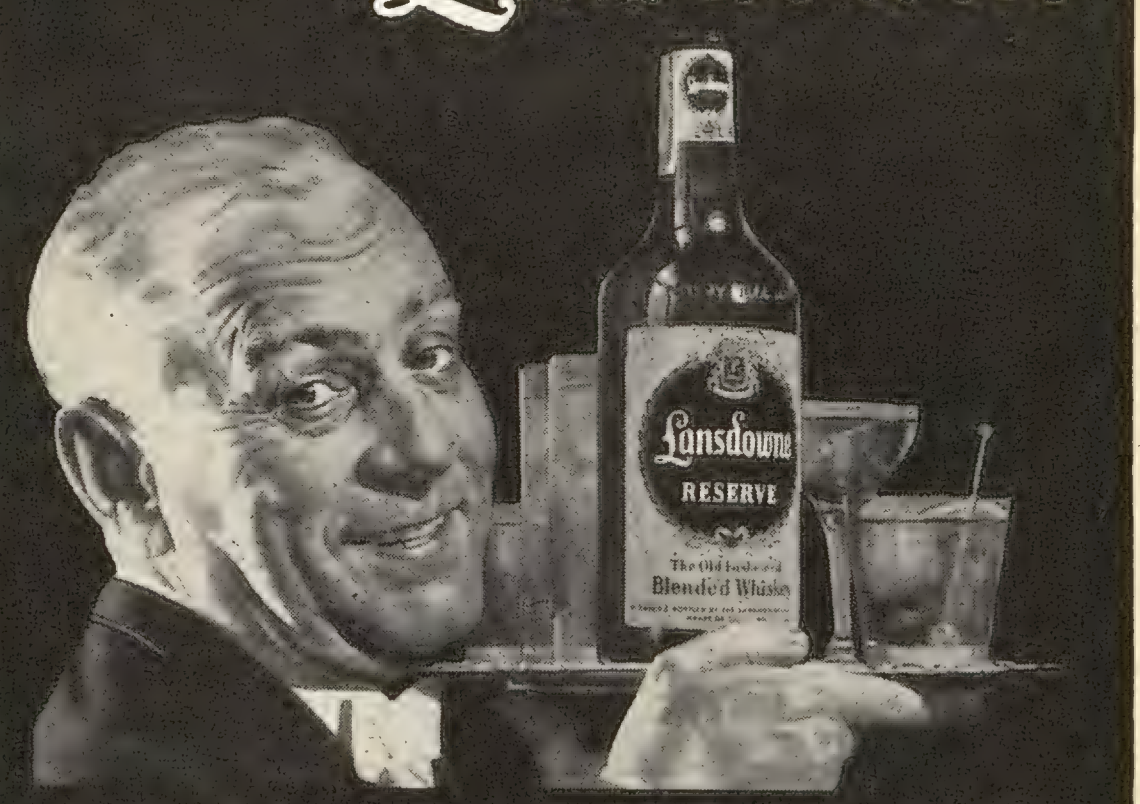

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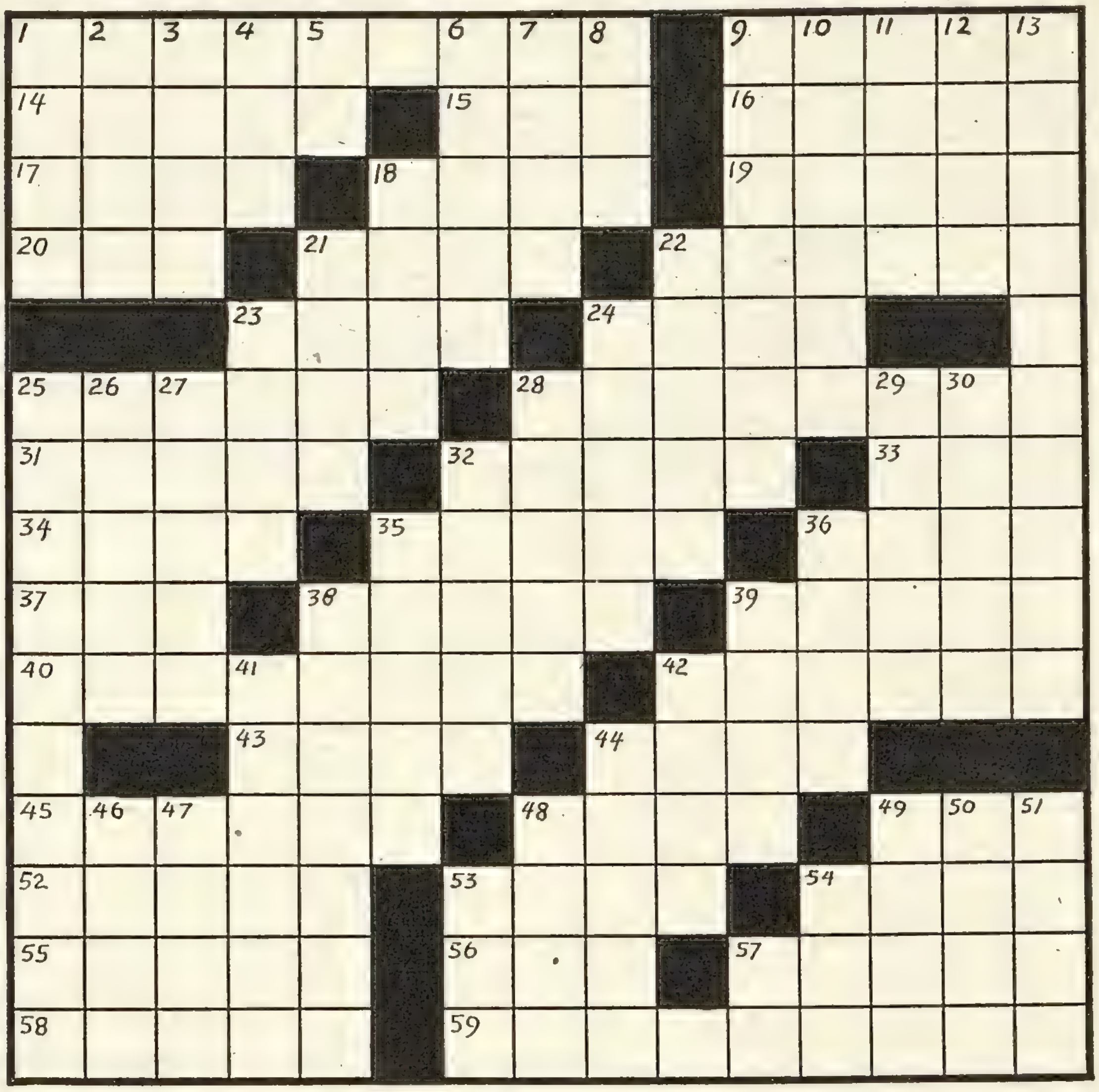
# COCKEYED CROSSWORD

Puzzle 408 BY TED SHANE 2/15/



### HORIZONTAL

1 Doughville, where the hand of welcome is outstretched face up (two words)
9 It's complaining of the shortage of hauntable houses
14 Flap the chops loudly and batter the breeze
15 Sea-hen fruit
16 To enjoy Silent Night, 'sbest to toss this out the window
17 Best thing to use to shut a pretty talkative girl's mouth
18 Famous last word
19 Grade A air
20 Vittle-ize the essential man
21 Clodhop
22 Oxford town from a distance
23 Spine-curling blood curdler
24 Anna, ex-glamor gal
25 What the Xmas tie doth loudly where the vest begins
28 Caviar m'f'er
31 Permanent deposit in the vice vault
32 The unintelligentsia
33 Vodka Reddens Convictions (abbr.)
34 One hunk
35 Lots of old heels are running round with these worn-out things
36 Old-time court attendant and office boy
37 4-ever minus 5
38 Green winter bloomers
39 Phone to the moon
40 Speed, sir! (anag.)
42 Colored canaries
43 Employers
44 What Rover'd never think of doing to a burglar
45 Representatives at large
48 Household tyrants
49 Keystone Krime Konker
52 When the hula gal shook this, all Hawaii trembled

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February 1 answer

53 What men become after marriage
54 Escape mechanism (see Horizontal 31)
55 Brush pusher's color bearer
56 Pay dirt
57 Man with teabags under his eyes and gags'n his mouth
58 Lets it stand, backward or forward
59 Mechanical man, breeds like a robot, has no will to leave

### VERTICAL

1 Light jab
2 Super-hoot
3 What pay envelopes do longer than pay
4 Shave these off, have fewer plane crashes (abbr.)
5 Creative expression
6 Kind of plate big enough to hold a battleship
7 Most beautiful thing about the Michigan campus
8 Cackleberry bush
9 They're always in the dark, feeling their way about
10 Sophomoronic anticking
11 Smellevision commercial
12 What trigonometricians do on the . . . .
13 Bunion aesthetes. They leap about madly, reaching for higher things (two words)
18 O meomy!
21 British nose-elevator
22 What 9 Vertical do to their toes
23 The old violin's plaint
24 'S digits
25 The Witaminless Woiks at Ptomaine Ptavern (two words)
26 Ocean greyhound, now has air-minded relative
27 All lit up like an 1890 Xmas tree
28 They've got to be thick in order to understand policemen
29 Duck Mr. Snyder's demands
30 G*roan* box (anag.)
32 Flesh hangers; outstanding things about Mr. Sinatra
35 Bone holders
36 What city fathers continually do to city streets
38 Rewollowers
39 Victorian Nuts!
41 Time Ma Nature dons her prettiest technicolors
42 The meal to the gourmet
44 Because of Communist influence, this French overhead's gone into the red
46 This kid has a long white beard
47 Language *seer* spoke (anag.)
48 Essay land
49 Air-cooled slacks
50 Buy this, lower butter prices (adv.; abbr.)
51 Quaker Quollege
53 What the cave man had for Thanksgiving
54 What they say it's as hot as in Hades (abbr.)
57 Word Adam uttered after "I"

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

# HE-MAN ARTIST

Continued from Page 27

and the Elders were shown in Dallas, Texas, local leaders pleaded that they be put under wraps, away from the eyes of innocent school children. The St. Louis City Art Museum banned Susanna altogether on the grounds of being too nude. Susanna in all her nakedness has since been presented to the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco by an anonymous collector who paid $10,000 for her.

For two years after he painted Persephone, in 1939, Benton simmered along quietly. Then he went to New York for a trip. The Associated American Artists, who serve as his agents, sent word around that Benton would hold a mass interview. It didn't sound very newsy, but most of the papers, knowing Benton from other years, sent their best reporters up to the gallery. After all, Benton had once calmly given an interview while dressed only in his drawers. He'd been out in the rain and gotten sopping wet, so without any fuss he had taken off his clothes and spread them over the radiators to dry.

On this occasion Benton suddenly decided to sound off on the subject of museums. There didn't seem to be any sour grapes motivation, because he is one of the lucky few who has been recognized in his own time by some of the leading museums of the country: the Metropolitan, the Brooklyn, the Museum of Modern Art, the Kansas City, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Wanamaker Gallery.

"Go on, write it down," he urged one young man whose pencil was poised timidly in mid-air. "I'll tell you what's the matter with the art business in America. It's the third sex and the museums. The pretty boys with the delicate wrists and the swing in their gait run the museums because it's a field most living men wouldn't take on. Most of them hate my pictures. I wouldn't be in the museums at all if the people didn't demand my representation.

"Personally," he wound up triumphantly, "I'd rather have my pictures hang in privies where people could sit down and enjoy them."

EVERY newspaper and wire service in the country had the story, most of them as front-page news. The mortified Associated American Artists wouldn't let their irrepressible give another interview for two years. But Benton always seems to land on his feet. The museums bought more of his pictures than they ever had before. "Probably trying to prove they're normal," he says happily.

Benton goes at painting like a day laborer. He is up every morning at five, unwilling to waste a minute of light. Unless he is traveling, he goes directly to his studio—a reconverted stable a few steps behind his thirty-two room stone house—and works for ten, twelve, fifteen hours a day.

Smoke
Irwin Caplan

"Sorry, sir! Must be losing the old touch."
LIBERTY

He has always shown this drive and determination. In his early student days he would spend hours, night after night, month after month, breaking down the paintings of the old masters into geometric figures. Before he paints a mural, he will often painstakingly construct the entire scene with clay models. The public usually gets so whipped up over his subject matter that few realize, says Thomas Craven, the art critic, that underneath it lies the greatest sense of form since Rubens.

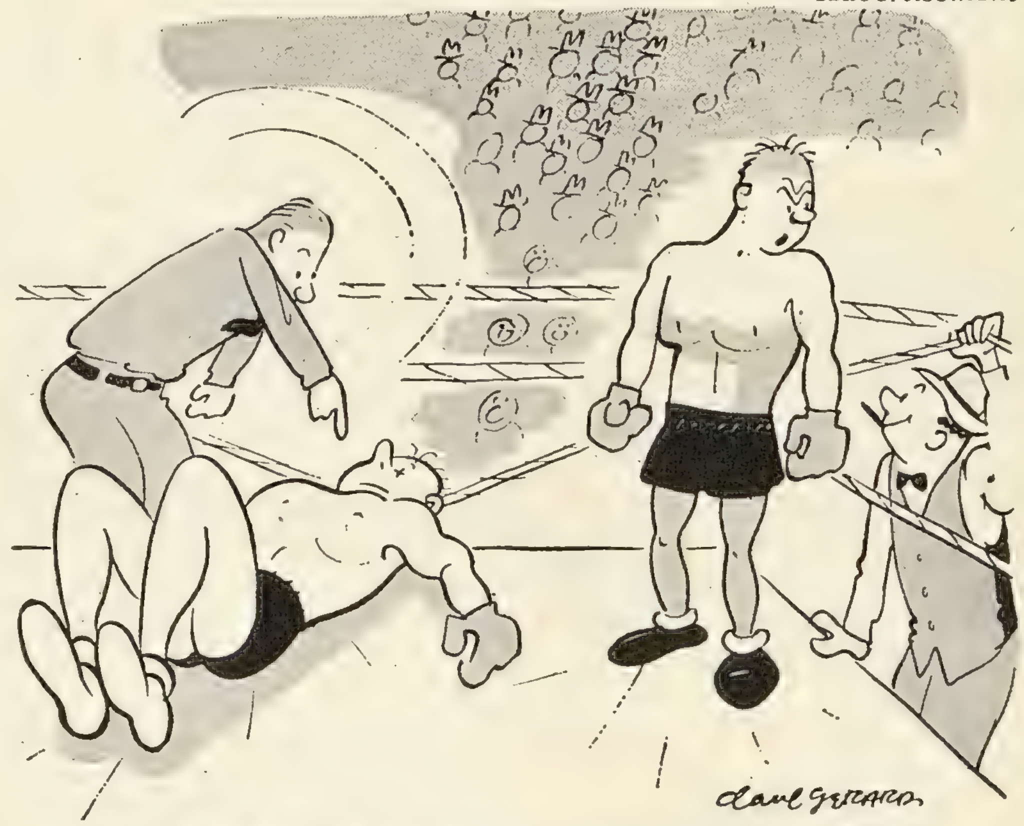
Craven describes Benton's work as three-dimensional. "Not an art of flat pattern, of surface against surface," he writes, "but of volume against volume, the most formidable of technical problems. The realism obtained thereby is overpower, and his murals seem to be a living occurrence, a drama unfolding before the spectator."

When he was thirty-three, Benton married one of his pupils, an eighteen-year-old girl named Rita Piacenza who had come to this country from Italy six years previously. The first summer they were married, he went off on one of his usual sketching trips. Six weeks later he returned home, having sent exactly one post card—to announce the date of his arrival. Rita never so much as asked where he had been. He has continued to go off and she has continued to hold her silence. "When he is deep in the Ozarks or on a Mississippi flatboat, I do not expect him to stop and look around for a post office." A look of old Latin wisdom comes into her eyes and she smiles enigmatically. "With a man like that, one must be very subtle to make it last twenty-four years."

The Bentons have two children, Jessie and nineteen-year-old Thomas, who is known by his initials, T. P. For a while Tom with the harmonica, Rita with the guitar, and T. P. with the flute had a musical trio. The trio broke down when T. P., who hopes to become a professional flutist, began to outstrip his parents so far in performance that they gave up in silent defeat. However, before that, Decca brought out an album of records titled Saturday Night at the Tom Bentons'.

Every summer the Bentons spend four months at Martha's Vineyard,

*Advertisement*



"He made some crack about putting me to sleep. I'd have missed my bedtime Wheaties!"

Bedtime is a swell time for Wheaties. Famous for your morning meal—a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties is just right for snacks. Light but filling, these toasted whole wheat flakes are downright delicious. *Also nutritious.* Try Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."

Massachusetts. From 1912, when he returned from Paris, until 1935, Benton made New York his home base. Then, with dramatic suddenness, he decided to return to Missouri. For two generations, ambitious sons and daughters of pioneer families had been trekking back east to seek fame and fortune. Now he was going west, where a man could really be creative. New York was getting too verbal for him.

"The town doesn't act any more; it talks," he complained. "People are getting the idea that if they can make a sentence that is logical, they have demonstrated a great truth. Even the pretty gals who ought to have their attention concentrated on their legs address you with a Do You or Do You Not Believe, and look at you contemptuously when they discover you don't believe anything."

Just as France was influencing the artistic circles on the eastern seaboard, so the East was dominating the cultural trends of the rest of the country.

He decided it was time to break it up.

The Kansas City Art Institute invited him to be its head. Students who were planning to go to New York changed their minds. Applications poured in from thirty-eight states to study under Tom, who found his own work growing fresher and more mature.

At first he was lionized; but it wasn't long before the outspoken Benton became a little too rich for Kansas City blood.

He announced with disillusion, "The groups that control the cultural institutions out there not only failed to support me; they repudiated me. They are rich, and a rich man doesn't want to be reminded that his background is mules and manure. He doesn't want a Benton hanging on his walls; he wants a Van Dyck." Ironically enough, his greatest patrons are expatriated Midwesterners. "They don't want to come back, but they're nostalgic for the old homestead, so they buy my pictures instead," he says.

Benton's attack on the museums was the last straw. The Institute neglected to renew his contract.

BUT Benton continues to live in Kansas City, because the rich folklore of the Mississippi Valley furnishes the real material and tone of his work.

"Missouri's outline from cotton in the South to the wheat in the northwest prairies touches about everything I'll ever have to say as an artist," Benton says.

But Benton is no art-for-art's-sake painter. Money and art, he feels, should never be separated. "No art ever came out of a garret," he declares. "You can't have any art unless someone pays for it. There just aren't enough artists who can afford to paint on their own."

THE END

# Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

PALE AND UNINTERESTING: A friend reports that it has taken her twenty years of married life to find out why her husband is so late at the office once every week or two that he eats his dinner en route. A considerate fellow, he kept to himself, until recently, his aversion to lamb stew, whose appearance on the dinner table he could predict would occur one or two days after the initial roast. He likes the taste of the stew, says he, but hates its pallid color. His wife is now considering rose-colored bulbs for the dining-room lights on stew evenings.

### TIPS FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

**Give her a hat by Lilly Daché,**
**A diamond bowknot by Cartier.**
**Or turn her feminine heart to jelly**
**With miracles wrought by Matchabelli.**
**She'll surely lean like the tower of Pisa**
**To "mink" mascara evolved by Aziza.**
**And if she has yens at all like mine,**
**She'll love "Heaven-Sent" by Rubinstein,**
**And Yardley powder, Old Spice sachet,**
**And Jasmine perfume by Tuvaché.**
**While Naylon polish, and Hudnut cologne,**
**And Revlon lipstick will make her your own.**
**She'd also like a generous share**
**Of powder by Harriet Hubbard Ayer.**
**Nor can you squawk that the lady's fussy,**
**If she should insist on creams by Tussy,**
**And Lenthéric compacts, and scents by Leigh**
**And Dana, Du Barry and Massenet.**
**She'll also think that your taste is dandy**
**If you should ply her with dates in brandy,**
**Or gowns by Sophie, or shoes by Joyce,**
**Or a Victor hat, or a new Rolls-Royce.**
**But dearest of all the lady's wishes**
**Is for plain white soap to wash her dishes!**

CUPID, THE MAILMAN: As our faithful mailmen stagger under their loads of valentines, they may reflect thankfully that the deliveries aren't quite so heavy as during the past Christmas season, when nearly two billion greeting cards poured in and out of Uncle Sam's post offices. According to the proprietor of a large New York stationery store, Mother will again be in line for the most expensive valentines. Men are pushovers for the high-priced sentiment and casually shell out as much as a buck for a tender offering involving doves, hearts, and forget-me-nots for Momma.

HOW TO MAKE JUNIOR DETEST SCHOOL: The surest way to make a child turn against kindergarten is to pester him with questions about what songs he sang, what games he played, and what pictures he drew. By the time every mailman, grocery clerk, delivery boy, doting relative, and department-store doorman on Junior's beat asks the tadpole, "How do you like school?" the lad reaches the boiling point through boredom and irritation. He becomes indignant both at his well-intentioned friends and at school. This puts additional strain on Teacher, who is one of Nature's Foremost Noblewomen to stick to her job of coping with thirty-odd hyenas simultaneously and actually managing to like it!

GREAT DAY FOR FLOWERS: St. Valentine's Day is a great day for roses and spring flowers miraculously forced into premature bloom by knowing horticulturists. It warms the heart to see sunny yellow daffodils on a sleety, blustery February day. But may I remind dutiful husbands that their wives would rather receive a modest gift of flowers several times a year than enormous unwieldy boxes on obvious occasions like birthdays, Easter, and St. Valentine's Day. Too many flowers at once are a strain on the household's supply of vases and on Momma's time, while a succession of smaller, weekly bouquets would keep the house bright and enable the recipient to clip the stems and change the water faithfully.

## PORT IN A STORM

Continued from Page 19

rain. There was nothing to say. They had used up all their gay flippancies the first two days, when they'd been so sure. They had used up their bitterness today before the rain and dusk descended. "We should have known there'd be a catch in it," Fred had said. The catch was that the college wouldn't take his enrollment unless he had living quarters. And tomorrow was the last day to enroll.

The trees dripped water down her neck. . . . Four lace tablecloths, eleven silver compotes, forty-eight wineglasses—but not an umbrella. . . . They beat their way through the rain, Miggs' head bent against it until the green feather in her beret gouged into Fred's chin.

His arm swept her up a gravelly dirt walk to a blur of yellow in rain and dusk. On the narrow porch Miggs stumbled over a bow and arrow. Another arrow, with its guiding feather gone, was stuck in the side of the house.

They couldn't see a doorbell. Fred was starting to knock when the door was almost yanked off its hinges by two little boys who shouted, "Come on in!" They had shining, beatific faces over mussed polo shirts and corduroys.

The room they stepped into was a smoky cluttered bedlam with a man's tense voice shouting through the radio, "Don't miss tomorrow's thrill-packed episode! Will Captain Midnight succeed at last in catching that archcriminal Ivan Shark?"

The room was dining room, living room, music room, rumpus room—oh, certainly a rumpus room. Narrow steep stairs went up out of it. A third of the room was given over to one of those affairs you see in catalogues called a circulating heater. From its open door coal smoke wafted into the room.

A YOUNG woman in a seersucker dress came hurrying in from the kitchen. She smiled at them. Miggs thought unbelievingly, I didn't know there was a warm bless-you smile like that left in the world.

"My goodness, come up to the fire," she urged. She shut the door of the heater, said in the same breath, "Paulie, shame on you—and Bing, too! You haven't been lighting sticks in the fire, have you?" She turned back to her dripping callers. "Here—my goodness, take off your hat. And your coats—you can put things on top without burning them."

Fred was saying, "A fellow told us you might take in a couple—"

Her eyes, her hands, became troubled indecision. "Well—I just thought maybe I ought to, with rooms so scarce—but I don't know. This room is off the kitchen. It has a nice big closet. But I had some folks in it this spring and they didn't get along with the boys here. Paulie, remember what I said about lighting sticks." She turned then, her eyes taking in Miggs' bulging figure and wan wet face. She reached out, grabbed her cold hands in an impulsive squeeze. "But I'll take you folks in. Oh, honey, I'd take you in if I had to give you my own bed."

Miggs thought for one awful moment that Fred was going to cry. So she filled in swiftly with what she was to realize later was the biggest lie of her life, "Your little boys are—sweet." Humbly, gratefully, worshipfully she and Fred followed Jeanie to look at the room.

"Everybody calls me Jeanie," the boys' mother said. "I wouldn't know who they were talking to if they called me Mrs. Kensig."

THEY followed her through a kitchen and into the boxlike bedroom off it. The boys had lunged past them. One of them leaped on the bed and yanked the chain of the dangling light. The double bed had a tufted blue spread; the dresser had once been green enameled. The rug had been cut out of the dubious best of a carpet, and the curtains were too skimpy to meet at the top.

"It's a lovely room," Miggs and Fred yelled over the radio that was loud even a room and a half removed. They had to lip-read what Jeanie was saying. Something about having to keep some of the boys' clothes in their closet. They didn't mind, they conveyed.

Jeanie was unbelievably, warmly open-handed. She was afraid of charging them too much. Maybe it would be easier on Miggs if they got the meals together and pro-rated the expenses, because her uncle in the country brought her in eggs and apples and things like that. When Fred mentioned his fluorescent study lamp, she told him he could move the desk in out of the front room and put it by their window.

Her tenderness reached out to Miggs. "Goodness, honey, you get those wet clothes off. Sit right down here. If your baby's coming around Christmas, you shouldn't be on your feet so much. I'll get you a house coat until your husband gets your luggage."

Fred departed happily through the rain for the luggage. Miggs sat contentedly on the one chair, slipping off wet shoes and shaking out her stockings. Suddenly she jumped to her feet with a scream of pain. She had sat on something burning. It was a stick with a smoldering end and it had burned through the navy-blue Anticipation dress, her slip, and pants, and left a dime-sized burn on her buttocks. But nobody heard her scream because the Lone Ranger was galloping off on Hi-ho, Silver. She wouldn't say anything. She'd mend the holes.

So she gratefully zipped herself into Jeanie's house coat with its great pink blossoms. Jeanie was fixing her some bananas and cream because when Jeanie used to have heartburn, that was just the ticket.

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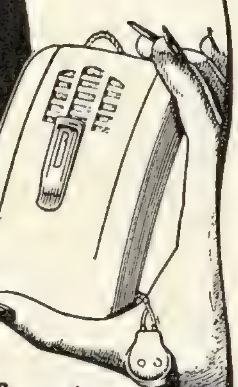

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The two little boys came dashing in with her coat and beret and dumped them on the foot of the bed. The beret rolled onto the floor and Miggs picked it up. It was just a round brown top with no green feather sticking through it at a forty-five-degree angle.

She asked the two, as they bumped into each other at the door, "But what happened to the feather?"

"Didn't see any feather," the younger one shouted. He was the spokesman. He was Paulie-shame-on-you. Paulie was seven. The other was Bing and, though he was a year older, he was Paulie's echo. "Didn't see any feather."

Miggs kept thinking about that green feather as she ate the banana and cream Jeanie brought her. . . . Why, of course! That arrow she had seen stuck on the side of the house. Arrows needed a piece of feather on the end for guiding lightness. . . .

But she'd be a fine one to go tattling to Jeanie when it was Jeanie's house coat that warmed her shivering body, when Jeanie's cream and bananas had doused her heartburn. When Jeanie's roof was over their heads.

By the end of the second day Miggs knew all about everything and everybody in the yellow house.

Betty and Norman were the couple upstairs. Norman was on his last year of pre-medic, with the long drag of medical and interneship still ahead. He was a gaunt serious chap with a resolute tired farsightedness in his eyes.

Betty was round-faced, a little chubby. She worked through the rush hours at the Campus Sweetshop. She was brightly, glibly bitter about this being a G.I. wife. "We are the cheated ones," she said. "We waited for them to get out of the war so we'd have a home. And now we're muddling along—kicked around—till they get through school. Still waiting."

Betty was waiting to have a baby, waiting to put out her Him and Her towels, waiting to use the cookbook with its decorated oilcloth cover. Her one happiness was in using her Campus Sweetshop pay to buy a coffee service and dusty-pink negligee to be taken out of wrappings later. "Though I'll be an old hag by that time."

"But I'd like to have some living now," Miggs said.

"On ninety dollars a month? In a room in somebody else's house? With two hellish brats driving you nuts? I had to go to work to get a little peace. And I have to pay daily tribute to them."

"How?"

"With candy. If they stay out of our room and that closet which is our kitchenette, I give them candy. Jeanie has to be gone a lot, selling that cosmetic line of hers. So I can see where you'll be the goat—only you don't dare butt back, no matter how bedeviled you are."

Miggs found out something else about Jeanie, so that it always troubled her to see Jeanie setting out with her heavy sample cases. Jeanie needed an operation that she had been putting off for years. "You know—one of those repair jobs that a woman needs after a baby is born."

They all loved Jeanie. "Her heart's big as a bushel basket," Fred said. She never came home without bringing the little boys something. "I want them to be happy," she'd explain to Miggs. "I vowed that when Walt died."

But your love for them has robbed you of all your five senses, Miggs thought resentfully. You don't *see* them grabbing hamburger out of the icebox to feed that stray cat. You can't *smell* them dousing your Pale Shoulder perfume sample all over their dirty T shirts. You don't *hear* that awful cacophony of Superman, and "Tawm" Mix. I don't think you can even *taste*, or your stomach would turn when you find that vile stuff they paint airplanes with spilled in the knife-and-fork drawer.

Miggs tried not to complain to Fred, for Fred was finding it tough going to concentrate on Dynamic II-A. When he'd say, "How's it going, pie-face?" she'd say, "It goes like a three-ring circus."

But he knew about the afghan because she was crying over it when he came home. It had taken Aunt Clara three years to make it. "Just look at it," she sobbed. "I had to wash it, and now all the holes are bigger—and the broken wire netting just raddled it—"

That afternoon she had meant to take a brief nap under its caressing light weight. The afghan was gone. Jeanie was out with her cosmetic kit. Paulie and Bing were out, yelling and thumping around what had once been rabbit hutches. No, they denied, they didn't do anything with any old afghan. But she found it wadded up over the broken netting in one of the smelly hutches in which they had locked the scabby cat.

Fred took her and the wet afghan in his arms. "Don't cry, sweet—I know they're little hellions—"

"They're fiends. They're kleptomaniacs and pyromaniacs. I just itch to paddle Paulie's backside."

"Good Lord, Miggs—no! I know it's worse for you than me. But just till I get that degree. And besides, Jeanie is so swell."

"Swell is no name for Jeanie," she admitted, blowing her nose. "No one else—your folks, my folks, our friends—has worried about the shortage of diapers but Jeanie. Don't worry, Fred, **I'll** suffer along."

On the second Sunday of their stay in Jeanie's noisy yellow house, Miggs reached in the drawer for her gilt-lettered leather prayer book. "Fred—will you look!" she said. They both stared strickenly at it. The back of the prayer book was now only a stiff pasteboard with the cotton padding sticking to it.

"I don't like your attitude."

LIBERTY

The soft black leather had been hacked off with something that cut it in rough scallops—by her pair of now ruined manicure scissors.

"What would those damnable vipers want with that particular piece of limp leather?" she breathed.

Even as she held it, she was mentally going out in the kitchen and saying to Jeanie, "Look what your imps of destruction did to my prayer book that my godparents gave me when I was confirmed." And she could picture the hurt bewilderment in Jeanie's clear gentle eyes; she could hear Jeanie saying, "Oh, but they didn't realize—Paulie, shame on you—and Bing, too!"

They looked at the prayer book and looked at each other—but deep in their souls was the residue of sick terror from those days of doors slammed in their faces. Fred was saying, "Look, honey, when I'm through school and have that engineer's job, I'll have it re-covered. I'll bet you'll never know they whacked it off."

At church, instead of the prescribed prayers, Miggs prayed for divine aid to stay her itchy hand from Paulie and Bing. Just till June. Just till Fred was handed his degree.

There was something else she prayed for. "You know about the baby we're going to have. You know how everybody lifted their eyebrows—and even Fred and I were flabbergasted. I'm not the maternal type, but I want to want it. And now I hate kids—every one that ever drew breath. I don't think they're worth having—not worth the backache and heartburn before, or having to do without to pay the doctor and hospital, and the worry about whether I can stay at the hospital for more than five days. Please, if You can, help me not to hate all of them—and not this one."

She was within two blocks of home when she realized to what use the back of her prayer book had been put.

She saw a bundle of little boys scatter in panic as an irate man left his car and started for them, an unstunned Goliath wanting vengeance on scampering Davids. For Miggs could see slingshots dangling from hands as she recognized the blue-striped shirt of Paulie—or maybe Bing—as it disappeared in the bushes. What lovely pliable slings that limp leather must have made!

As she walked into the house, Jeanie was coming down the stairs, her arms full. "I found some, Miggs! Some of Paulie's diapers—fourteen, I think. Look, you fold them like a kite—see, like this—and they soak up more and fit better."

THE October sun was July-hot as Miggs trudged from one store to another to find Roman cheese for the spaghetti dinner they were having for Fred's birthday tonight. It was all Jeanie's idea, and Jeanie had worried about the burden falling on Miggs, because Jeanie had a doctor's appointment that afternoon. Betty and Norm would be there, too. Betty would bring ice cream from the sweetshop.

Miggs trudged home with the two heavy sacks. Heartburn, heartburn, go away. Come again another day—when I don't have a dinner to get. . . .

She crossed the tracks with a tired burst of speed. She'd treat herself to some bananas and cream before she started frying hamburger, onion, and garlic together.

The little boys had left the kitchen a shambles. She skidded in the rivulet of cocoa that had boiled over on the stove and onto the floor. One sack gave way when she lurched, and grapefruit, oranges, the jar of olives, the two cans of tomato paste rolled about her feet. She eased the other sack onto the floor, for drainboards, table, and chairs were a hodgepodge of bread slices, knives and spoons coated with peanut butter, some broken airplanes, and an overturned bottle of sticky green smelly airplane "dope."

She sliced the banana in a saucer. She spooned sugar over it, trying to pretend there was no brown streak of cocoa in the sugar. But when she looked through the icebox for the cream that had been there when she left, there was none.

After much yelling back and forth from the back step, Bing ran in and clonked the cream bottle down.

She looked at it, looked away again with a rise of nausea. A quarter inch of cream was left in the bottle. The bottle was dirty and some cat hairs were stuck to the rim.

Hold everything, Miggs. Take a warm bath and lie down. Sometimes that settles heartburn and this upchuck feeling. Remember all that Jeanie's done for you. Remember all those steps you and Fred walked up—and had to walk down again.

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She went into the bedroom and put on her chenille house coat, slid her feet into wooden-soled shower shoes. Every raspy nerve in her ached for the gentle laving of warm soapy water.

She turned on the light in the narrow dark bathroom, reached for the warm-water faucet.

Her stomach warned her before her eyes did. The tub was seven-eighth full of water in which chunks of water-logged bread floated—and a foot-long carp, almost to the belly-side-up floating stage.

AFTERWARD she didn't remember getting the boys in there. She directed them from the kitchen. "You take that stinking carp out of the tub and scrub it out."

It was Paulie who said, "You can't make us take it out. It ain't stinken. You're stinken."

Maybe if her wooden-soled slipper hadn't come off as she stepped, she wouldn't have done what she did. But she grabbed Paulie with one hand and the slipper with the other, and she used it on his bottom with the layer of corduroy pants between, until Bing—not Paulie—screamed in terror.

"You get that fish out of there," she said—she had only breath enough to say that when she stopped.

She found herself in the front room staring out through the battered screen. She was holding the strapped wooden sole in her shaking hand. She heard Bing sniffling—heard their footsteps running back and forth—

Where do we go from here?

Then she saw Jeanie coming up the gravelly walk.

Jeanie came in with her tired smile. She had seen the doctor and he had said she shouldn't keep putting off this repair-job operation. "He said that's why I feel so draggy all the time. In a couple of months I'd feel like a new woman, he said. And so I decided I just would have it done right away. I'm going to the hospital tomorrow. Because then, in two months, Miggs, I'll be able to take care of you and your baby when you come home from the hospital."

"Boys!" Jeanie called, "mother's home. Come on in."

They came edging in the door. Jeanie said, "Boys, you'd like Miggs to take care of you while I'm in the hospital, wouldn't you? Bing, honey, what are you crying about?"

Here it is! Go ahead, Paulie, tell her I paddled you. Show her your red backside. And, Miggs, you can start taking down Fred's fluorescent lamp and wrapping it up in the faded mended afghan.

Jeanie reached out her arms to them just as a shadow loomed in the doorway. A policeman stood there. Jeanie opened the door for him with her welcoming smile. He had a slingshot in his hand and he said perfunctorily, "Reason I bothered you, lady, there's been kids shooting these around here and we want to put a stop to it. Fellow tells me that Sunday some kid shot a pebble through his car window and knocked his hat off. The kid got away but the fellow found this—"

Jeanie looked at the Y-shaped crotch of wood with the cradle of limp black leather—its edges slightly scalloped. Jeanie was smiling and saying, "Oh, but it isn't one of our boys. They don't even have slingshots. Paulie was saying to me just the other day that he wished they had some leather to make a beanie."

The two boys had flattened themselves against the wall, their faces white blobs of terror. The Law! He had a bulge under his coat that was a gun. He was JAIL.

"Oh, no," Jeanie went on. "I said to Paulie then that little boys shouldn't have slingshots—"

Miggs was feeling a pull. It was Paulie's beseeching eyes on hers. Then Bing's eyes—like his echoing voice—flicked their terror into hers, begging her silent conspiracy.

You poor little devils you! You've never had a good dose of fear before. And by gosh, you need it. Maybe there are more noble deterrents than fear, but not when you're seven and eight. And maybe there is a spark of decency in you, so that you want your gentle easy-mark of a mother to keep on believing you are what she believes you are. O. K., I'm no stool pigeon.

So she said to the policeman, "Maybe whoever the kid is, he didn't really aim at the fellow. The way that leather is tied on, it'd shoot crooked. Nice soft leather though, isn't it?"

The officer let Miggs take the slingshot out of his hand. He muttered as he reached for the door, "Well, I'll let it go at that. Just didn't want any gang to get out of hand, so I came out."

The little boys melted out of the house.

MIGGS laughed as she put the beanie in the pocket of her robe. It had been so long since she had really laughed.

She couldn't wait to tell Fred about it. "Fred, I blistered Paulie and I scared the waddin' out of Bing. I don't believe they'd have told anyway—I'm not sure, but I don't believe they would. They're not bad kids. I don't hate them the way I did. We're going to get along. I've got the slingshot and am I going to guard it with my life! Even in the hospital I'll keep it under my pillow—my sacred talisman."

And when she went out to get the kettle to cook the spaghetti in, she was thankful for it. Thankful for a talisman with a tied piece of limp black leather on the end. For the big aluminum kettle was overflowing with water, and a big carp, belly-side up, was floating in it.

THE END

## FASTER, FASTER!

Continued from Page 24

that could best Fritz Wendel's 1939 record of 469.22 mph, made in a stripped and "souped-up" Messerschmitt.

At this writing the record for the world's fastest free-style mile is held by Great Britain. In September, one of the R.A.F.'s ace pilots hurtled through the English skies at 616 mph, or a mile in less than six seconds!

Rivalry for "world's fastest" is intense between the R.A.F. and our A.A.F. Indeed, it was the crediting of an army P-80 with 611 mph during one of the six flights over a measured mile at last year's Cleveland Air Races that prompted the British to set their new record. Following the death of Geoffrey de Havilland, whose plane disintegrated over the Thames estuary after reportedly hitting 650 mph in level flight, the A.A.F has postponed its scheduled attempt to wrest the record away from Great Britain, though an army Republic Thunderjet has been unofficially clocked at 640 mph.

DE HAVILLAND'S plane was oddly shaped, nicknamed the Whistling Boomerang, and the XS-1 has been described as resembling a swordfish with deeply swept-back wings. Supersonic planes will have to behave like bullets in flight, and may look like them. For in conventional-type planes, when speeds of over 600 mph are obtained, the air flowing over the plane's surfaces moves faster than the plane itself. When this occurs, shock waves may be created which can tear the plane apart. In at least one instance a tiny insect crushed on the leading edge of a jet-plane's wing disturbed the air flow and set up vibrations capable of wrecking the plane.

With radical changes in plane design, aided by jet propulsion and rocket engines, we may expect astonishing velocities. German V-2 rockets hit 3,600 mph or better; and by the war's end, Nazi researchers were reportedly working on a rocket expected to cross the Atlantic in fourteen seconds, ripping through the heavens at 16,000 mph!

Once over the barrier of the speed of sound, there are few theoretical limits to the speeds man can attain. Pressure suits and other known protections can be used to maintain bearable conditions at velocities obtainable in the immediate future. Sharp changes in direction at high speeds, or rapid acceleration or deceleration, may injure or kill the pilot. This is controllable in current planes, but no one really knows what may happen at supersonic speeds. The XS-1 was built to find out.

The XS-1 is powered with four rocket engines, each capable of delivering one minute of power rated at 1,500 pounds of thrust. Tests will proceed cautiously, but the final attempt will see the plane carried aloft by a B-29 to 30,000 feet. The power of one of its rocket motors is expected to carry it to 70,000 feet. The remaining minutes of power will be used to climb to 80,000 feet and to try for whatever the plane can make and the pilot live through. At 80,000 feet, the speed of sound is only 600 mph, and the XS-1 is considered capable of 1,500 mph.

Lessening of air resistance and friction-generated heat are the main reasons for testing the XS-1 in the near-vacuum of these altitudes. Though the outside temperature will be about 67 degrees below zero, the pilot's cockpit will require refrigeration. Without it, the heat created by the flow of air over the plane's surfaces would bring cockpit temperatures to above 200 degrees, cooking the pilot.

THIS heat factor, coupled with limitations of known fuels, is an obstacle that man will have to overcome. Several motors exist today which can give thrust enough to propel a plane, or missile, at 3,500 mph. Liquid hydrogen and oxygen can deliver speeds of 17,000 feet per second; but even this terrific speed will not permit a rocket to "escape" the earth's gravitational field. That will take 7½ miles per second!

Once beyond the earth's gravitational pull, what speeds may be achieved are in the realm of pure theory. But unless man's rockets can equal light's velocity of 186,300 miles per second, his roamings in outer space will be limited to trips to nearby planets. At seven miles per second, the nearest star is a million years away.

Agencies conducting the experiments with supersonic jets and rockets report a number of volunteers willing to ride as passengers. Most of us look on such offers as indicating a deranged mind. But most of us forget that we too—all of us—are riding as passengers on a vehicle which orbits around the sun at 18½ miles per second!

THE END

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## UP AND ATOM

Of what did ultra speech consist
Before "atomic" topped our list?
Now repertoire of screen and stage
Seems rooted in atomic age.
Today we have atomic smiles,
Atomic foods, atomic styles.
Could yesterday have been so trite
That bombs and blondes were "dynamite"?

—*Don Marshall.*

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## PICK OF THE PICTURES

Continued from Page 64

—a small-town guy who dreams of shipping off to exotic ports though he never really has a chance of getting out of his own back yard. While others hit the big time, he's hedged in by responsibilities and boring routine. He holds together the wobbly building-and-loan business inherited from his socially farsighted, financially nearsighted father; lives in a drafty old house with fresh-faced Donna Reed and their four children, and refuses to sell out to Scrooge-like Lionel Barrymore, the meanest—and richest—man in town.

Finally, Jimmy gets tired of acting like a cross between Mr. Anthony and Santa Claus to the rest of the town while his own fortunes sag. He plans suicide on Christmas Eve, and it takes some of Capra's choicest fantasy to straighten him out. A heavenly courier named Clarence shows Stewart what things would have been like if he'd never been born, and he gets the fright of his life—plus a new appreciation of it.

Though the movie might have been a sticky, sentimental sermon, and the hero might have seemed like a disillusioned Boy Scout, it didn't turn out that way with Capra in charge. Against a genial background of small-town portraits, the ace director has fashioned a full score of winning, tender scenes. With It's a Wonderful Life, Liberty Films, a new independent producing unit, has made a brilliant start and taken a big step toward providing the public with superior movie fare.

### OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

**IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE (Liberty Films-RKO).** An outstanding inspirational comedy, directed by Frank Capra and featuring James Stewart.

**13 RUE MADELEINE (20th Century-Fox).** James Cagney and Annabella dramatize some of the espionage exploits of Army Intelligence.

**DEAD RECKONING (Columbia).** A slick whodunit in which Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott appear in familiar dead-eye and dead-pan roles.

**THE YEARLING (M-G-M).** This inspiring tale of Florida farmers stars Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, and Claude Jarman, a remarkable eleven-year-old boy.

**THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES (Goldwyn-RKO).** A superb all-star movie which deals brilliantly and boldly with the problems facing returning veterans.

## F.D.R.'S BIGGEST FIGHT

Continued from Page 35

victory was very close—a matter of weeks, perhaps days.

Roosevelt's whole mind was now concentrated on the coming Conference at San Francisco. He was immensely impatient to see the Charter actually put into effect; fearful that if the unity and high resolves fostered by a time of peril began to fade, men might destroy the great design by selfish bickerings.

"We must strike while the iron is hot," he said.

When someone asked him if he did not think it might be advisable to delay the meeting until certain differences had been ironed out, he replied, "I am not afraid of being too early for a rendezvous; I am afraid that the appointed moment will roll by and we shall be too late."

He was not worried about San Francisco. He had worked out in his mind how to handle all the difficulties. He looked forward to the Conference with buoyant confidence in its success.

Meanwhile, he continued to transact the business of the nation from Warm Springs with renewed vigor. He was awake every morning at eight thirty, reading the papers and attending to his mail. He talked by telephone to Washington half a dozen times a day and kept the Map Room Detail busy sending messages. When he was working at the card table in the drawing room of the "Little White House," he killed two birds with one stone by posing for Mme. Elizabeth Shoumatoff, who had been commissioned to do a painting of him. It didn't disturb him in the least to have her sitting there sketching—he was used to having people watch him while he worked, and he rather liked to have someone in the room to whom he could toss a casual comment on subjects about which he was thinking.

"Kilroy was here."

LIBERTY

On April 5, Sergio Osmeña, President of the Philippine Commonwealth since the death of Manuel Quezon on August 1, 1944, came to Warm Springs to confer with Roosevelt.

They had a very good time together. Franklin liked the gentle white-haired Filipino immensely. Before the day was done the President of the United States said to the President of the Philippine Commonwealth, "Look, I'm going to call you Sergio."

In the afternoon the President held a press conference for his guest. Osmeña wasn't much of a talker in public, and would only say "Yes" or "No" to the questions put to him. It was therefore inevitable that Roosevelt should take the leading part. The trail of smoke from his long cigarette holder made arabesques in the still air as he waved it around and exchanged wisecracks with the reporters. They recorded that he was at the top of his form.

AFTERNOONS, the President usually went for a drive in his favorite big open Packard. One day in the second week in April, he went particularly far afield. Daisy Suckley and Laura Delano rode with him in the back seat, and a small car followed with the secret service men. The President swung his side of the rear windshield back and sat with the sweet wind blowing in his face. They got completely lost in the back country. Presently they came to an old covered bridge that crossed a lazy stream. The chauffeur pulled up and pointed to a sign that said: "Load limit 4,000 lbs."—the President's car weighed 8,000.

"I'm afraid we'll have to go back, sir," the chauffeur said.

Franklin looked at the bridge, which seemed quite sturdy.

"I'll bet she'll hold," he said. "Let's cross or we'll be late for dinner."

Charley Fredericks, the secret service man, jumped out of his car and sprinted to the President's side—he knew what was in Roosevelt's mind.

"You can cross," he said, "but you must change to our light car."

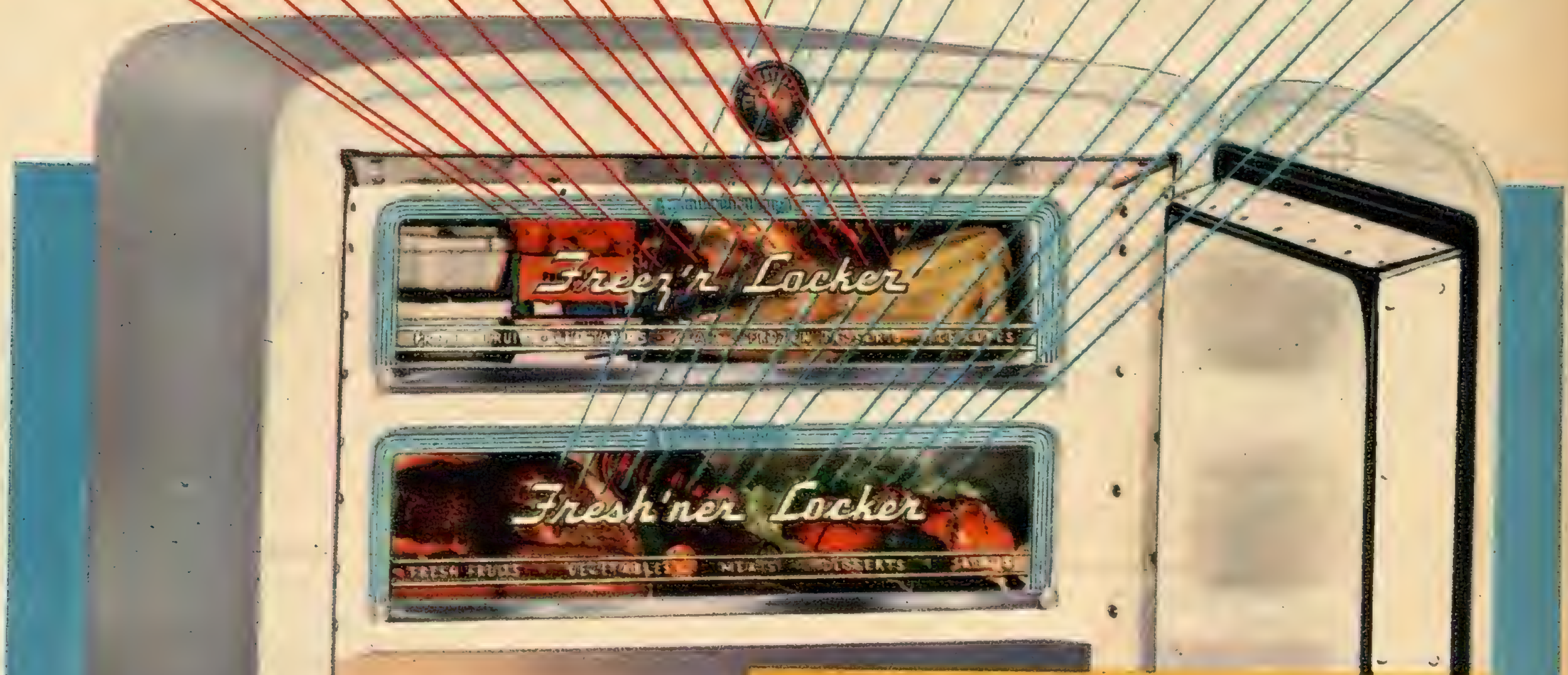
Franklin grinned and said, "No, we'll find a way around."

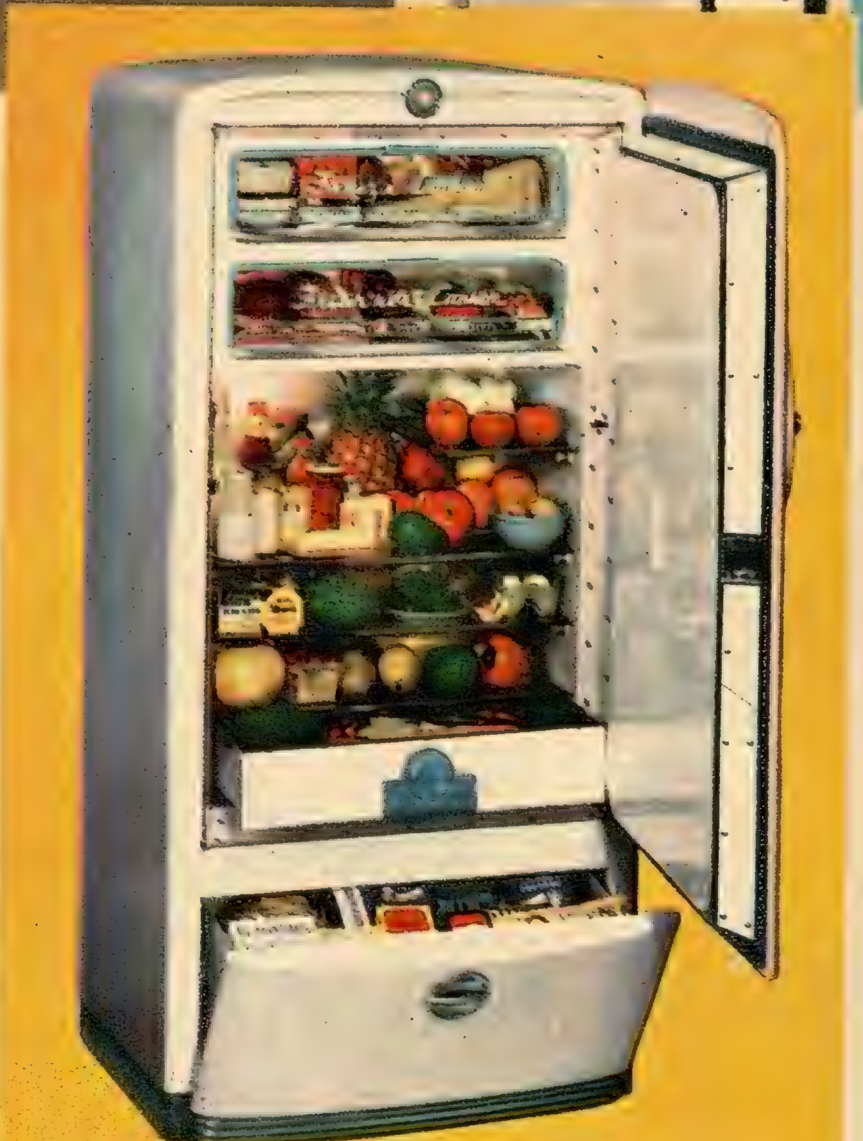
They rode home through the soft evening, talking of many things. Laura happened to mention Vice-President Truman, and the President expressed his pleasure at the choice. "Harry's a fine man," he said; "intelligent, able, and has integrity. He doesn't know much about foreign affairs, but he's learning fast. He's learned a lot since he became Vice-President. I'm going to turn things over to him after I make the peace."

That evening Roosevelt worked on the speech he was scheduled to deliver on Friday, April 13, by radio, to the Jefferson Day dinners throughout the country.

(*Continued on page 92*)

# Freez'r Locker - Fresh'ner Locker


Freez'r Locker
Fresh'ner Locker
FRESH FRUITS VEGETABLES MEATS DESSERTS SALADS



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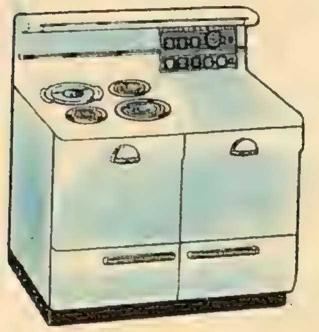

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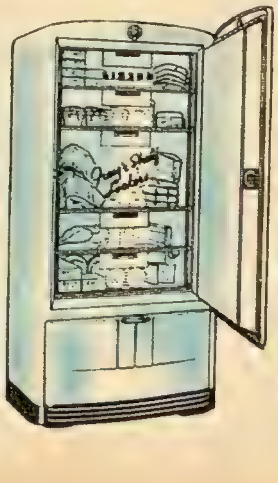
With UPS-A-DAISY—four surface units or three surface units and deepwell Kookall. Waist-high broiler—Banquet-size oven—Automatic—set it and forget it!

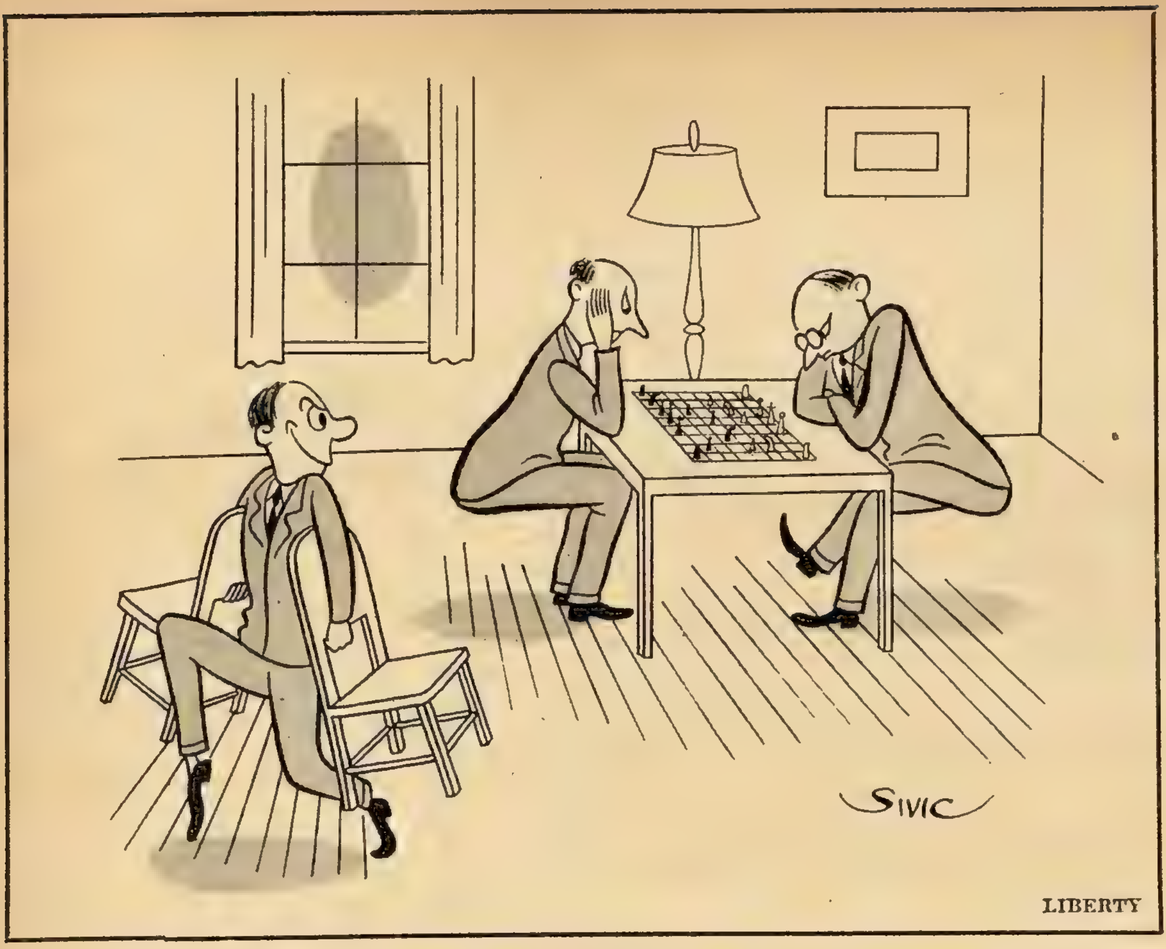


**GIBSON UPRIGHT HOME FREEZER**

No more fumbling, stooping or diving for frozen food packages. Freezes and preserves huge quantities of frozen foods for months at zero temperatures!

# Gibson

**GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY**
**GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN**



*(Continued from page 90)*

Though this was the great day of the Democratic Party, he would not make it a political speech, for partisanship had lost its significance for him in the face of his great purpose. In the first sentence he made this plain, for he referred to Jefferson as "one of the greatest of all democrats; and I want to make it clear that I am spelling the word democrats with a small 'd.' . . . We do well to consider the character of Thomas Jefferson as an American citizen of the world."

As he wrote those words the President hoped that history would so consider him.

Franklin wrote of how Thomas Jefferson first had dared to use the small power of the new United States against acts of aggression by sending our tiny navy across the Atlantic to force the Barbary pirates to stop attacking peaceful merchantmen.

"TODAY," he wrote, "we have learned in the agony of war that great power involves great responsibility. . . . We, as Americans, do not choose to deny our responsibility. . . . We seek peace—enduring peace. . . .

"Thomas Jefferson, himself a distinguished scientist, once spoke of the brotherly spirit of science which unites into one family all its votaries. . . .

"Today science has brought all the different quarters of the globe so close together that it is impossible to isolate them one from another.

"Today we are faced with the preeminent fact that, if civilization is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationships. . . .

"The work, my friends, is peace, more than an end of this war—an end to the beginnings of all wars—yes, an end, forever, to this impractical, unrealistic settlement of the differences between governments by the mass killing of peoples. . . .

"I ask you to keep up your faith. . . . And to you, and to all Americans who dedicate themselves to the making of an abiding peace, I say:

" 'The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith.' "

The President read the last paragraph aloud to himself, his voice ringing through the stillness of the little cottage like the call of Roland's horn.

Then he put out the light and went to sleep.

APRIL 12, 1945, was a beautiful day in Georgia. The countryside was as freshly colored as though it had been newly created in the dawn. Franklin woke with a sense of well-being and deep happiness. His mind leaped forward to the tasks and pleasures of the day with eager anticipation. Work in the morning and perhaps a little time for stamps. In the afternoon there was to be an old-fashioned barbecue at the home of Frank Allcorn, the Mayor of Warm Springs. There would be good bourbon to drink and country fiddlers to play the sprightly old-time tunes that had real gaiety.

In the evening some of the paralyzed kids were giving a minstrel show in the little theater in the grounds. That would be fun, too, no matter how bad the show, for Franklin loved the gay humor of those courageous children.

What a happy day it would be! Just like the days he planned for the time when, his work finished, he could retire.

When Laura Delano came in to see him after breakfast, he said, "Look, I'm going to stay down here longer than I planned. We'll only spend five hours instead of five days in Washington, and go straight on to the Conference."

As soon as he was dressed, he called Grace Tully and dictated the orders for the changed itinerary to her. The mail from Washington was late; it was almost noon when Bill Hassett came in with the official pouch. The President sighed and put his stamps away.

"It's so near lunchtime, boss," Hassett said. "Wouldn't you rather wait till afternoon?"

Roosevelt shook his head. "We'll get to work right now," he said.

THERE were a lot of appointments of small-town postmasters to sign, some State Department appointments, and a few citations for the Legion of Merit. The President worked rapidly and in twenty minutes he was through.

As Hassett left, Prettyman came in to say that Mme. Shoumatoff was waiting.

"Ask her to come in," the President said.

The artist entered, and quietly setting up her paraphernalia, began to paint. The President picked up some papers that Hassett had left on the card table and began to read them, leaning back in his leather armchair. A warm wind blew through the open windows, bringing the sweetness of the earth and the calls of the birds into the tranquil room. Presently Daisy Suckley and Laura Delano came in quietly. The Filipino houseboy began to set a table for lunch. The President looked up at Mme. Shoumatoff. "We'd better hurry," he said. "We've only fifteen minutes more to work." He concentrated again on the papers. The hands of the ship's clock moved imperceptibly past the minute mark toward the hour of one. Presently it struck two bells.

An incandescent pain shot through Franklin's brain; it was like an explosion in the back of his skull. He clapped his hand to the back of his head and spoke in surprise: "I have a terrific headache!"

As Mme. Shoumatoff looked at him the light went from his eyes. The President's head dropped on his breast.

*ONCE Franklin Roosevelt wrote a prayer for the nation, the prayer after D Day. In it he asked one thing that mattered greatly to him. And for him, at least, God heard and answered it:*

*"And, Lord, give us faith. Give us faith in Thee; faith in our sons; faith in each other; faith in our united crusade. Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled. . . ."*

THE END

**Considering the condition things are in today, the cost of living is advancing out of all proportion to its value.—*Abe Byman.***

## WILL ATOMIC RAYS CAUSE HUMAN FREAKS?

Continued from Page 17

ity is easily produced in both sexes by a single exposure or by the cumulative effects of repeated small doses." Because of this danger, wherever X-ray appliances or radioactive substances are worked with, special precautions are taken, such as the wearing of leaded-rubber aprons by doctors and nurses, or operating behind leaded-glass screens while using X-ray machines. Nevertheless, accidental sterilization is one of the major occupational hazards of male and female radiologic workers. (Studies made some years ago showed that out of one group of 377 radiologists, 37 per cent of the marriages were sterile; and in another group of 91 former radiologists, 24 per cent were sterile.) How drastic and widespread the production of sterility through atomic radiation would be has already been indicated in preliminary medical reports from the bombarded Japanese areas.

BUT from the long-range view, the sterility threat holds less horror for human society than the changes in the germ cells which would carry on for generation after generation. That there is no question of this happening has been proved in preliminary reports by navy scientists of experiments at Bikini. Fruit flies placed on the radiated ships have now been bred for generations (it takes only two weeks for a fruit fly to achieve maturity), and descendants show many of the mutated freak forms previously obtained with laboratory X-ray bombardment.

The obvious inference has prompted Vice-Admiral W. H. P. Blandy, chief of the Bikini operations, to say (mainly with respect to navy men who might survive future atomic-bomb attacks): "Many might suffer lingering death from radioactivity, and, what is even worse, they might live, only to endure the mental torture of not knowing whether they could father normal children . . . for tests indicate that damage from radioactivity can be transmitted to the victim's future children and even to his children's children."

One last inference remains to be faced. Even if no other atomic bomb is ever dropped, the threat in the use of atomic energy for peacetime purposes remains, until—or *if*—proper safeguards are developed. The first glowing reports have been considerably dampened by warnings such as this recent editorial in the Journal of the American Medical Association (citing a report by Dr. W. F. Bale):

"Bale poses a pertinent question as to whether if nuclear power is extensively used, the general radioactivity of the earth will be increased to a dangerous degree, and whether for this reason any large-scale use of nuclear power should be prohibited. The local problems of themselves can be of serious magnitude, particularly in terms of stream or air pollution, say from an ordinary manufacturing plant. . . . Bale also stresses that any long-term program involves the question of the amount of radiation of atomic nuclear origin to which the mass of humanity may be subjected above that due to cosmic rays and the normal radioactivity received from surroundings and absorbed internally with food."

In the plainest English, this means that in any wide-scale use of atomic energy we are at this stage like ignorant savages playing with sticks of dynamite. And worse, because we are not only seriously endangering ourselves, but all the generations to come—if they do come.

Other animal species have in the past disappeared from the earth because of accumulated harmful mutations that made it impossible for them to adapt to their environment—as witness the dinosaurs. It is not at all impossible that, through the foolhardy use of atomic energy, we too may mutate ourselves into oblivion.

THE END

Art's Quick Thinking Saved the Day When • • •
AFTER A NIGHT-LONG FIGHT AGAINST HEAVY DRIFTS TO CLEAR SKYTOP HIGHWAY, ART AND BILL ARE HEADING THEIR POWERFUL ROTARY SNOWPLOW HOMEWARD WHEN • •
HELP US BLOCK THE ROAD! BANK BANDITS ARE HEADING THIS WAY!
THAT GIRL'S THE BANK TELLER! HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN!
MOVE THAT PLOW OUT OF OUR WAY OR THE GIRL GETS IT!
NOW, BILL!
RUSH 'EM!
POUR IT ON, BILL!
GLAD YOU ESCAPED OUR BLIZZARD, MISS
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL
THE BOSS IS ON THE RADIO, ART. HE WANTS US TO COME IN PRONTO
LATER, AT HIGHWAY HEADQUARTERS
YOU MEN ARE HEROES IN ALBAN. THE MAYOR INSISTS I BRING YOU OVER RIGHT AWAY
WE'LL CLEAN UP AND BE RIGHT WITH YOU
A RAZOR? TRY MINE
WHAT A SWELL, SLICK SHAVE. THIS BLADE'S A HONEY!
YES, THIN GILLETTES ARE MIGHTY KEEN AND EASY SHAVING
A THOUSAND DOLLARS' REWARD! WHY, SIR • • •
THE LEAST OUR BANK CAN DO. MY NIECE HERE SAYS YOU SAVED HER LIFE
ISN'T HE HANDSOME!
MEN, FOR SMOOTH, REFRESHING SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK YOUR BEST, USE THIN GILLETTES • • • THE KEENEST, LONGEST-LASTING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD. WHAT'S MORE, THIN GILLETTES ARE PRECISION MADE FOR YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR • • • FIT EXACTLY. THUS YOU AVOID THE IRRITATION AND SCRAPE OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE ALWAYS MAKES A HIT
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

# THE CHALLENGE OF MARRIAGE

Continued from Page 39

can be answered with reference to love and marriage, which will satisfy the child's curiosity.

In that way, an understanding and emotionally adjusted parent can lead the child into maturity, when, for more technical information, the services of a teacher or a physician can be requested, if the great number of informative books do not satisfy the interest.

There is only one precaution required when a child asks questions. Parents must make sure that those questions are sincere expressions of interest, and not tools for gaining attention. Any person acquainted with educational techniques can easily recognize counterfeit questions by their rapid sequence and their identical repetitious structure.

Few parents are aware of how much their own attitude toward sex influences the ideas of their children.

The child either accepts his parents' point of view or rebels and moves in the opposite direction. Surprisingly early in life, he develops a concept of love as a source of suffering or as an opportunity for mere pleasure and superficial gratification, or he learns that love and marriage provide the basis for human companionship. He can discover how much mutual help and stimulation can result from the co-operation of the sexes and can learn that love involves not only receiving but also, and primarily, giving.

Youngsters experience new feelings when their sexual glands mature. It is as if they were put into a new world. People long familiar suddenly provoke new and embarrassing feelings as the adolescent becomes aware of their sexual qualities. No wonder adolescents are extremely irritable and easily disturbed. They are entitled to our assistance during this most difficult period of their lives.

At a time of perplexing changes in human relationships, friendship is a most important guide. Co-education helps to avert or at least mitigate the crisis. In acquiring a deeper understanding through mutual activity, the child may easily come to regard members of the other sex as human companions, and the sexual difference then becomes less important, and the way is paved for future compatibility.

AT the moment of choosing a mate we put into operation all that we have thought, expected, and feared. Our concept of love and marriage is put to practical test. The secret aims and aspirations of a person guide him like a compass. He responds only to those stimulations which fit into his plans and recognizes only those opportunities that confirm his expectations.

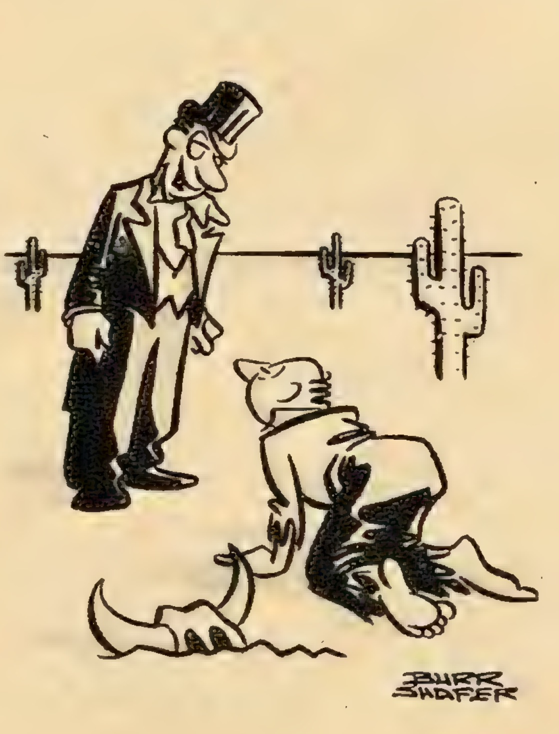
There are deep personal demands which influence the final decision; and, unbelievable as it may sound, everyone gets from his mate just the treatment that he unconsciously expected in the beginning. We feel attracted when we have met somebody who offers us through his personality an opportunity to realize our personal pattern, who responds to our outlook and conceptions of life, who permits us to continue or to revive plans which we have carried since childhood.

A new and puzzling contemporary development, namely, a definite tendency to choose an older man or woman as a mate, seems to require some analysis. First, more men today have been pampered children than in the past. Second, the lowered status of men makes them more likely to refuse the highly responsible position of the superior male and to look instead for a mother.

On the other hand, the girl who still has a longing for such a superior man as she once found in the person of her father does not encounter him among the men of her own age. She often looks for an older, more experienced and better established mate who offers fatherly consideration and protection, not to be found among the more competitive contemporaries.

The choice of a much older or younger partner may represent either a constructive tendency toward a happy union or a striving after cheap success; all depends upon whether it is the expression of courage or of timidity.

Although it seems physical in nature, sex appeal becomes increasingly an expression more of mental and emotional processes than of physical qualities. This is more obvious as the attraction of mere beauty diminishes.



"As a matter of fact. I'm looking for a drink myself!"

LIBERTY

But what distinguishes sex appeal from beauty? Beauty evokes admiration in men, sex appeal excitement. Every woman can develop sex appeal if she becomes interested in erotic conquest and discovers her ability to excite. Many plain women suddenly become attractive in response to unexpected attention and affection, which changes their concept of themselves.

Sex appeal in men does not need "war paint" and disclosure of hidden allure to attract the excited imagination of females, but it expresses the same will to conquer and the same confidence of success as do feminine charms.

When a girl with sex appeal marries, she either retains her desire to excite men and makes her husband jealous and unhappy, or, if she finds satisfaction, she loses her sex appeal and with it her husband, who chose her because of it. In either case, she shifts the equilibrium which existed at the time of her marriage. The desire to excite indicates a thirst for gratification which can never be quenched. It is directed rather toward attention and new conquests than toward contentment and lasting companionship.

Beauty can likewise become a handicap rather than an advantage to marital success. Beautiful girls may rely more on the attention they can expect than on their ability to play a constructive part in society. False ambition and vanity, combined with dependency upon the opinions of others, create a lack of self-confidence.

The glamor girl and the Don Juan are only two of many types of unsuitable mates. Nevertheless, these types are often chosen.

If we feel sexually attracted to a person whom we cannot esteem personally, while another person induces confidence and admiration but does not stimulate us erotically, it is not the fault of the other person. In reality, we merely offer ourselves in installments. We accept one only sexually and the other only spiritually—and blame each for not having aroused us in both ways. What a trick in confounding cause and effect!

MANY men and women have an unfailing instinct for partners who are no longer free. They themselves are puzzled by their "bad luck" and wonder why each one to whom they feel attracted turns out to belong to someone else.

A young girl complained to me about this kind of misfortune. She never succeeded in disentangling her choice from his existing ties. "Really never?" I asked her. She admitted, "Yes, once." She was deeply in love with a man whom she greatly idealized. Suddenly her feelings for him vanished. She had thought, up to that moment, that the reason she fell out of love was that she had become aware of his shortcomings and dis-

*(Continued on page 96)*

## Will you measure up to these men?

Ski trooper . . . aerial engineer . . . parachute infantryman . . . tankman . . . they're Regular Army soldiers all. Look them over. See how they carry themselves, each proud of his uniform and what it represents.

It takes men—*real* men—to meet the high standards of your new Regular Army. Excellent physical condition and stamina are among the requirements. But keen, quick-thinking brains and sound character are equally necessary. For *quality* counts as never before in this modern, streamlined Army.

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That's why the Regular Army offers such a thrilling challenge to the picked young men of America. Are you strong enough, intelligent enough to meet those standards? Have you the stuff it takes to make the grade? If you are qualified, there's a real future for you in the Army, with the finest kind of training and experience in one or more of many interesting, useful fields of work.

Enlistments are open to men from 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent). New high pay scales, the opportunity for advancement, education, travel — and a retirement plan that has no equal — make this one of the most attractive careers offered today. Details may be obtained without obligation at the nearest Army Recruiting Station.

*Listen to "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail" on your radio.*

**U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE**

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE — CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW

(*Continued from page 94*)

covered that she had previously put him on a pedestal which he did not merit.

What she had been unable to realize was that this change of attitude occurred just when the man had finally broken off relations with a former girl friend and decided to turn completely to my patient. Now she was on the spot and had to live up to her ardently avowed devotion. This was the real cause of her change of mind towards the man.

A person with a psychologically correct attitude diverts his interest from a prospective mate when he realizes that there are insurmountable obstacles. To a person who avoids union, however, this is just the occasion for falling in love.

A man came to me who had tried, until the age of forty, to get married. When he was around twenty, he had wanted to marry a girl and had stunned her by proposing as soon as they met. She hesitated. The more she withdrew, the more he rushed her. Finally he gave up. Years later, he found out that he had dropped her just at the moment when she was earnestly considering marrying him. Merely a coincidence?

He then fell in love with a woman who was married. For years he tried vainly to induce her to leave her husband. She showed no inclination, and he gave up.

After some time he fell in love with a widow. They went together steadily for many years, but she also refused to marry him. She loved him, but she preferred to retain the pension of her late husband, which gave her complete independence. When her suitor finally left her and came to consult a psychiatrist, he was desperate.

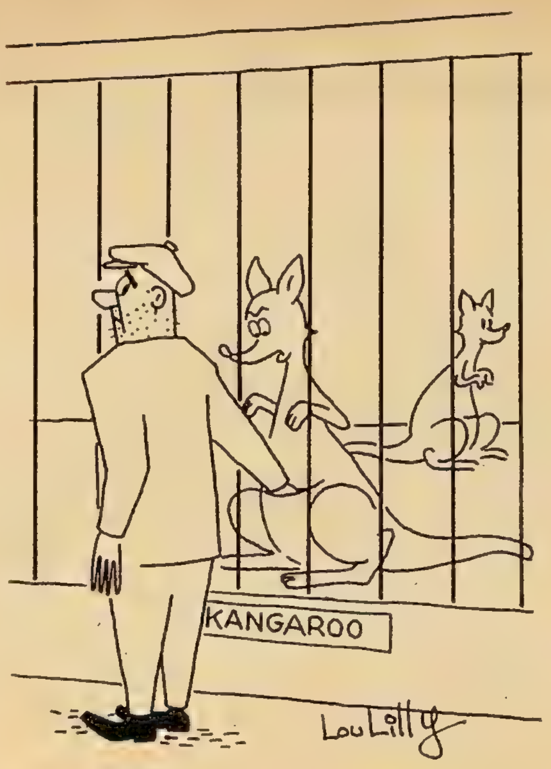
Because of these experiences he had established objections which he applied to every new prospect introduced to him by well-meaning friends and relatives.

He had, I found, been reared in the Austrian countryside, where men enjoy distinct preference. He was deeply impressed by the superior role which his strong and dominant father played in the family; he tried his best to imitate his father. His mother and sister were the victims of the tyranny whereby the boy tried to assert his conception of masculinity. He wanted to marry and become the "boss," but at the same time he feared his incompetence. Without realizing it, he wanted to marry only if the girl did not want to marry him.

During psychotherapy the patient began to understand himself. Finally he came to tell me that he was engaged.

LIFE offers plenty of opportunities to all of us, but it remains for us to make proper use of them. Only wrong attitudes and expectations are responsible if we find either no one at all or meet only the wrong people.

It is rather easy to discover why persons united in a miserable marriage have chosen each other. The complaints which anyone voices against his mate indicate exactly the qualities which stimulated attraction and love before marriage.



LIBERTY

A woman who came to me was living in an exceptionally unhappy marriage. Her husband gambled, never had a steady job, took her money—by force, if necessary—lied, and was utterly irresponsible. She was a fine, sincere, and good-natured woman and did not understand why she, of all people, had to have such a mate.

She admitted, however, upon questioning, that at the time when she met her husband another man had proposed to her. According to her description, he was the type of man who would have given her security and comfort, companionship and devotion. But she preferred her husband, who was even then a good-for-nothing, gambling and chasing after women. She felt more attracted to him, without knowing why; she thought he needed her, that she would be able to reform him and bring out the good qualities which she sensed in him.

These were her rationalizations. The real reason was that as a child she had been neglected in favor of her brothers, and, feeling inferior to them in one sense—her sex—had tried to make herself superior in other directions, by working harder than her brothers, being more reliable, assuming responsibilities beyond her obligations. As a grown woman she still needed this sense of superiority—hence her choice.

Frequently a person remains in the memory as an ideal mate—the one lost chance of a lifetime. Why do we recognize such suitability only after the occasion is lost?

A patient told me that he had fallen in love with a girl who was so fine and congenial that he never hoped to find her equal again. She would have been an ideal wife. Although she was fond of him the association broke up because of incessant quarrels, which he stirred up.

He admits now that, during their courtship, he often thought that she was too intelligent and efficient for him and that he would never be able to live up to her level. Shortly afterward he fell in love with an insignificant, spoiled, and flighty girl who, however, offered him a chance to prove his own superiority. He married this girl and, of course, his life with her was miserable.

Another patient complained about his wife because she had no initiative, no efficiency. He declared he would have been a success, despite his nervous condition, if his wife had only been more capable and self-reliant. As it was, he had to take care of everything himself, in and out of the house. She was more hindrance than help, could not economize nor make a pleasant home. Why in the world, then, had he chosen her? He said he hadn't known what she was like.

I found her a shy person, but sincere and frank. Her story was that he curbed her activity and removed every opportunity to be useful.

He had fallen in love with her precisely *because* she was inefficient and passive—would look up to him. He was an oldest son who wanted to remain first as he had been within his family.

VERY often, disappointments with one type of mate lead to remarriage with the opposite type. Some persons with a rather rigid pattern of life select the same type over again, and never learn to get along.

I know a woman who had been deeply disappointed by an unscrupulous, inconsiderate husband, and who fell in love, after her divorce, with a very methodical and dependable man who was so cautious that he never married her. I knew a man who had been dominated by his first wife and afterward married a little flighty girl who had no sense for marriage, housekeeping, or children. The extremes have the same effect—disunity and friction instead of cooperation.

The following marital history concerns a couple regarded by their friends and associates as an ordinary middle-class family. Both husband and wife are highly intelligent and keep their secrets well. The girl had married her mother's lover. Why did she fall in love with him? She hated her mother, partly, it is true, because she resented the mother's infidelity and disrespect for the girl's father, but chiefly because the mother seemed to prefer a younger sister.

Although this girl professed high regard and admiration for her husband, she probably recognized the exact caliber of this man who "seduced" the daughter of his mistress. Yet she used every possible means to make him marry her.

Immediately after the wedding he told her bluntly that he did not care for her; he felt she had tricked him into marriage. She accepted this attitude quietly, kept her love burning, and waited for his return when he left her shortly afterward. Sure enough, he came back—because they fitted together. Even a second desertion and the contraction of the venereal disease he had come home with did not make her leave him.

Many little incidents revealed to me how she provoked mistreatment from her husband, when a little use of common sense could easily have put him in his place. Her secret intention to be the "innocent" victim was the reason why she selected this man as a husband, and why she clung to him time and again after he had brutally mistreated her. Actually, in this marriage the cardinal problem was not the husband, as one might think, but the "saintly" wife.

Many believe in marrying for security. There is no security obtainable through marriage. There is no security in life at all. Marriage does not solve any problem; it remains a problem to be solved. Some marry for social or financial improvement, and there are men foolish enough to marry because marriage seems to them cheaper than entertaining girl friends. They generally end by feeling cheated.

But the real reason why people marry, regardless of their conscious reason, is a deep desire for association, the fundamental human need to "belong," a social drive which is part of human nature.

OUR ability to detect, in a brief moment, the personality of another person, and to determine—although unconsciously—that he fits into our plans, is proved by the phenomenon of love at first sight.

In actually choosing a mate our entire personal adjustment is tested. If a choice is wholesome and based on social and co-operative tendencies, the emotions will follow.

Quiet affection and deep fondness seem a more reliable basis than violent fervor. But a choice not backed by feeling can never be reasonable, because the partner who arouses not even a strong feeling of sympathy is obviously unsuitable.

For centuries, love did not precede marriage but developed after the wedding. In our era, one of personal independence, a person who enters marriage with an attitude of cold calculation is usually waiting for an opportunity to fall in love—with someone else. Such an "unforeseen" passion serves them very well to create and maintain marital distance, offsetting any effort of the other spouse to win sincere co-operation.

A very strong desire to marry does not indicate a sincere intention. It is actions that count.

A young girl had, from earliest childhood, daydreamed of her future role as a happy wife and mother.

20th's JEANNE CRAIN (Margie) and husband

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MOVIE SHOW

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Daydreams usually indicate a situation which is considered unattainable. Confidence leads to action, not to dreams. The girl was deeply discouraged by the unhappy marriage of her parents and had, since childhood, been convinced of woman's humiliating role in marriage, yet she herself definitely intended to marry as soon as possible.

She became involved with a young man who, as years passed, showed less and less inclination to marry, and finally left her when she considered herself beyond marriagable age. She didn't know why, among all those who had courted her, she should have stuck to this particular man.

One instance finally proved her unconscious tendency to avoid marriage. She submitted to a sexual relationship with the man just before they parted, though she denied any intention of attempting to hold his affection. Why did she relax her moral inhibitions just at the time when nothing could be hoped for any more? It was her "moral suicide." Now she considered that she had forfeited her right to marry any decent and suitable man. She had established a new and lasting alibi. But after successful therapy she changed her personal attitudes toward men and marriage and later was happily married.

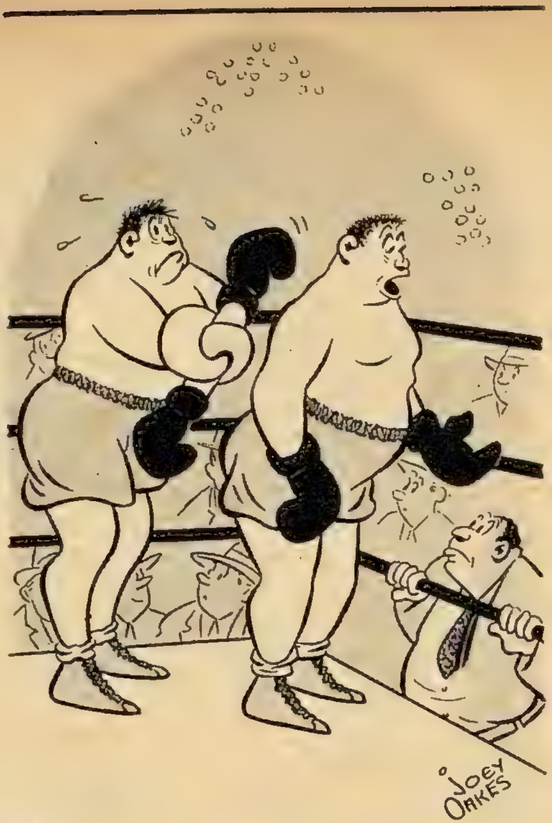
Failure to choose a mate always results in personal unhappiness, frustration, and self-isolation. Although loneliness is not limited to unmarried persons, remaining single adds disappointment and discomfort. The puzzling question for many is how to find or recognize the right mate.

There is no one who is made to order. There is no person in the whole world just waiting as one half for the other half to complete his life. The main factor for proper choice is the willingness to choose at all—plus common sense and determination to make the best of what one gets. Those who act accordingly will always have found the right mate—the others will never be satisfied.

If our relationship with the other sex is unfortunate, we must start to discover our own selves. If one freezes in a loveless marriage, he need not seek a new mate to arouse his feelings; he can try to rediscover his present mate and, with more understanding, the second choosing of the same person may prove to be more fortunate.

ALL failures in life, all unhappiness and disappointment can be traced back to disregard and violation of the necessary rules of co-operation. We easily realize absence of co-operation in others, and we recognize then its importance. But it is difficult to perceive deficiency of co-operation in ourselves.

Acts which disturb human relationship we may regard as contradictory to the rules of co-operation. Those which tend to remove friction and antagonism from human relationships seem to be in accord with those rules.



"Well, you told me to tie 'im up in the clinches!"

LIBERTY

The ability to co-operate is based primarily on the amount of social feeling which a person has developed during childhood and after. Social feeling means social interest; it is the expression of a sense of belonging together. That feeling presupposes confidence in others, and confidence in oneself as a source of strength which enables us to face any eventuality.

The desire to co-operate is curbed only by a feeling of inferiority which produces a compulsion toward self-defense. Often the defensive attitude is assumed unnecessarily in the face of an imaginary danger, usually when one senses a threat to personal prestige. Everyone prefers to co-operate and suffers if he cannot.

Since fear is the chief obstacle to co-operation, how can we avoid it? Death, sickness, and disaster threaten constantly — and always will. Courage and self-confidence constitute the only possible basis for a feeling of security, founded on the realization that, whatever may arise, one will be able to take it and to make the best of it.

Hatred, envy, jealousy, peremptoriness, conceit, and deprecativeness are defense mechanisms employed by an individual to fortify his unwillingness to participate in his social group. Leniency, goodheartedness, generosity, and tolerance, on the other hand, express co-operative tendencies.

Resentment means a hostile emotion directed against something unpleasant. But do we need hostile emotions to remedy disagreeable situations and conditions? Most people are inclined to believe so. How wrong they are! Constructive changes do not require hostility. Hostile actions generally disturb more than they improve. Hostility appears only when we lose confidence in our success. As long as one believes that he can accomplish a change, he will not resent the original predicament; but as soon as doubt arises of the final solution resentment begins. Although a wife may dislike her husband's habits, as long as there is any hope that he may change she will not feel resentful. If resentment comes, it expresses her growing discouragement. And as resentment is based on fear and lack of confidence, it prevents a satisfactory solution.

No person has only qualities which we like, but does that mean that we cannot accept anyone?

By acceptance I mean the expression of a positive attitude toward something or someone, regardless of shortcomings and deficiencies. The husband will gladly adjust himself to his wife's desires if he feels fully accepted by her, but he may drive in the opposite direction if he senses her resentment and rejection.

THERE is a general belief that when interests clash nothing can be done except to fight or yield. Yet by doing either co-operation will be destroyed and nothing will be won.

Whatever happens between two human beings is the expression of a certain equilibrium established soon after they first meet, and subject only to periodic changes. No incident affecting the relationship, however disturbing or pleasant, can be attributed to one side alone. Both parties continuously play into each other's hands, regardless of how active the one and how passive the other may seem. The tormentor is not more guilty than the martyr who permits the cruelty to continue, the torment to recur.

Tyranny in marriage cannot be maintained without indulgent submission; courage and self-respect always stop it.

Here is a single example of an incident which might occur in any family:

The husband comes home from work, fatigued, after some unpleasant experience at his office. The wife has been home all day, looking forward to the evening, planning to go with him to visit some friends. He refuses. He is too tired. She retorts, "Yes, I know. You are always too tired when I want to go out. This time I insist that you come with me." And the quarrel is on its way. She will cry or sulk, and in the end he may give in, dress up, and go out with her. But that is no solution, whether they go out or stay home. If he submits, he feels victimized and, angry as he is, can scarcely enjoy the party. If, on the other hand, he fights persistently, they probably argue all evening, and perhaps spend a sleepless night, awakening in the morning ready for the next fight.

If husband and wife were on good terms, neither would feel that the other has no understanding and shows no consideration. Logically, both are justified in their demands. But it makes no difference who is right or wrong. If they were friendly with each other, they could easily find an agreement according to the importance of each one's desire.

If the visit is an exceptional occasion, the husband can overcome his tiredness and perhaps even enjoy the distraction. And if his exhaustion and discouragement are considerable, the devoted wife might prefer to comfort him rather than to visit casual friends. If the importance of the visit and the exhaustion of the husband are both extraordinary, it might be difficult to decide, but a decision which leads to a quarrel won't lessen the pressure.

Each one's willingness to see the other's point of view is more likely to lead to an agreement than each one's defense of his own.

The problem may, however, lie deeper—in the husband's general reluctance for social contact, and in the wife's inability to make her life enjoyable and worthwhile during the day. Or it may be that she is of a demanding type, not satisfied that the husband provides the money and support, but desirous of his full attention and time when he is not engaged in spending them for her sustenance.

In any case, winning or losing this one fight will not help. What would help is social feeling—the feeling of belonging together—which makes every conflict a common problem, not a question of what he wants or she wants. Social feeling creates a "we" of which he and she are each only one part.

CONFIDENCE in each other stimulates mutual trust and willingness to assist each other. If the husband puts his interest in his wife's hands, she is more likely to consider his desires rather than her own. Children voluntarily change stony stubbornness into willing consideration if they are asked what they think should be done. Adults are not much different.

The old Romans expressed a fine understanding of rules of co-operation when they demanded that their two Consuls could only act when both agreed. The veto of one was always stronger than the demand of the other. What one wanted did not count when the other disliked it. That should be a rule for family life as well. In the case just discussed it is the wife who wants to go out, while the husband prefers to stay home; it is she who wants to *do* something and he doesn't like it. His veto should be stronger than her demand. It means more hardship for him to do what he does not like than for her to refrain from what she likes very much, unless, of course, she is able to win over him.

Unfortunately, the ancient rule of the veto is rarely applied. Most people, if they do not get what they want, feel abused and coerced. This attitude is typical of pampered children; its prevalence among adults is an indication of how few are actually grown up. In the event of conflicting interests it seems advis-

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able to let everyone do what he likes: not to impose, but not to permit imposition either.

A PROPERLY self-confident person is able to regard faults, limitations and shortcomings in their correct perspective, without unduly making them tests of social value. Respect for members of one's family is, therefore, closely linked with self-respect. He who fears disgrace and humiliation in the world at large becomes over-sensitive to his relatives' imperfections. Moreover, if one feels helpless in regard to such shortcomings, one resents them and expresses resentment, either passively and sullenly or in an openly violent and aggressive way. Both lead to disrespect of the dignity and worth of the others.

We are all rather well trained to meet antagonistic interests in society, politely and with due respect for each other. Couldn't we use this technique and knowledge also in our own family?

Family ties alone do not guarantee friendly relationship, and it is much easier to get along with people whom we see rarely. It is necessary in marriage to accept and like each other, even unwashed and unkempt. But why must we take more pains to appeal to perfect strangers or casual friends than to those for whom we care most?

Parents make the same mistake when they expect their children's love merely because they have begotten them. The devotion and respect of children too must continuously be won anew. A friendly atmosphere within the family is evident in many ways. The tone of voice in which father, mother, and children address each other reveals whether friendliness and respect reign, or friction and humiliation and force. We should sharpen our ears to realize these subtle signs of disturbed co-operation.

All marital quarrels show fundamentally the same structure. Listening to husband and wife, one feels sure that the one who talked last is right. And they are both right—or at least they believe they are. Otherwise, they would act differently.

But fundamentally, the quarrel is never a question of right or wrong—only of pleasing or antagonizing, of agreeing or opposing. Human beings are remarkably clever and astonishingly adept at finding reasons to justify their actions. Their scheming minds invent slight provocations to incite another to actions which are justifiable causes for open hostility.

When we want to please we are all able to do so, although some are so discouraged that they have stopped trying, despairing of ever being liked. We all have hundreds of little ways to show affection and to attract it. Yet in family life we insist on legal rights first and try to get before we are willing to give.

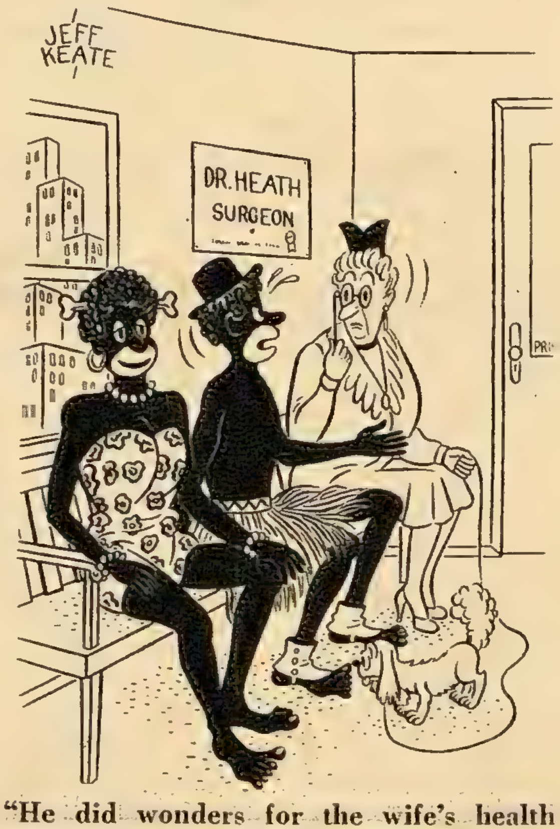
Since we do not know ourselves, or admit our real intentions, or hear the way we sound, or realize when we provoke, how can we be sure whether we violate the fundamental rules of co-operation or observe them?

The consequences of our actions tell us whether we are provoking more friction and tension or promoting a better understanding. Blame, excuses, complaints—all indicate discouragement and resentment. Whenever we detect in ourselves any sign of such inclinations, we can be sure that we are going to violate rules of co-operation.

INNUMERABLE reasons are given for falling out of love. One woman complained that she could no longer love and accept her husband for the reason that he had absolutely no faults. "You can't imagine how terrible it is to live with a man who is perfect. I really can't stand it any longer. If he did something wrong only once! If he would be angry with me. But no, whatever I do is all right. Whatever I don't do is all right, too. He never loses his temper. Can you live with an angel?" Unbelievable as it may sound, one hears such a complaint not infrequently. It only shows that if someone wants to find a reason for opposing, he always can.

The question arises, then, of whether personal faults are the actual causes of marital friction. Is it true that we reject someone because of his faults? I do not think so. As long as we accept and love someone, his faults do not matter; when we refuse to accept him, his faults simply supply us with a good reason for our hostility. We discover faults which we readily overlooked before when they fitted into our plans. It is always the question of our own importance which interferes with our happiness and our co-operation.

It is only human to become critical of others when we suffer from our own shortcomings. Then we become interested in the faults of others. Ordinarily our natural social interest enables us to see and enjoy the good qualities in our fellow men. Everyone has virtues, just as everyone has faults. Whether we emphasize his faults or his virtues indicates our attitude toward a person.



"He did wonders for the wife's health when he was out in Guadalcanal—now she refuses to go to any other doctor!"
LIBERTY

How much it is up to ourselves is demonstrated by the following case:

A patient of mine lived in a very peculiar marriage. He had no sex relations with his wife for many years, although both were rather young. She did not excite his fancy, he said, and he disliked her physically.

He had grown up in competition with an older sister, trying from childhood on to demonstrate his "masculine superiority." Unfortunately, the dominant father he tried to imitate gave him too powerful evidence of his own inadequacy. Consequently, he developed a peculiar system of tyrannizing and charming others to give in to his whims, avoiding very carefully any situation where his dreaded inferiority might become apparent.

He married rather young, when he found a girl deeply devoted to him and willing to live and die for him. She was a wonderful housekeeper, and provided for him a comfortable "temple" where he was enthroned as a god.

After a few years, however, her concern for his welfare repelled him. Her moral superiority threatened him and increased his fear of being dominated. Abruptly he decided to leave her. She became hysterical and literally fell on her knees and implored him to keep her as a slave. His feeling of superiority was saved —and he stayed.

TO test his power, he ignored her domestic efforts by entering the house with dirty shoes and by similar offenses. It broke her heart, but she suffered in silence. He went out with other women, not without telling her of his experiences and successes. She was hungry for his love and affection, so he denied her both.

During therapy he understood his mistaken conception of superiority and the fallacy of his effort to avoid any pressure from the outside world, expressed in various nervous symptoms which had induced him to seek medical attention.

One day he came in obviously amazed. For many years he had considered his wife distasteful and sexually repulsive. Why should he now suddenly feel sexually attracted? Had she changed? Certainly not. It was he who had changed, not alone in his attitude toward her, but toward life in general, so that he looked at her differently and became willing to commit himself again, no longer afraid of losing status. From this moment on, normal relations continued. He gave up his girl friends whose admiration—and even gifts—he no longer needed as proof of his masculine superiority.

It is difficult for two people to be friends day and night, to agree, and to co-operate in all turns life may take. No technique alone can preserve marital happiness—no rule in handling economic, social, or sexual problems can prevent failures. The spirit counts, and not the technique.

The willingness to co-operate can overcome every obstacle.

JEALOUSY is frequently regarded as a true measure of the degree and depth of love, and many realize that they are in love only when they become jealous. We lose our common sense while we are in the grip of jealousy, and even after we have regained our clear and collected judgment we fail to understand the nature of jealousy.

We can be jealous without being in love. A girl attracting the attention of many suitors may become distinctly jealous if one of them is in danger of being lured by the charm of another girl. On the other hand, infidelity in itself does not necessarily produce jealousy in the loving cuckold. Many a man loves his wife for her success with other men.

From a materialistic point of view, faithfulness refers to physical chastity. It remains controversial where adultery starts. Some are inclined to regard a warm handshake or a deep look into each other's eyes as trespassing the limits of decent behavior. Others have no objection to a kiss or even a passionate embrace.

Our susceptibility to temptation grows out of disappointment, quarrels, and antagonism, so often occurring in marriage. No individual who finds full satisfaction in his marriage looks elsewhere. But since our capacity for love is restricted by general discouragement and distress, almost everyone at some periods of life has felt the longing for variety. Especially when we grow older the desire to prove our ability to conquer and win often leads to yearning for other experience. The legal expression of this yearning is divorce.

Many regard jealousy as an adequate response to philandering tendencies in the mate. But jealousy does not ever solve any problem. Suspicion and fear which lead inevitably to open hostility merely aggravate the problem which first tempted the mate to look outside the marriage for erotic adventures.

Infidelity is often just a bugaboo. Slight tendencies to it are certainly not less frequent or more dangerous than a common cold which can lead to fatal pneumonia, but generally does not. Putting a person to bed at the first sniffle is as foolish as letting him go out in the rain when his temperature rises. Either neglect or overanxiety can be harmful. A clever and understanding mate will find many subtle ways of drawing an adventuring partner back without oppressing his feeling of freedom.

A young woman lived in a very unsatisfactory marriage. She cared little for her husband, whose qualities and behavior she despised. So she finally decided to get a divorce. Before breaking up completely, however, she went on a vacation to see how the temporary separation would affect them both. She had a grand time, felt carefree and relaxed, and without any deep interest began an affair with a young man.

When she returned home, her husband, as she had expected, was not at the railroad station to welcome her. But she was hurt, upset, and for the first time became jealous. She imagined him with another woman. This strange new feeling puzzled her. For the moment she suspected that she might love him unknowingly, but it was not true, and she went on with the divorce proceedings.

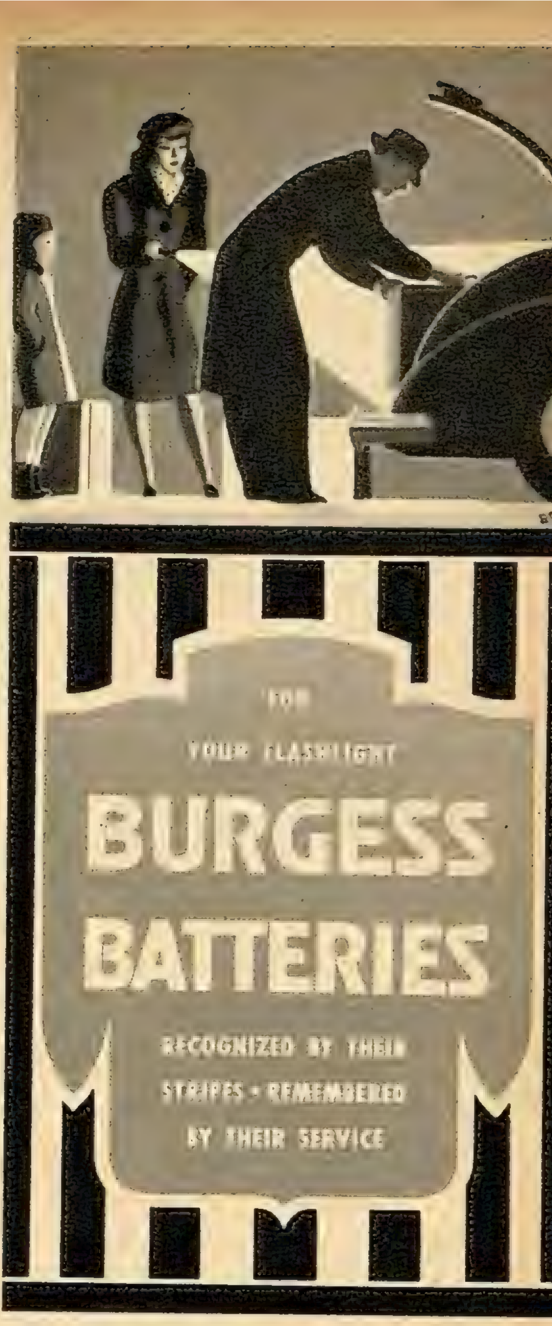
What had actually happened was that for the first time she became uncertain of whether she had behaved correctly in her relationship with him, whether she had fulfilled her obligation as wife and woman. Without this doubt in herself, she would not have hoped that her husband, never considerate before and now almost estranged, would meet her at the train; and without jealousy, she would not have granted herself any right to demand anything from him after she had failed.

One frequent element in jealousy is competition with the same sex. Our relationship with a person of the opposite sex is very much colored by our attitude toward our own. A woman whose life centers very much around men and who therefore regards every other woman as her mortal enemy may think of her own husband as a poor dupe endangered by all the scheming cats. The competition between men is more concerned with business and work, and women play a minor, although not at all negligible, role.

THE feeling of inadequacy and inferiority stimulates a striving for compensation. The method easiest and closest at hand is to attempt to gain attention.

One woman, for instance, had grown up as an only girl among several brothers. She was always the center of attention and managed to keep this position. When she got married, she suffered a great deal from her feeling of jealousy, which she recognized as being unjustified. She asked her husband time and again about his previous experiences with women, despite the fact—or perhaps because of it?—that he assured her each time how much more attractive she was and that he loved her more than he had ever loved anyone else. She still doubted her ability to compare favorably with the physical beauty of other women.

She made no secret of her jealousy and spent many hours in rather tortuous discussions with her husband. With her jealousy she kept control of every one of his movements. Whenever she felt neglected she called on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him at his office, trying to find out whether he was with another woman. She prevented him from leaving her alone, disregarding many of his professional and social obligations which would keep him away from her. Once, when her efforts to keep him home failed, she used jealousy as a weapon against him by immediately arranging a date with another man, to make him jealous too.

Frequently we provoke jealousy without realizing it. Keeping our mate in suspense by not committing ourselves is likely to produce a deep feeling of insecurity and inadequacy.

One of my students once complained bitterly about the jealousy of his wife. For the past few months they had quarreled daily. She accused him of spending his time with other women or paying too much attention to his family and neglecting her. A brief analysis of the conditions under which these quarrels had started revealed an amazing fact. He had found himself confronted with a difficult and decisive examination. At that moment his wife's jealousy had started.

Without being aware of what he did he actually had changed his behavior toward her in such a way that she couldn't help becoming suspicious. He had previously been a very considerate and attentive husband. Now he came home later than he had promised, showed no interest in her problems, was oversensitive and aggressive. No wonder she suspected another woman. And he, instead of dispelling her suspicions, had increased them by arguing and by scolding her, without mentioning his real troubles.

By repeatedly complaining that his wife's jealousy made it impossible for him to study and concentrate, he plainly revealed how conveniently this jealousy had occurred. It excused his expected shortcomings and soothed his vanity. Anyone unfamiliar with the trickery of the human mind will consider it impossible that he had purposely, although unconsciously, made his wife jealous. The explanation may sound fanciful, but developments showed how correct it was.

Shortly after it had been explained to him that he had unwittingly stirred up quarrels and dissension in order to excuse his assumed inadequacy, the home situation changed. When he became aware of his secret plans, he could not continue them. Without any specific action or effort on his side, his wife stopped being jealous. He himself was amazed at the changes in his home after he overcame his fears of the examination and stopped looking for excuses.

WHAT can a husband who has a jealous wife do?

Let us imagine a rather common situation. The husband, coming home in the evening, finds his wife in sullen silence. "What is the matter with you?" Finally she bursts out, "You can go back to your girl friend. Why trouble to come home at all?"

"I got the loan, dear!"

LIBERTY

If he is kind and considerate, he may attempt to convince her that she is wrong. Very soon he will make the typical mistake of apologizing for his tardiness. She will not believe him, no matter what he says.

We can be entirely right, but we are wrong when we try to explain that we are right. Even if we are wrong, we may succeed if we act right psychologically. Often enough, jealous feelings can be assuaged in a clever and subtle way—if we are sure of ourselves, if we refrain from regarding ourselves as being humiliated and abused. A little smile, a kind expression of patience, a kiss full of tenderness, a word of sincere affection may work wonders.

Whenever you are dealing with a jealous person, don't excuse yourself, and don't try to reason or to convince. Be firm, and do what you think is right. Surrender will help as little as fighting. But give the partner what he actually needs—affection and devotion.

The belief that emotions are uncontrollable—that they are stronger than reason—is a part of our culture that dates back thousands of years. It is not true that flesh is weaker than spirit. Flesh cannot do anything that the spirit doesn't want done. Behind strong unreasonable feelings lie concrete and very practical intentions.

If we are jealous, do we want to gain more attention? Do we want to exert pressure and power? Do we intend to hurt, or to excuse our failure in marriage? The woman who is jealous of her husband's visiting his mother instead of coming home tries to demonstrate to him that he cannot neglect her, that he is not permitted to care for anyone more than for her; and if he does not pay attention to her in the way she wishes, then he must devote his time and energy to her in quarrels. And if he does not conform with her desires, he must suffer.

The most effective way to overcome our own emotions of antagonism is to realize the purpose for which we create and maintain them. The realization weakens the emotion so that it can no longer be used as an adequate excuse for our actions.

How can we prevent ourselves from becoming jealous? If we are truly conscientious and eager to maintain marital peace and harmony, we should become alert to any sign of hostility in ourselves. It is characteristic of our present-day insecurity that we are very sensitive to the slightest indication of hostility—but only on the part of other people toward us. The source of our indignation seems to be outside, but it is within ourselves.

UNQUESTIONABLY each individual is sexually more attracted by certain types of the other sex than by others. Although it happens, however rarely, that a person feels attracted to one type alone, such preference can be of importance only during the process of courting. After the wedding other factors rule the sexual relationship. The most favored "type" may soon lose all attraction. Lack of sexual interest in general, failing sexual stimulation, diversity of sexual demands, inadequate sexual procedure, impotence and frigidity, sexual repulsiveness or aversion—these are not the causes of any so-called sexual incompatibility. They reflect antagonistic attitudes between husband and wife; these attitudes influence their sexual behavior.

When two people enter a sexual relationship, each brings into the union his or her personality, a host of past experiences—and, of course, his or her physical constitution, too. It must be an extraordinary coincidence if they really match perfectly. Lovemaking is an art, the perfection of which has to be developed through training, like any other art. Every sex relationship is a process of mutual adjustment, if it goes beyond the first act of passionate release.

A couple consulted me in regard to their unsatisfactory sexual life. They were devoted to each other. A fine spirit of co-operation helped them to understand each other and to agree generally in solving their life problems; but sexually they had drifted completely apart. The wife, it happened, was an only child of a very affectionate mother, and had grown up in an atmosphere of tenderness and openly expressed devotion. The husband, however, had left his family when he was thirteen years old, had supported himself from that time on, and had spent his youth as a sailor. When he finally desired to settle down, to have a home and family of his own, this girl impressed him with her motherly devotion and he fell in love with her. She loved him because he was self-sufficient, a strong man who gave promise of protection and stability.

Both were right in their expectation, but missed the grade on one point. She could not indulge in mere tender fondling with him without arousing his sexual desire. He rejected her demand just to be close to him, to be kissed and caressed, and she resented his brutal overpowering of her. During the years the mutual resentment grew stronger and stronger until he became impotent and completely lost any sexual desire, because he felt her painful and reluctant submission. Each failed to learn to love what the other one liked; each felt cheated in his or her own "justified" demands. Both wanted to receive satisfaction and not to give it.

Few recognize the sexual satisfaction which lies in satisfying. What matters to them is their own feeling, their own ability, their own being hurt or rejected.

Impotence and frigidity are the consequences of emotional withdrawal. They are neurotic mechanisms and conceal the true intentions, as any neurotic symptoms do. It is resentment toward their feminine role that makes many women hesitant to play their feminine part in the communion, and this resentment creates frigidity. Often women are not even aware that they are frigid. Masculine impotency is either a desire to keep aloof, to keep distance, or it reflects a profound doubt of being a "real man." Lack of sexual stimulation or insufficient depth of emotion always means withholding and desire for distance, often originated by marital discontent and disagreement in other spheres of life.

The extent of possible mutual adjustment is practically unlimited. It all depends on unqualified willingness to accept each other, without demand and resentment, without complaint and discomfort. Everything is right so long as both like it. Love is a mutual task; sex a mutual understanding.

MANY women take great pains to make themselves attractive when they go out or visit friends, but neglect any care in the intimacy of their home life. They take their husband's love for granted instead of constantly winning his admiration and affection anew. No woman is so young and pretty that she does not need, and none so old or ugly that she cannot find, skillful methods to keep her husband's emotion alive.

Many men, on their part, behave in much the same way. After their marriage, or at least after the honeymoon is over, they forget so often the "sweet little nothings" which gave so much delight—or at least they reserve them for social occasions to demonstrate their devotion in the presence of others. They fail to realize, that a woman demands signs of love and affection and cannot take anything as self-evident if it is not expressed again and again. It is neither more difficult nor less gratifying to woo a woman after the wedding. Often, however, men are not trained to do this. They consider their wives as being obliged to marital "duty." Many of them actually think that only the masculine desire is important.

ONE of the dangerous and yet most nearly universal threats to marital harmony is provided by in-laws.

A woman who came to me for advice had been married a short time. The husband had lived, previously to their marriage, with his sister, and she had always succeeded in preventing his forming too close a relationship with any girl. Thus he was no longer young when he finally fell in love with a girl who managed through a trying courtship to win the final victory over his family ties. The sister, who feared losing his financial support, was furious. She even refused to come to the wedding.

Shortly afterward the sister reproachfully invited the husband to come to visit her. He hesitated because he resented her obstinacy—but he went. His wife, who was not included in the invitation, resented the open rejection by her sister-in-law and felt that under these circumstances her husband should not go.

Her resentment flared into open anger when he returned from the visit obviously a different man. He was cold, unfriendly, irritable, and for the first time in their short marriage the atmosphere became unpleasant and tense. The situation lasted several days. But no word was spoken, and the previous harmony was restored by itself.

A few weeks later the sister-in-law called and invited her brother again. This time his wife took a definite stand against his visits. It resulted in the first open controversy and hostility.

I tried to make the wife understand that neither fighting nor giving in would help her. But there was another possibility. Her husband undoubtedly was in a grave conflict and did not know what to do. His devotion to his wife conflicted with his loyalty to his family. Why didn't she help him? And so she discovered a solution.

She went home and told her husband she didn't want to alienate him from his family; but wouldn't he think it only fair to take her with him if he went visiting them? He was deeply grateful for her willingness to go with him, after all the humiliations which she had experienced from his sister. He called his sister up immediately and asked her whether he could come with his wife. The sister found some excuse for this occasion and promised to invite him at a later date—but he never received an invitation. From this moment on all problems concerning his

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family were solved by husband and wife together.

Not all conflicts about in-laws can be solved so easily. It takes more endurance and patience to meet continuously persons who regard the wife's very existence as an insult. But as long as she does not let anyone drive her from the side of her husband, as long as she tries to think in his terms, encouraging him, supporting him, and helping him to overcome the conflict within himself, nothing can actually destroy their concord.

A husband's jealousy or possessiveness can never be justified on the ground that he feels rejected or even humiliated by his in-laws. If he considers it a feminine duty for a girl to leave her family and follow her husband, he shows no understanding of her human constitution. He may enforce submission, but he will reap the hostility which he has sown.

"WHEN poverty comes in the door, love flies out the window." It sounds good—but is it true? Hardship can bring two people closer together as well as break their marital ties. If there is any feeling of belonging, hardship will strengthen it. Under really trying conditions many minor frictions, detrimental to the mutual understanding, disappear. Real disaster leaves no room for concern with personal prestige.

If the husband does not or cannot support the family adequately, it takes much courage and a deep sense of dignity on both sides to maintain the marital harmony. The wife is inclined to regard his shortcoming as a personal insult, often interpreting the man's failure to make more money as a neglect of wife and family. The husband, on his side, feels his inadequacy deeply, even if his pride prevents him from revealing his feeling of shame. He may remonstrate actively or passively by staying in bed and refusing any kind of contribution on his side; or he may play the tyrant, demanding and ordering the other members of the family around.

The wife generally doesn't understand at all why he behaves as he does, and her anger increases when he becomes less and less willing to help at home. She thinks that he should feel more obliged to assume domestic duties if he isn't working.

If men were trained to consider housework as not inferior, and women regarded support of the family as not exclusively a man's job, then unemployment of the husband would hardly create any problem.

Changes in the conception of man as the only provider lead to new difficulties in another direction. Many a man resents the desire of his wife to work outside the home and to earn money herself. He regards it as a personal humiliation if his wife works. Actually it is a struggle for supremacy and prestige which prevents many a man from consenting to his wife's career.

To overcome such an obstacle is not easy for a woman who has something to contribute and looks for personal recognition. But if the woman is sincerely interested in some work and determined to carry it on, her giving in to threats or intimidation will not solve the problem. She should find means of maintaining her marriage along with developing a career. This requires the ability to win her husband's approval. Arguments and tears, threats and accusations, will merely antagonize. A courageous woman engaged in a career can be kind enough to convince a husband that he does not lose anything, not even his masculine superiority, if she finds her own field of activity.

OFTEN enough, an ambitious and efficient woman chooses a weak and unstable husband. While she prides herself on her intention to guide and "save" him, she actually acclaims only her own virtuousness over his wickedness.

This kind of woman makes it difficult for any man to be good. He has no chance of competing with her impressive virtue, and punishing her with his expected misbehavior is only a small consolation. He rarely realizes that by torturing her he only adds to her glory. The wife of a drunkard is often a typical martyr; the more she suffers, the holier she becomes.

In the history of such a marriage, we find many periods in which a wife could have stopped the husband from drinking. A certain firmness could have made him aware of the consequences of his behavior—losing her, at a time when he still cared for her and yet had not been sufficiently antagonized by her contempt and nagging. But after each quarrel, after every threat, she gave in, accepting his promises which she knew would never be kept. As a matter of fact, the fate of a marriage generally depends much more upon the behavior of the wife than upon that of the man.

"I'm having man trouble again—no man!"

LIBERTY

GENUINE interest in one's partner will help in recognizing, even without academic training in psychology, why the husband is reluctant to entertain friends or attend parties. His being tired is not the real cause: if he enjoyed social contact more, he would not feel tired.

He may have nothing in common with certain guests because he has not been trained for social participation. He may consider that just being with others is a waste of time because nothing tangible results from such an activity.

A wife who wants her husband to enjoy a concert, when he never previously "understood" classical music, has to move slowly. She must be careful in selecting the program, and must also consider some other stimulation. That should not be difficult, so long as he likes her company and enjoys satisfying her.

But too many women diminish their chances of success by condescension—because they regard the man's business world as inferior. They frown upon his resistance to higher cultural values; instead of appreciating the difficulties a man has to overcome, they resent his apprehension and hesitance.

Where neither partner interferes, where each shows tolerance and understanding, each partner may enjoy pleasures which the other one either cannot or does not want to share. The presence of "antagonistic" interests, therefore, is always the consequence of impaired co-operation and a deteriorated interest in each other. The development of identical interests implies genuine efforts to iron out antagonisms.

I knew a young woman with wide and liberal interests who married the brother of her best girl friend. As she and her friend were very congenial in their interests and likes, she expected the brother to be like his sister. During a short courtship he was very attentive, sharing her activities. They married while he was in the army, shortly before he left for overseas duty. When he came back, they really got acquainted with each other. She found that he had little interest in classical music, only in light operettas, and that his political beliefs opposed those held by her and her family. She felt cheated and hurt. Their arguments and frictions affected shortly their sexual relationship. She had begun to give serious consideration to obtaining a divorce.

After listening to all her complaints, I suggested an interview with both of them present. In the three-way discussion, it became apparent that he was very much in love with her, was himself happy and could not understand why she was not. He expressed willingness to do whatever was considered necessary.

Psychologically she was the cause of all their conflicts. Her resentment, her pressure and disapproval were the real causes of the friction and endangered her marriage.

As she came to recognize her own part in the game, she stopped provoking and resenting. They became friendly and mutually affectionate again. Since she again responded sexually, he ceased demanding so much. She realized that she could just as well sympathize with his difficulties in sitting through a heavy program when they went to a concert, as to argue with him and tell him that he did not understand the beauty of the music.

In political discussions she could call on him to express his point of view, appreciating the fact that she had an expert from the other side of the fence, instead of scolding him about his wrong views.

Instead of the general demand, "If only he would change, I'd be glad to act differently," we should recognize the truth that "if I change my behavior, he cannot continue his."

For happiness, the question of rightness and wrongness is unimportant. But to accept the other's faults and virtues—that is important. When we have decided to face the issues—muster our courage and try to think in terms of "What can *I* do to improve the situation?"—then we are on the right track.

A WOMAN came to me for advice who had been married about one year. She got along very well with her husband. Sexually and socially they had fun together and were devoted companions—except for one disagreement.

She was unable to make him give her her weekly allowance for food and other housekeeping expenses on time. She had to ask for the money each week, several times; and if she did not ask, he "forgot" altogether to give her her money until the week was over. She talked to him, pleaded with him, threatened him—nothing helped. The more they quarreled, the less he improved. Now he had started to accuse her of spending too much; she should have saved something from last week.

What could she do to avoid the fighting, quarreling and invariable final submission to the humiliating experience? We can well understand her predicament. It was impossible for her to plan her budget and even her meals. She had to borrow and to make debts, both of which she hated.

A slight understanding of the little guy who wants to play the big boss would have saved many sleepless nights, tortuous scenes, wasted hours, days, and weeks. This man loved his wife dearly. The only point where he could exert his superiority was in his role as provider. And—without being aware of it—he wanted to make full use of this one advantage. He wanted to be asked, to be begged.

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If he had given her her allowance at the beginning of the week, without any ado, then even this sign of his authority would have been taken away from him. Instead of power he would have accepted just another duty. He could not explain that to her, because he was not aware of his psychological motivation. Therefore, when she accused him, he had to come back with rationalizations, with flimsy retaliations and unfounded reproaches, which made her only more furious.

Once she realized the situation, she found easily what she could do to solve the problem. First, she no longer resented asking him for what she knew was due her. She wanted him to be happy—and if that was what made him happy, why not give it to him? It was so easy, once her false pride was gone. Moreover, she discovered that she could as easily get from him a hundred dollars as fifteen dollars if she asked for it several times. He actually was very generous. So on several occasions she got a hundred dollars, which gave her a reserve to fall back on if he did not provide the weekly allowance on time. And reproaches and scenes were never necessary.

THE number of women who break down around the period of climacteric is increasing alarmingly. These disturbances are mostly found in women who have been excellent wives and mothers and who suddenly find themselves without any function in life. Their breakdown generally occurs when the children have grown up and left home. Their role as grandmothers does not satisfy them since modern parents do not permit grandparents to meddle in their affairs.

The husband, who found his own place in his business and in his social activities, cannot later pay the same attention and affection to his wife as he did when they were first married. The wife still has work to do in her home, of course. But this job is no longer significant and meaningful. To take care of herself and of her husband does not require all her qualities and energies. So she thinks about a job. But she has no training, no skill for any important position.

Many of the best qualities of women are ignored or wasted when they are not prepared to tackle a significant job outside of home. Not only does society lose their valuable contributions, but they themselves are not armed against any event whereby they lose their position in life, be it divorce, maturity of children, or death of the husband.

And women survive their husbands in increasing number. The average life expectancy of men is shorter than that of women, and women generally marry men a few years their seniors.

Bringing a child into the world, if it is done deliberately and voluntarily, is one of the most complete expressions of social feeling—of feeling that we belong to the human community.

The life of a parent is richer, his interest generally broader than that of the childless man or woman. This, of course, is true provided the parent does not become the slave of the child whom he, for his own personal gratification, has made a god. A child can be a link between husband and wife, or he can become a source of disunity.

Certain problems of parenthood are peculiar to our times. Large families, which were once the rule, are uncommon. Especially in cities the average family has one or two children, seldom three, and rarely more. In large families children grew up in a natural group, influencing one another; mother had no time for one in particular. She had to establish general rules for all her children. But in smaller families, children are much more exposed to their parents and an inadequate technique or attitude of a parent has far-reaching consequences.

It is no wonder that parents so often fail in the rearing of their children, for it is one of the most difficult tasks in marital life.

Ironically, parents try to imitate the acts of their parents, completely forgetting what they themselves as children had to suffer from their own parents' inadequacy. A father who was beaten as a child will be strongly inclined to beat his own children. He forgets completely the humiliation he felt as a child, the hatred and opposition growing out of the whipping with the parental hand or rod.

These cruel and terrifying episodes distort character, create a disbelief in human kindness, and a distrust of the child's fellows. Beaten children, in their revolt, are most likely to provoke situations where they will be whipped again, physically as well as mentally.

IF, on the other hand, the spanked child keeps up courage and social interest, he will, as an adult, carefully avoid any situation in which he may be victimized again. He may cultivate "strength" and "toughness," and attain that rigidity and cruelty of character which is the high price paid by many strong and able persons. They punish rather than submit; and they alienate the affection of friends, relatives, and children.

The custom of spanking is one of the most forceful obstacles to the development of a democratic, peaceful, and co-operative atmosphere within the family. It is a relic of times which had little conception of human dignity and of human rights.

The social atmosphere in a family is a very important factor in the education of children. All the shortcomings, faults, and errors of a child can be traced to faulty approaches used by members of the family in dealing with each other. The child is adequately prepared for life only if the family has observed those rules which should govern the relations between human beings.

Too often parents employ one set of rules for themselves and another, quite different, for their children. What excitement there is if a child lies! The parents are bewildered, they feel actually insulted. They completely forget the occasions when they have lied openly to a neighbor, or even demanded of the child that he lie for them. They expect their child to be industrious, whereas the father and the mother regularly complain about their own work.

It is difficult for parents to realize that children are human beings like themselves. Often they permit the child privileges that they would not grant to anyone else, and such indulgence is as disastrous as suppression.

But where there is a friendly relationship with a real understanding between parents and child, how easy things are! Every child is very sensitive to kindness—and to firmness, too. The children who do not respond are the children who have been taught that only force is important.

Mary was playing in the yard when Mother called, "Mary, come here." Continuing her play, Mary showed no signs of having heard. Mother called again. And again there was no response. A family friend passing by listened, then approached Mary and asked her whether she had not heard.

"Oh, yes," she replied quietly, continuing her play.

The friend was a little indignant. "Then why don't you go home?"

Undisturbed, Mary answered, "Oh, I have time. Mother hasn't yelled yet!"

Overprotection and indulgence never win a child, never make him co-operative and courageous. They deprive him of enjoying order, of experiencing his own strength in helping himself and being useful to others.

Indulgence is often based on a faulty idea of freedom. To give children freedom and self-expression is necessary; but freedom without order is impossible. On the other hand, there is no permanent order without freedom. Under the pretext of granting freedom parents make their children unhappy despots who are unable to get along with others and feel rejected by everyone not submissive to their rule.

Many children grow up with a very peculiar conception of order. To them, order is everything that they don't want to do. There are many ways to impress a child with the real significance of order. For example, he may agree that it would be nice if each member of the family could do—for a day or so—whatever he likes best. Very soon, the child will discover that he gains very little and loses much if father and mother also do only what they like best at any given moment. There are no meals prepared, no beds made, and no clothes cleaned. Obviously order serves the interest not of any one person alone but of all of them together.

The child needs constant encouragement, needs it as a plant needs water. Our present method of rearing children is instead full of discouragement. Indulgence and suppression create innumerable experiences of discouragement. For parents are needlessly timid. They see everywhere possible dangers; they identify themselves with their children, and, having no confidence in themselves, they can hardly believe that the child can take care of himself.

In reality, the child generally has more physical and mental abilities than the parents credit him with. This doubt of the child's potentialities, carried from one generation into the next, is one of the reasons why adults leave so many of their capacities undeveloped, never reaching the fruition of their potentialities.

Whatever increases the courage of a child is helpful—and whatever discourages, harmful. No child is genuinely "bad." Every child likes to be good, wishes to be successful, loves to be "nice." Only if he gives up hope, if he loses confidence in himself, will he misbehave. Very few people plan to encourage, and even those frequently don't know how. Some try to be sweet—how the children hate that! Children observe very closely—too closely not to recognize insincerity. Dishonest praise can never encourage. Undeserved commendation is either meaningless or disgusting.

Each child has abilities and faculties which can be commended, and each has sore spots which need tender care. Without having faith in the child, however, no one will be able to instill in him a better opinion of himself. When husband and wife disagree, when parents fight with each other, then the children, too, compete with each other, each one trying to dishearten his adversary of the moment.

Four main objectives can be discerned as motivating a child to misbehave. Most frequently, the child wants to attract attention. Children who strive for attention must be taught that they can be useful—that social recognition means not receiving, but contributing.

The second possible objective of misbehavior is to demonstrate superiority and power. Children exposed to force learn to counteract with resistance. They are very ingenious in frustrating the most forceful schemings of their parents.

This hostility leads finally to the third objective—namely, to punish, to get even. Convinced that nobody likes him, the child gives up any attempt to please. The only compensation for his humiliation is his ability to hurt others as he is hurt.

The fourth objective is evidenced

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in complete passivity. It expresses a belief in personal inadequacy. It is an attempt to avoid situations where the anticipated personal deficiency would become obvious.

Parents must learn why the child behaves as he does; against whom and what he directs his aggression or shortcomings. They should gather information about the general line of the child's thoughts and desires, about the conclusions he draws from his experiences.

Under the influence of all his experiences, the child develops rather early—within the first four to six years of his life—a definite idea of himself and his position in life. The competition between brothers and sisters is one of the strongest influences in his development.

A child cannot comprehend the importance of age. To him, his brother or sister is simply stronger or weaker, more or less capable, irrespective of his age.

THE following case shows very clearly the mechanisms and the expressions of competition between children.

Nine-year-old Billy had lost his father four years before I met him. Very early he assisted his mother not only in housework, but also in taking care of six-year-old Marilyn. He actually assumed the function of the "man of the family." But at school he had few friends and was not very much interested in school work. That is not surprising when we consider that in school Billy could not have the extraordinary position which he enjoyed at home.

Marilyn was untidy, unreliable, noisy, disturbing, and annoying—a real "brat." Mother could not understand how in all the world the two children could be so different! It was hard for her to understand the connection between Billy's goodness and Marilyn's difficulties.

We had the following discussion with both children together. First, we asked Marilyn whether she thought Mother liked her. Her answer was, as could be expected, a shaking of the head. Then we explained to her that we were sure that Mother loved her very much but that because she, Marilyn, did not believe it, she acted in such a way as to make Mother constantly angry at her. As a consequence, Mother paid attention to her only when she misbehaved and that made her feel still more disliked. If she would try to behave differently, she would find out that Mother loved her, too.

Then we asked Billy whether he wanted Marilyn to be a good and nice girl. He immediately shouted, "No!" We asked him why he didn't want it. He became embarrassed, groped for an answer, and finally said, "She won't be good, anyhow."

Then we explained to him that maybe we could help her and he could help her, too, and so we might succeed in making her a good girl. Would he like it? Somewhat uncertainly, he said, yes, he would. I looked at him and told him, frankly, I didn't believe that he meant it seriously; I was sure that his first "no" was more sincere and accurate. But why didn't he want her to be good? Perhaps he could tell me. He was thoughtful for a while. Then he said—"Because I want to be better."

ARCHERY
J Monahan

"The instructions are in the box."
LIBERTY

Overcoming the spirit of competition within the family and especially between the children is one of the most difficult, yet most urgent tasks for conscientious parents. Just as this competition inhibits the children from enjoying each other, any experience of mutual enjoyment lessens the competition.

What the family needs is united activity and common interests to increase the feeling of belonging together. Games, which give everyone an equal and fair chance, tours and outings, alluring common interests, discussions inviting everyone to express his opinion, are extremely effective, especially if both parents participate. Each child should be trained for occasional leadership and for occasional submission if democratic ways are to develop within the family and thence extend to broader social groups.

One word as to the pressing problem of whether children should be saved from the "ugly" influences of the outside world. By protecting them we do not prepare them to face life later on. Let them face the facts of life squarely; one can't conceal those facts anyhow. But parents can help their children to develop a correct attitude toward life, to be courageous and sympathetic, understanding and helpful.

Instead of forbidding children to listen to the horror stories of the radio, parents can help them to evaluate the stories correctly and to scorn what is just cheap and sensational. They can't successfully forbid their children to play with guns, if their playmates do so (by the way, playing with guns is not appropriate preparation for being a soldier and serves only to foster a misguided sense of superiority); but parents can teach their children the true meaning of gunplay.

Interference by parents in the conflicts that children have with each other is mostly harmful. If the friction is within the family, the parents' meddling increases the competition and encourages only more fighting. If the fight is outside the family, parental influence helps little to lessen the tension and undermines the child's ability to take care of himself. In emergency, of course, educational considerations must be put aside in favor of safety.

If small children quarrel, don't think that they will kill each other. I like to put two children who are fighting vigorously into a room by themselves with the remark that I will see which one comes out alive. Usually that device helps. After a short while each child is sitting in a corner, or the two are playing harmoniously together.

EACH one of us helps mold the world of tomorrow. Every thought and every action, every belief and every doubt, every desire and every indifference—all are elements which weave themselves into the intricate pattern of public opinion.

Our thoughts and feelings about love and marriage are forces in the evolutionary process. Some declare themselves openly in favor of sexual "freedom" for both men and women alike; some decry the new so-called immorality, and some avoid taking any definite stand, perhaps adhering by their practice to one point of view and by their convictions to the other. Many enjoy sexual freedom outside marriage and still speak about the sin of "fornication." Confusion upon confusion! What is right and what is wrong?

If a girl asks whether she should have sex relations with her fiancé, it is impossible to say yes or no, because either answer may imperil her future. The tradition in which the boy was reared must be considered as well as his personal development. Many a boy will not marry a girl after she has lost her virginity, although he may try his best to make her lose it. Some boys, however, will hesitate to marry unless they feel such closeness to the girl as is possible only through sex; such a boy may doubt being liked enough if the girl resists.

Our youngsters are not "immoral"; their morals are only different from those of the previous generations. The parents know it, but want to shut their eyes to new and disturbing facts. The sexual experiences of our boys in the service were, in most instances, in contrast to their upbringing and their training in civilian life. The society which they had known offered no socially accepted form of sexual gratification, since prostitution, a token of feminine humiliation, has been socially and legally barred. Those stationed in European countries especially were exposed to considerable sexual "freedom."

THE situation confronting the women who served in the armed forces is similar in regard to new sexual patterns which arose. Many of the girls, taken away from home, from the protection of their families and the strict regulations of the community, were exposed to the unceasing and insistent demands of their male companions, to the romantic lure of nature, moonlight or the tropics, to the despair of loneliness and homesickness, to a living condition where the shadow of death made life cheap and put a high value on pleasure. These girls, in their new status as soldiers, could no longer look at sex with the bashful embarrassment with which they were brought up.

And on the home front the scarcity of available men and the threat of sexual deprivation outweighed for many girls and women the importance of chastity and fidelity, not to speak of those girls who excused their desire for fun, for admiration and appreciation, by assuming a "patriotic duty" to satisfy the desires of the boys home on furlough. The general trend toward the loosening of sexual morals made the position of war wives and war brides even more precarious than the hardships of separation would imply. It is hard enough to be alone, lonesome, and without outlet for affections and sexual desires; it is worse to know that "he" probably found his pleasures in one way or another.

Moreover, this had to be endured at a time when girls and women in their community enjoyed a new and fascinating freedom in their status as war workers, finding their place at the side of men in factories, in industry and technical fields. They worked as men did, they dressed like men, against all the futile protests of the frightened males who wanted to keep the women "in their place." They made money as never before and became independent of any male supporter. It is no wonder if they acted as men did in regard to sex.

It would be unjust to label these changes as "growing immorality." It is true that war has always brought in its wake a loosening of morals. That was true after the last war, and one might consider present conditions a repetition of a temporary immorality. But this time it is more than that. These changes are an indication of a change in the moral values themselves, reflecting a new position of woman in society, a new relationship between man and woman, who look with new eyes upon sex in its physical and social implications, at least in the big cities.

During and after World War I the sexual delinquency of young girls increased, as has happened this time again. But girls arrested twenty-five years ago were fully aware of their misconduct. Today, when apprehended for similar offenses, girls are defiant, denying anybody the right to interfere.

Where can we all, each one of us, make our contribution to the progress of mankind? Only by ourselves, in our personal relationships to others, most strongly in our own homes. Careful analysis of individuals—especially of children—reveals a bewildering and amazing fact: that everyone, without exception, possesses hundreds of abilities, innumerable undetected talents which were never developed, often frustrated even before perceived. All the deficiencies and personal limitations which hinder personal adjustment and success are artificial, the results of a deep discouragement to which we all, as children, were subjected.

If mankind ever achieves living conditions that permit social feeling and co-operation, then—and only then—will all our children, whole generations, have a fair chance to develop fully their capacities, morally and emotionally. Then probably a new type of man will appear, differing from our present generations as we do from wild savage tribes. We may presume that the man of tomorrow will be characterized by greater social interest, a greater sense of responsibility, and less concern with his own pleasure and personal prestige.

THE big problems of the world are related to everyday problems of sex and marriage. The solution of each immediate problem requires the same attitudes which alone can solve social problems in general: courage and a sense of responsibility.

Our attitude toward sex and toward any other social problem is our contribution in changing the world. Recognizing that, we should feel the full responsibility which we individually have for the development of the future, which is bound to the past.

Our own life problems may look different if we can accept this point of view.

THE END

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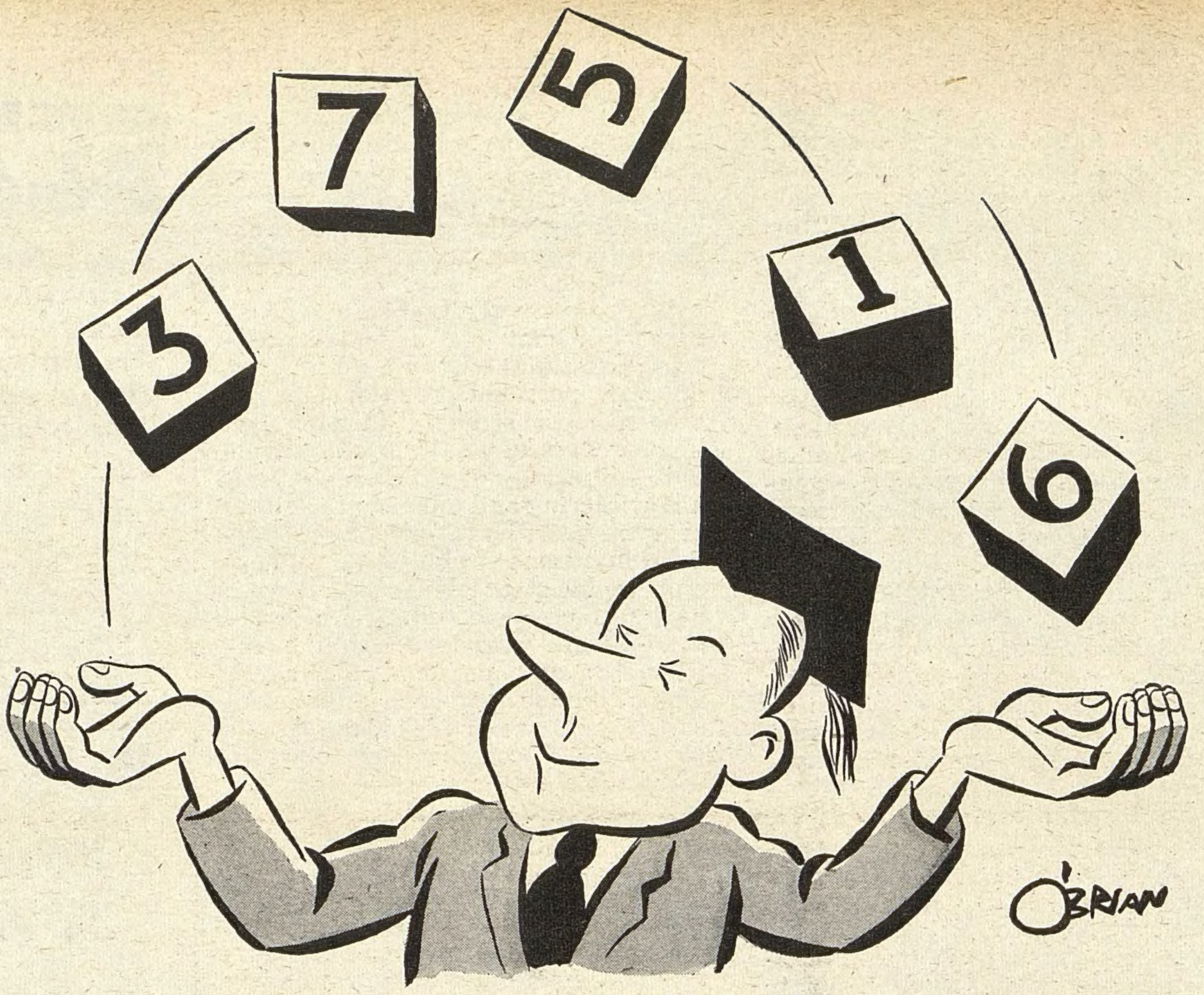


One way to prove two and two equal five.

# FIGURES DON'T LIE

THE truth of the above well-used saying is self-evident. However, he who would lead other men into his way of thinking often finds it useful to bend figures to further his purpose. So, by universal custom, the saying has acquired a second part—"Liars do figure." When the misleading use of figures involves the welfare, happiness, and success of large numbers of workingmen and their families, it's hard to laugh off.

Some weeks ago the United Automobile Workers announced its intention of seeking a substantial wage increase for its members. Whereupon Mr. Charles E. Wilson, president of General Motors Corp., stated that any wage increase inevitably would be reflected in car prices, because, as he put it, the cost of an automobile is practically all labor. Mr. Walter P. Reuther, president of the union, was quick to dispute this statement. His claim is that direct labor costs account for only one quarter of an automobile's price. Therefore, according to the way Reuther uses a pencil, a 25-per-cent hourly increase in wages would increase the cost of an automobile only 6¼ per cent.

Let's analyze the two statements. Aside from the bare cost of metallic ores in the ground and other basic raw materials in their natural state, it is obvious the cost of an automobile is entirely represented by labor in one form or another. While Mr. Reuther may be correct in his contention that the money paid directly to General Motors workmen represents only 25 per cent of the cost of a car, he ignores the wages and salaries paid to other workmen who have mined, transported, and processed the materials of which the car is made.

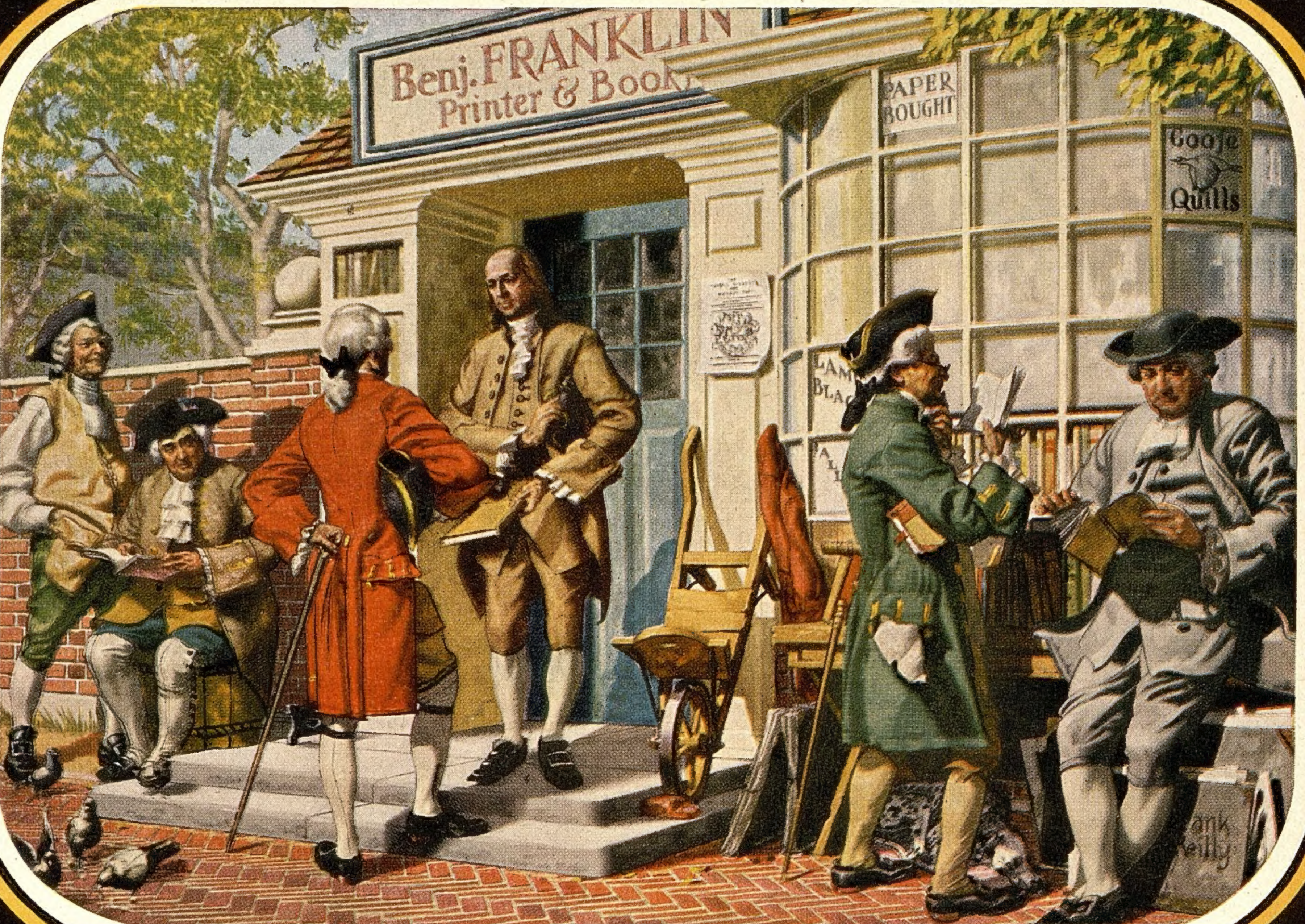
Mr. Wilson knows and Mr. Reuther should know that if the General Motors employees obtain a substantial wage increase, the same sort of deal will be demanded by all these other workmen down along the line. Therefore everything which goes into the car will be up in price. The price of the finished product ultimately must be boosted to cover all of these increased labor costs.

Of course Mr. Reuther may have in mind an increase only for his own members and not for all these other folks. But though *he* may put his members in a separate privileged class, most assuredly these other people will not. If the U.A.W. gets more money, they will demand the same.

Clearly, much of the country's troubles stem from just this kind of figure-bending. There is too much grabbing by labor organizations which conceive themselves strong enough to get away with it and too much use of phony figures by labor leaders to convince their men to make the grab. We will not arrive at any satisfactory solution of labor-management problems unless facts and figures are used honestly and unless we develop a sincere desire to adopt policies which will be for the welfare of all the people instead of the chosen, organized few.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE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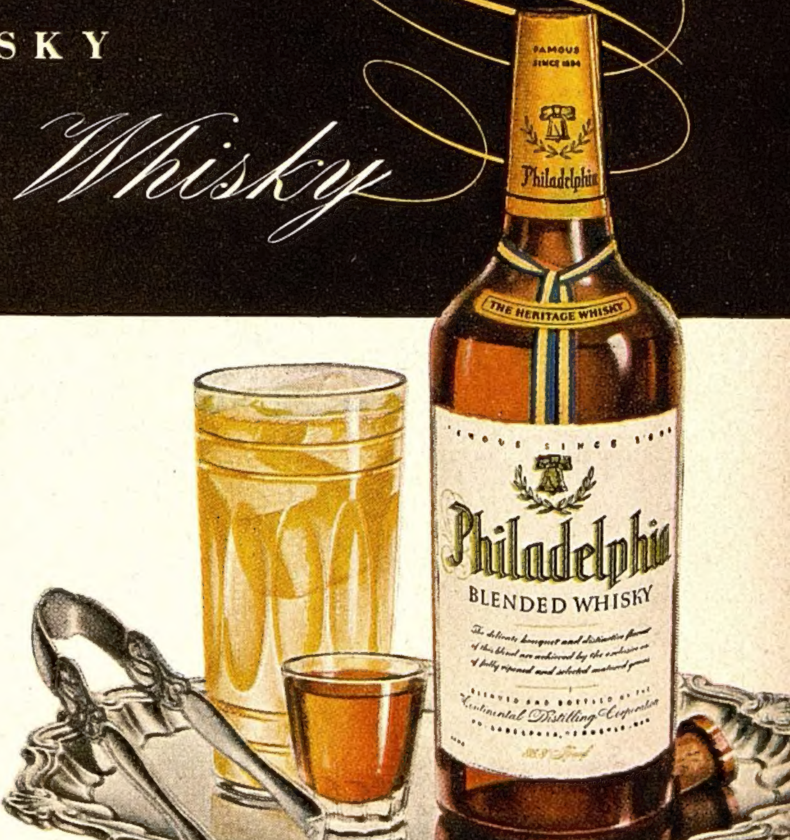
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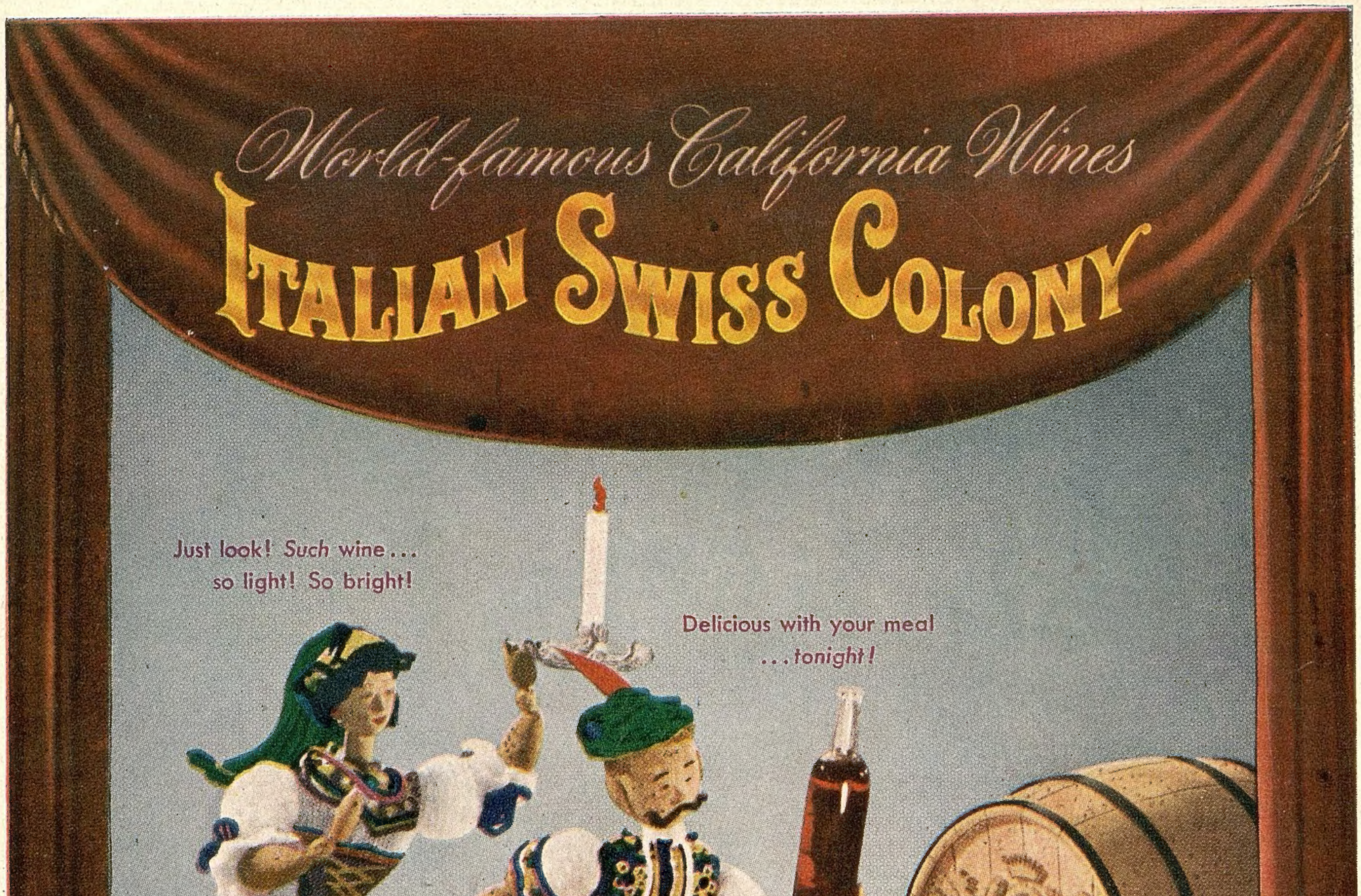
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